MAY 5 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
May 9, 1959 — 15¢

INTELLIGENCE TESTS
What Do They Really Prove?

DANNY MURTAUGH
OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES

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BEREA, OHIO

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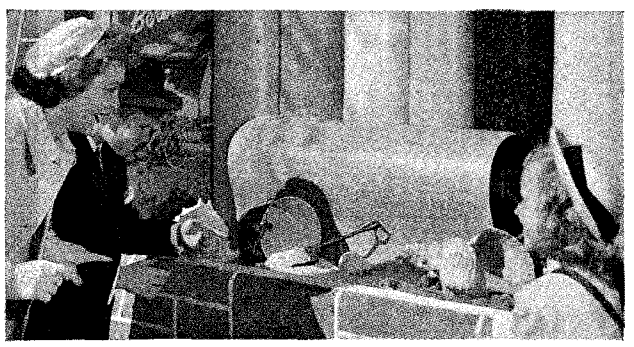
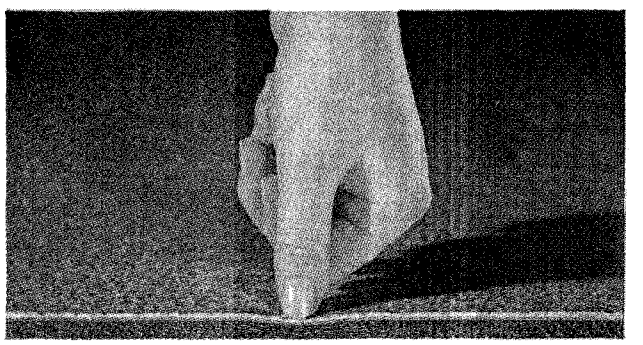
Look at the lovely new floor idea that stopped Mrs. Blake

THE FLOOR IS ARMSTRONG VINYL CORLON, CUSTOM-INSTALLED BY A PROFESSIONAL



A beautiful design in Armstrong Vinyl Corlon stopped Mrs. Blake at the flooring store window. It was Granette 6185, in a seaside setting that gave her a decorative idea for her new bathroom. And the dealer's cost estimate was surprisingly moderate.

The craftsman from the store did an expert job putting down the Corlon floor. He formed a striking border design with ready-made brown and white Vinyl Inlays, set in neatly and tightly, as only a professional can do it. Curving the floor up the walls helped make the room splashproof, too.



There's a modern comfort secret under Mrs. Blake's new floor. It's Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment, a layer of soft foam that cushions footsteps. What luxury! "Cushion-Eze" costs so little, you'll want it installed with your new floor.

SEND FOR FREE ROOM PORTFOLIO describing the many ideas in this attractive bathroom. Sketch plan and list of furnishings are included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5905 Madison Ave., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 59-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

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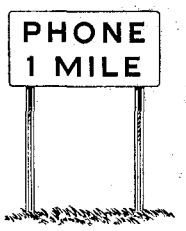
Like a lighthouse on the highway



A thoughtful husband, hurrying home, phones to reassure his wife.

A young family calls ahead to make reservations for the night.

A vacationing couple enjoys a telephone visit with old friends off their route.

A sputtering car coasts to a stop and two grateful women phone for road service.

Lighted outdoor telephone booths are multiplying along America's highways. They and half a million other public telephones—in stores, stations, hotels, motels, airports and other places—make telephone service more useful and convenient day or night.

Public telephones get things done wherever you are. They save you time and trouble. Use them like your own phone—to visit a friend, check an address, thank a hostess—to make reports, appointments, sales.

There's always a public phone handy to help you.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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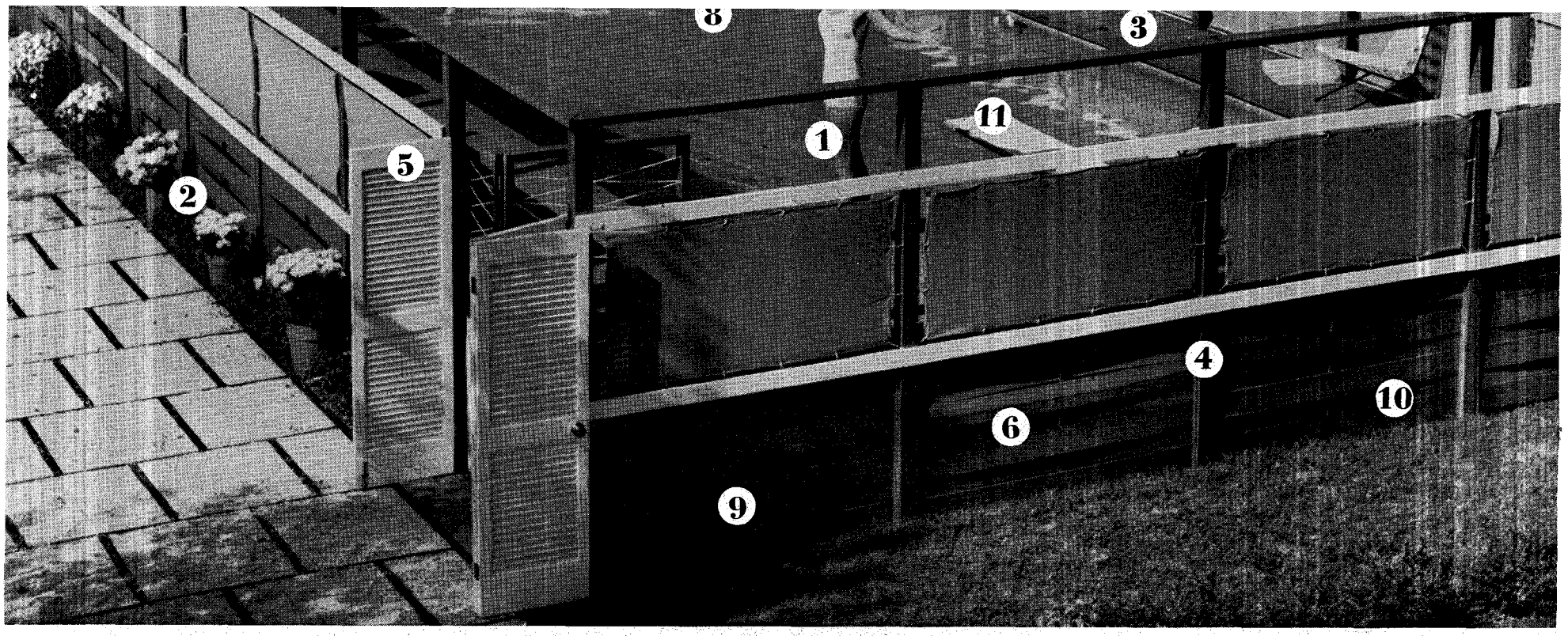

1 Esther Williams, famous swimming authority, sparked the idea for this unusual pool **2** Unique split level design can be installed anywhere, even on rocky or sloping ground **3** Big 16′ x 32′ swimming area is surrounded by a spacious sun deck. Outside dimensions measure 25′ x 41′ **4** Entire pool structure can be moved to a new location if you move **5** Self-locking doors and safety fence protect children, keep out stray animals **6** Beautiful California Redwood in sundeck, railing, stairway and basketweave sides is practically indestructible, withstands water and weather indefinitely. Redwood needs no costly painting or upkeep, resists decay, termites, shrinking, warping—feels cool on hot days, warm on cool days **7** Watertight "Poolskin" lining is made of 20-gauge vinyl, needs no painting or scrubbing **8** Built-in filtration system keeps water sparkling clean and pure **9** Steel-reinforced construction is built like a bridge for strongest support **10** Storage space of 510 sq. ft. under decks can be used for outdoor furniture, garden tools, games, etc. **11** Pool is available in uniform depth model or with deep end for diving, complete with 6′ spring-tensioned board **12** Everything you need for complete family pool enjoyment is included. There are no "hidden extras" to buy. The cost of the pool includes installation, complete filter and drainage system, "Poolskin" lining, colorfast weather curtains, underwater light, underwater vacuum cleaner, stainless steel ladder, safety buoys, life preserver, flag and flagpole, guest log, even the Esther Williams manual on how to swim. Everything but the water!

Only 10% down puts this fabulous Esther Williams Pool in your own back yard this month. (No payment until July — five years to pay.)

Please send me complete facts about Esther Williams Living Pool, including easy financing arrangements, and the name of my local distributor. SEP-1

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Approximate size of my back yard is _____ x _____

INTERNATIONAL SWIMMING POOL CORPORATION
188 East Post Road, White Plains, New York

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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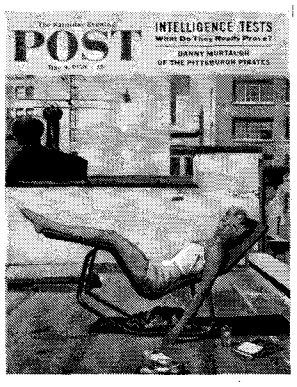

THE COVER

The day is Sunday, and this is a midtown Manhattan beach scene. As our fair lady enjoys a therapeutic exposure to sunbeams, she should take care lest it degenerate into erythema solare, an inflammation of the skin. It will be a shame if she has fallen asleep, for the sleeping dog will lie without waking her and the lotion bottle will just sit. However, artist George Hughes says that, because he paints only smart girls, she *must* be awake. That's a comfortable chair the lass is toasting in, but if she turns over to cook on the other side, she'll get the bends. Lying on the roof won't do; when the artist made sketches there, it gave him the double hotfoot. Guess she'll either have to kneel in the chair and drape herself up the back or resign herself to a two-tone job.

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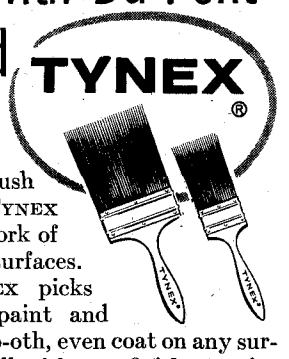

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Letters

Negro Neighbors

Dear Sirs:

Your article WHEN A NEGRO MOVES NEXT DOOR [by Ellsworth E. Rosen with Arnold Nicholson, Apr. 4] is the greatest contribution to peace which your magazine has made in my lifetime.

E. R. POWELL
North Plainfield, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Our sincerest appreciation . . . to the gentleman who wrote the headlines for your cover:

WHEN A NEGRO
MOVES NEXT DOOR

MY AMBITION IS TO QUIT

Thousands and thousands of us concur.

ED I. BERND
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

As the ultimate asininity in the braying for integration, I nominate Ellsworth E. Rosen's "a mixture of white and Negro families is . . . compatible with good living."

MARY F. DICKINSON, *Realtor*
Homestead, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The Greater Baltimore Committee is to be congratulated on its efforts to keep middle-class residential neighborhoods inter-racial by preventing panic and flight. Their program proves that . . . in the absence of enforceable housing laws, there is no greater power for social good than the co-ordinated activities of private citizens.

HARRY J. KELLEY, *Chairman*
Fair Employment Practices Commission
Lansing, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

It is most refreshing to read of positive constructive actions in contrast to the usual pious platitudes.

RICHARD H. CHRYSTIE
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

When the mature viewpoint is taken, racial integration can and will work. This article is a fine contribution to that end.

MARTHA L. HAM
Wadesboro, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot admire Otho Pinkett when he says, ". . . if this area turns all Negro, I plan to move out to the suburbs with you." Is he ashamed of his own race?

I once asked a Negro about moving into a house near mine in the country and working for me. His reply was, "Boss, I don't like to live that close to white folk."

C. E. PURCELL
Lithonia, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Ours is a changing neighborhood and Negroes live next door to us. Many of our white neighbors have moved away, but we have stayed put. . . .

Your article is a welcome beacon of truth in the darkness of panic and prejudice.

KING G. MCELROY, JR.
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

We have a saying here that cotton is going West, cattle is going East, industry is coming South, and the Negro is going North. . . .

Keep printing such articles. In time they will solve the South's major problem.

L. H. STRIBLING
Eatonton, Ga.

(Continued on Page 6)

SUSIE AND CINDERELLA

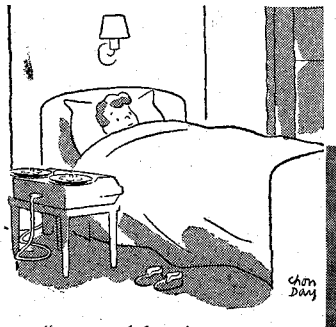
Dear Sirs:

What's so humorous about the cartoon [below] on page 83 of the Apr. 4 issue?

With my husband and I both enrolled full-time at Florida State University and our teen-age daughter, Judee, busy with her own homework, our four-year-old Susie missed her nightly story-hour session. Solution: a tape recorder, and four books checked out each week from the local library. After she has listened to and memorized each story, Susie tapes them herself—ad-libbing at will—and enjoys the play-back of her own lisping dramatization of Cinderella, Winnie the Pooh and The Cat in the Hat Comes Back.

It's the most wonderful baby sitter ever!

MRS. HAL R. MONTAGUE
Tallahassee, Fla.



". . . . . and the prince got on his white steed and rode out to meet the dragon. . . ."

Little Miss Montague.

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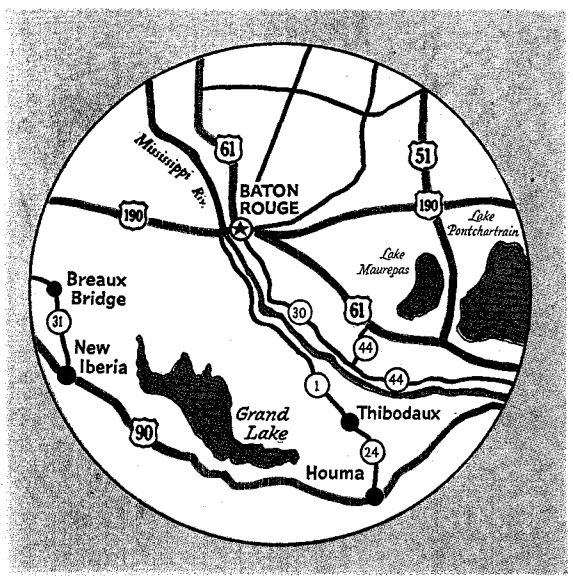
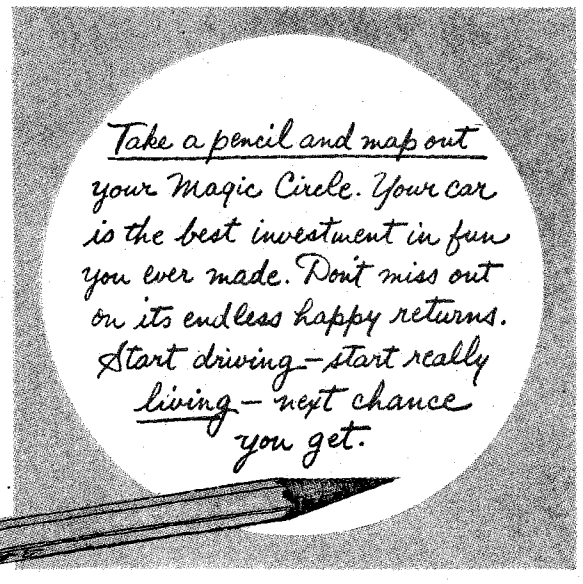
1. **Make new friends by car.** A map is the only passport you need to meet people every bit as colorful as the Cajun country people. Your car gives you a leisurely chance to enjoy their company, share their customs. Introduce yourself someday soon.

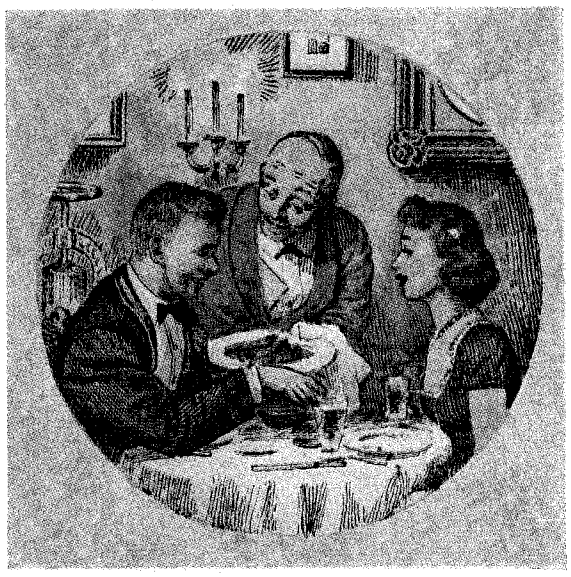
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle

This Bayou Magic Circle is full of free-wheeling, high-spirited fun along any road you drive. Wherever you live, you have a Magic Circle like it about you. Plan to explore it, enjoy it, soon.

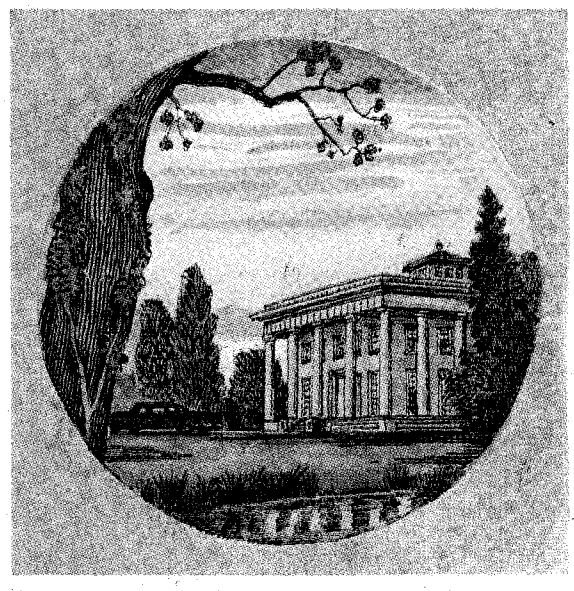
Published by *Ethyl Corporation*, New York 17, N. Y. to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.



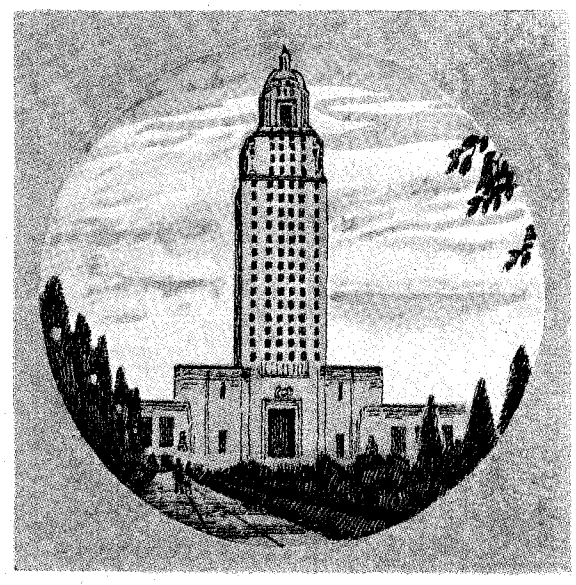

Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle. Your car is the best investment in fun you ever made. Don't miss out on its endless happy returns. Start driving—start really living—next chance you get.



2. **Dine out gourmet-style.** At Breaux Bridge, the specialty is Crawfish Etoufée. In your Magic Circle, an easy drive will take you to scores of fine dining places, delicious dishes. What's *your* pleasure?



3. **Watch the scenery go by.** You'll discover sights like these river-bank mansions, majestic as Ole Man River himself, right outside your car window . . . right along the fine roads in your Magic Circle.



4. **Visit the landmarks.** The grandeur of Louisiana's capitol is worth the trip. (So is the view.) You can match this attraction with many in your Magic Circle. Make a date with your car and see.

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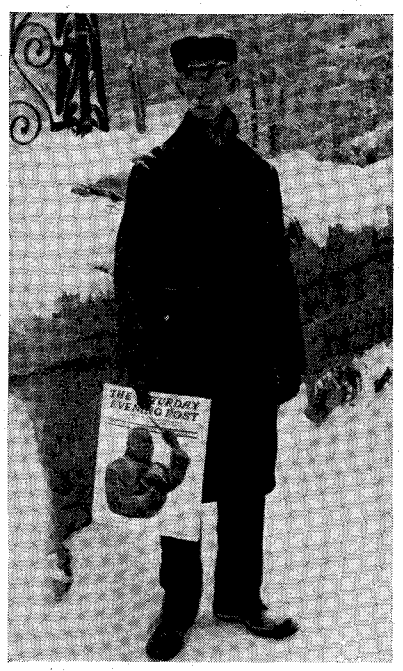
Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

"Chicken-neck"

Dear Sirs:

A good fifty years ago, a somber old gentleman took his stand every Thursday morning on the south end of Cascadilla bridge, leading to the Cornell campus at Ithaca, N.Y., and there purveyed The Saturday Evening Post. . . . He announced his wares in a peculiar sepulchral diminuendo which still rings in my ears. The "Saturdah" came out good and strong, but the "Post" was a mere muffled croak. Recently I ran across the subjoined photograph [above], and also the subjoined poem, which was published in The Cornell Era for December, 1911:



Salesman Teed—February, 1910.

Early every Thursday morning
I arise as day is dawning,
  Join the hillward-hurrying host,
Halting not to view th' Aurora,
Glancing not at wayside flora,
Pausing but a moment for a
  "SATURDAH
    Evenin'
      Post."

Pausing where a figure hoary
Stands in solitary glory,
  Like a very seedy ghost;
There, his message glad intoning,
You may hear his piteous groaning,
You may hear him gently moaning:
  "SATURDAH
    Evenin'
      Post."

On the bridge of Cascadilla,
Far above the foaming billow,
  Still he stands, in trade engrossed.
Though the west wind paralyzes,
Though his chin all caked with ice is,
O'er the blast his wailing rises:
  "SATURDAH
    Evenin'
      Post."

This poem was recently published in the Cornell Alumni News [Mar. 1 issue]. It evoked the information that this emblem of mortality's name was John Teed (though the Ithaca ragamuffins called him Chicken-neck), that he supported his ancient mother by selling the Post and by other activities, that he won a national award from the Post as an enterprising newsboy when he must have been seventy. The prize was a pony. It is a pity that he did not accept the pony. He would have made a fine model for an equestrian statue of the indomitable newsboy. But no, he took $100 instead.

He died long since, as have most of his old companions and mine, and so will you, sir, and so will

Yours truly,

MORRIS BISHOP
Ithaca, N.Y.

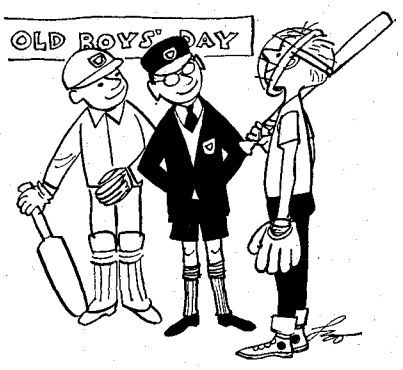
Boys Will Be... Gentlemen

Dear Sirs:

Shades of treacle pudding, fish cakes and 6:30 bedtime for first-formers! Your article about the "sensible" British schoolboys [BE A SENSIBLE BOY, by Serena Blodgett, Apr. 4] fills me with nostalgia....

We spent last year in England and our son, eight years old then, boarded at a preparatory school in Surrey. When he looked at the photos in your article, he grinned and said, "There, that boy reminds me of Pilkington—and there, that's one of Morley."

Cold dormitories maybe, but warm hearts. Ghastly bedtime hour for an American child, but he survived jolly well and he's moaning because he won't make it to "Old Boys' Day" in June....



He learned that boys who wear short trousers aren't sissies, that to be manly means to have manners as well as to make one's mark in games, that a "swank" is a braggart and that's not cricket, and that a gentleman has one set of manners for everybody....

Oh, to be sensible again!

LYNDEN KEATING
Los Angeles, Calif.

Nomination

Dear Sirs:

In your [Mar. 28] article of possible Democratic Presidential nominees, you omitted Gov. Orvil Faubus of Arkansas. The greatest executive statesman of our day. A rare opportunity for the American People to redeem their National Government.

EDGAR PERRY
Marked Tree, Ark.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Hal R. Montague. • 6–Morris Bishop. • 19–Gene Lester. • 20–John Launois; Wide World. • 21–Eugene Kammerman; Wide World; Eugene Kammerman. • 22, 23–Arthur Iidov. • 26, 27–Edwin Georgi. • 28, 29–Gus Pasquarella. • 30–Paul Nonnast. • 31–Wide World; United Press International; Maps by Zen Yonkovig. • 32, 33–John Bickel. 34, 35–James R. Bingham. • 36–Harry Saltzman; Wide World; Harry Saltzman. 37–Amos Sewell. • 38, 39–Joern Gerdts. • 42–Earl Mayan. • 98–Joern Gerdts. 108–James B. Mahan; Joern Gerdts; anonymous.

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"Skyland or Rocky Bottom — our Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs take 'em in stride!"

Why the Ryder System's Great Southern Trucking Co. of Jacksonville, Florida, is sold on Goodyear's great Cross-Rib tire

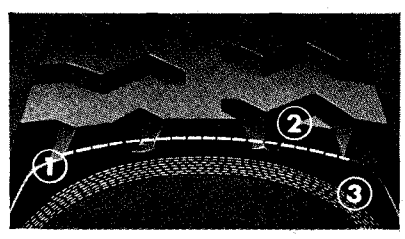
"That Blue Ridge country sure makes truck tires lay it right on the line!" says E. W. Wright, Vice-President and General Manager of Great Southern.

"We have 6,000-foot elevations to haul our loads up and down—corkscrew roads with tight turns to grind off rubber — plenty of wet going where good road-grip is better than a permit to print money.

"Since we put on Hi-Miler Cross-Ribs, our drivers feel *sure* of their rigs and their schedules. Some of them report getting cargoes through under conditions that would have stopped them without Cross-Ribs."

But there's a big dollar reason, too, behind Great Southern's choice of Hi-Miler Cross-Rib. "Two years ago," continues Mr. Wright, "we were using standard-tread tires and averaging 40,000 miles before recapping. Now we get as much as 106,000—with the over-all average at 97,505. And the cappability is there, too!"

Great Southern's profitable experience with Hi-Miler Cross-Rib is right in line with similar successes reported by dozens of hauling outfits the country over. Get all the facts from your Goodyear dealer—or from Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.



HI-MILER CROSS-RIB: EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH 3-T NYLON CORD

1 60% thicker nonskid tread! **2** Cooler-running tread design. **3** Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH—for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

TRUCK TIRES by

GOODYEAR

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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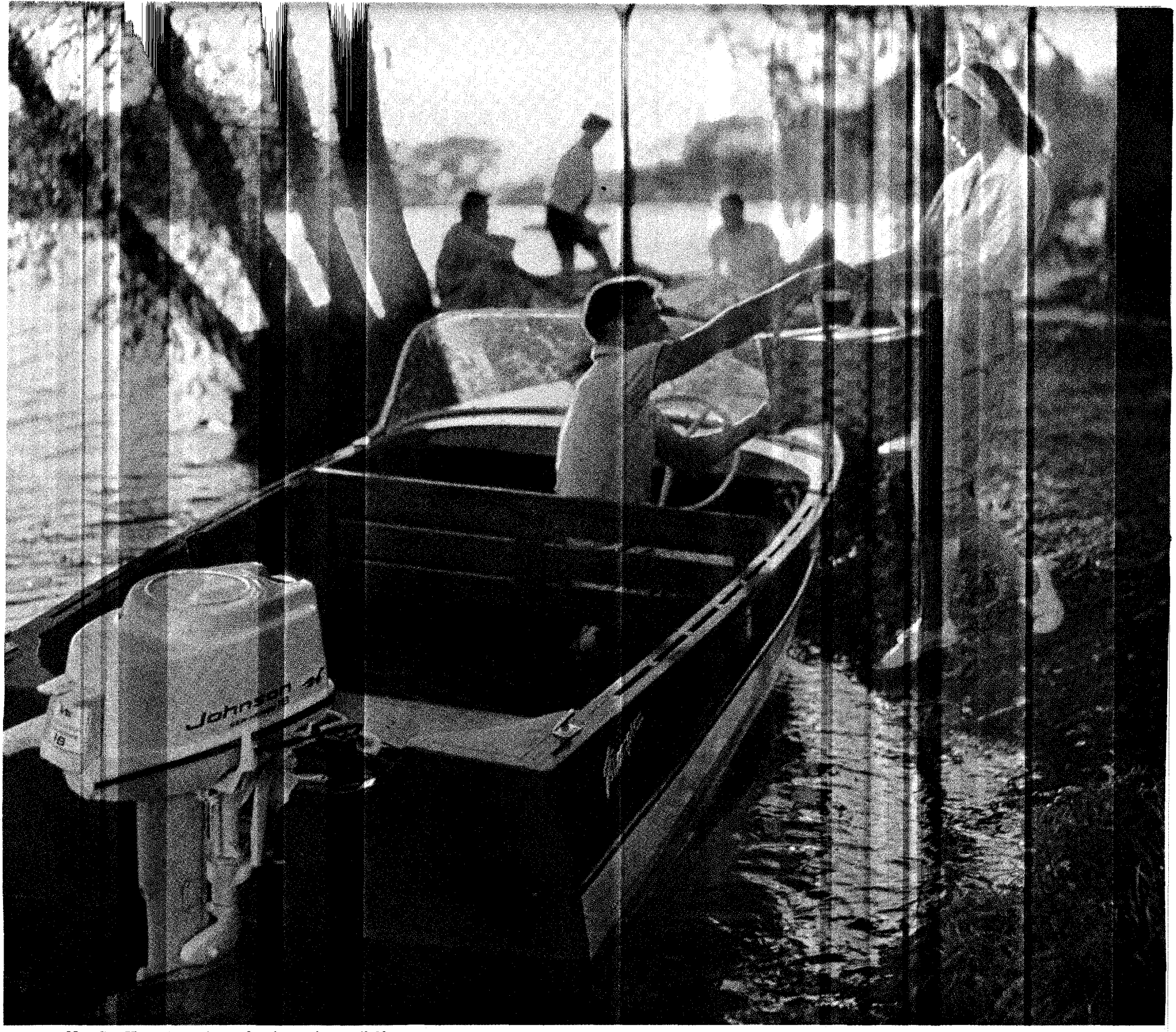

New Sea-Horse 18 . . . $395, electric starting available

Let a '59 Sea-Horse bring out the gypsy in you!

Picnic on your own special island . . . zip off to your favorite fishing spot . . . or ski like the wind when the sun is high. Never before has there been such pleasure-ready, *quiet* power as the new Johnson outboard motors.

If you are a boating fan, or if you've been around the water, you've probably already heard about these new Sea-Horses with Dynautical Design. Here is Johnson engineering at its finest—improvements inside and outside to make these motors go better with your boat *and* to make your boat go better.

Leading the new Sea-Horse fleet is the mighty V-50 (the motor chosen for the first and only outboard crossing of the N. Atlantic). Then come the fast-moving 35, the versatile 18, the 10, 5½ and 3 hp models. From 5½ hp, up, all have full forward-neutral-reverse gearshift and important thermostat-controlled cooling to give you smoother performance with longer engine life. Convenient electric starting is available in the V-50, 35 and 18 hp classes.

You'll find the Sea-Horse that fits your fun plans at your Johnson dealer's now. Look him up under "Outboard Motors" in the Yellow Pages. Sizes range from 3 to 50 hp. Prices start as low as $160, f.o.b. factory, subject to change. Remember, this is the year of the two-millionth Sea-Horse! *More people buy Johnson than any other make of outboard motor.*

FREE CATALOG! *Write Johnson Motors, 523 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. In Canada, Peterborough, Ont. (Div., Outboard Marine Corp.)*

Johnson FIRST IN SALES FIRST IN DEPENDABILITY

EXCLUSIVE on Sea-Horses!

Dynautical Design

Goes better with your boat
... makes your boat go better!

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We'll give you 25¢ in cash

to prove you'll like Pream better than cream!

(Or any other coffee "creamer" you now use!)

Three reasons why we think you'll like Pream better:

1. Pream® is made entirely of fresh sweet cream blended with other milk products in convenient *instant* form!
2. No need to keep Pream in the refrigerator. You'll find Pream *stays* fresh . . . never wastes money by spoiling.
3. And Pream costs about ⅓ less. Get the *Economy* Size—it "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee.

Be sure to get in on this Pream "Get-Acquainted" offer. Clip the coupon and mail today!

© 1959, H. C. Moores Co.

100% Pure Dairy Product

NEW LARGE ECONOMY SIZE

"GET-ACQUAINTED" OFFER!

Follow easy instructions in this coupon!

MAIL TO:
PREAM
Box 481, Dept. 3, Clinton, Iowa

Please send me 25¢ in cash for which I enclose:

☐ one label from New Economy Size Pream

Or

☐ two labels from Regular Size Pream

Plus

one label (or cap) from the "creamer" I'm using now.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Limit 1 per family. Offer good in U. S., Hawaii, and Canada. Expires May 31, 1959.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

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Editorials

Why Should We Grant the Enemy a First Blow?

By CAPT. W. D. PULESTON, U.S.N., Ret.

On March 2, 1959, it was strongly hinted that a decision affecting the safety of every American—and possibly lessening the prospect of a Soviet attack on the West—had been made. Unless words are meaningless, we are about to review our assurance to the Kremlin that in no circumstances will we strike the first blow in a nuclear war!

The news that the Eisenhower Administration appears to have concluded that we can no longer give the Communist enemy this enormous advantage was delivered by Secretary of Defense Neil McElroy while testifying before the House Space Committee. Under prodding by Representative McCormack of Massachusetts, Mr. McElroy declared that it was still our policy not to strike the first blow; but he added, "Whether that always will be true is another matter." Two days later, at his press conference, President Eisenhower substantially endorsed the statement of his Secretary of Defense.

Of course, this does not mean that this country is contemplating a "preventive war." Nevertheless, in view of the reiterated statements in the past, Mr. McElroy's statement indicates a revolutionary change in the Administration's military concept.

The change, I believe, is dictated by the futility, demonstrated by Khrushchev's intransigence on Berlin, of persuading the Soviet Union to agree to any system of inspection and control which might effectively prevent surprise attacks. We are willing to negotiate as long as hope of agreement exists, but we reject the role of permanent sitting duck.

The policy of allowing Russia to strike the first blow was initiated when only the United States possessed atomic weapons. We could afford such apparent magnanimity then, but the continued improvement in Moscow's weapons and means of delivery has made it an invitation to suicide by us, and an encouragement to Soviet aggression. Contrary to the views of many, the initiator of the first attack in a nuclear war is very likely to win. If the Communists win, America will go the way of Carthage.

In addition to a commendable sporting revulsion from "sneak attacks," there are two reasons why our Government so long continued to concede the first blow to Russia: (1) the desire of the Government to respect its obligation as a member of the United Nations not to be the first to resort to force; (2) the assurance by our Air Force that, after accepting an all-out blow by the Red armed forces, it will have sufficient strength left to retaliate and crush the enemy. But the plain indication that our most dangerous adversary has no intention of being bound by U.N. restrictions absolves our Government from any obligation to expose the nation to this new peril. The President, who knows that the Air Force overestimated its capabilities in World War II, is justified in deciding that this country can no longer gamble on retaliation alone.

There is an honorable way out. Our Government can notify the secretary general of the U.N. that, in view of the repeated failure of the Kremlin to keep its pledges, the United States will no longer be bound to await an enemy attack. We should state that, if it is clear that an enemy is about to launch an attack, we will feel free to protect our citizens and assist our allies by anticipating an enemy attack with a more deadly one of our own. Such a frank statement could be the best means we have of preventing a surprise attack on the United States, or making necessary a "pre-emptive" attack on Russia. This undoubtedly puts a considerable strain on our constitutional assignment to Congress of authority to declare war—but no more of a strain than would occur if the United States were attacked without warning.

Indeed, such a change of policy does no more than approach the Soviet doctrine proclaimed by Lenin many years ago when he said: "If we, in the face of constantly and actively hostile forces, should give the promise . . . that we would never have recourse to certain actions which in the military strategic sense could be considered offensive, then we would not only be fools but criminals as well."

In an important book recently published, War and the Soviet Union (Praeger), H. S. Dinerstein, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject for the Rand Corporation, concludes that, although the U.S.S.R. would never publicly admit commitment to a "preventive" war, "in the more restricted columns of Military Thought, written for officers, we find the plain statement that the Soviet Union has to be prepared to deal a forestalling blow so as to deprive the enemy of the advantage of surprise."

If we have really canceled our assurance to the Kremlin that it can choose the time, place and weapons for the next all-out war, it is quite possible that we shall see a change in the truculent attitude of Mr. Khrushchev. Perhaps we are already seeing it. The Soviet dictator is not half so quick on the ultimatum as he had been before Mr. McElroy's press conference! If he is forced to guess what the United States will do, instead of being assured of a free shot, the Red dictator may find new virtues in caution, instead of pushing his harassed people to the brink of a war they want as little as we.

Leave it to the Bureaucrats to Find A "Capital Gain" Where Others Fail!

The Supreme Court, in an antitrust proceeding, has directed the Du Pont company to dispose of its entire holdings of General Motors stock. The court believed that Du Pont ownership of G.M. stock created "a tendency toward monopoly." In compliance with this decree, it was proposed that a pro rata distribution of G.M. shares be made to all Du Pont stockholders.

Then the Internal Revenue Service got into the act by ruling that the Du Pont stockholders who got G.M. shares would be liable to income tax, although they would be receiving only what they had owned indirectly for thirty years. For months the Federal courts have been seeking some method of satisfying the Supreme Court's decree in a way that will not impose undue hardship upon either the Du Pont company or its stockholders.

Had Du Pont been directly engaged in the automotive business, a separate corporation could have been set up to take over its nonchemical operations and properties. Du Pont would have received the new company's stock, which could then have been distributed to its own shareholders without subjecting them to any tax liability.

But such is the inconsistency of our tax laws that any court-directed distribution of G.M. stock is held to be taxable even though its only effect would be to give the Du Pont shareholders certificates of stock in another corporation, with no change in the value of their investment. When General Motors stock ceases to be a part of Du Pont assets, a downward adjustment in the price of Du Pont stock will follow. So what "gain" would there be to Du Pont stockholders to justify a tax?

Involuntary distributions of stock resulting from antitrust proceedings against utility and bank holding companies are not taxed. Senator Frear of Delaware has introduced a bill to extend this immunity to other "compulsory stock dividends." Broader legislation is needed to revise the current practice of treating capital gains as income.

Up to now any proposal to repeal the capital-gains tax has failed on the ground that only the rich would benefit. If politics dictates that we must remain the only capitalistic country which taxes an increase in capital as income, we should at least do our best to get more return from the levy. A reduction of the rate sufficient to encourage profit taking would make the tax more productive of revenue. Perhaps the hassle in Congress over the Du Pont case will stimulate interest in real reform.

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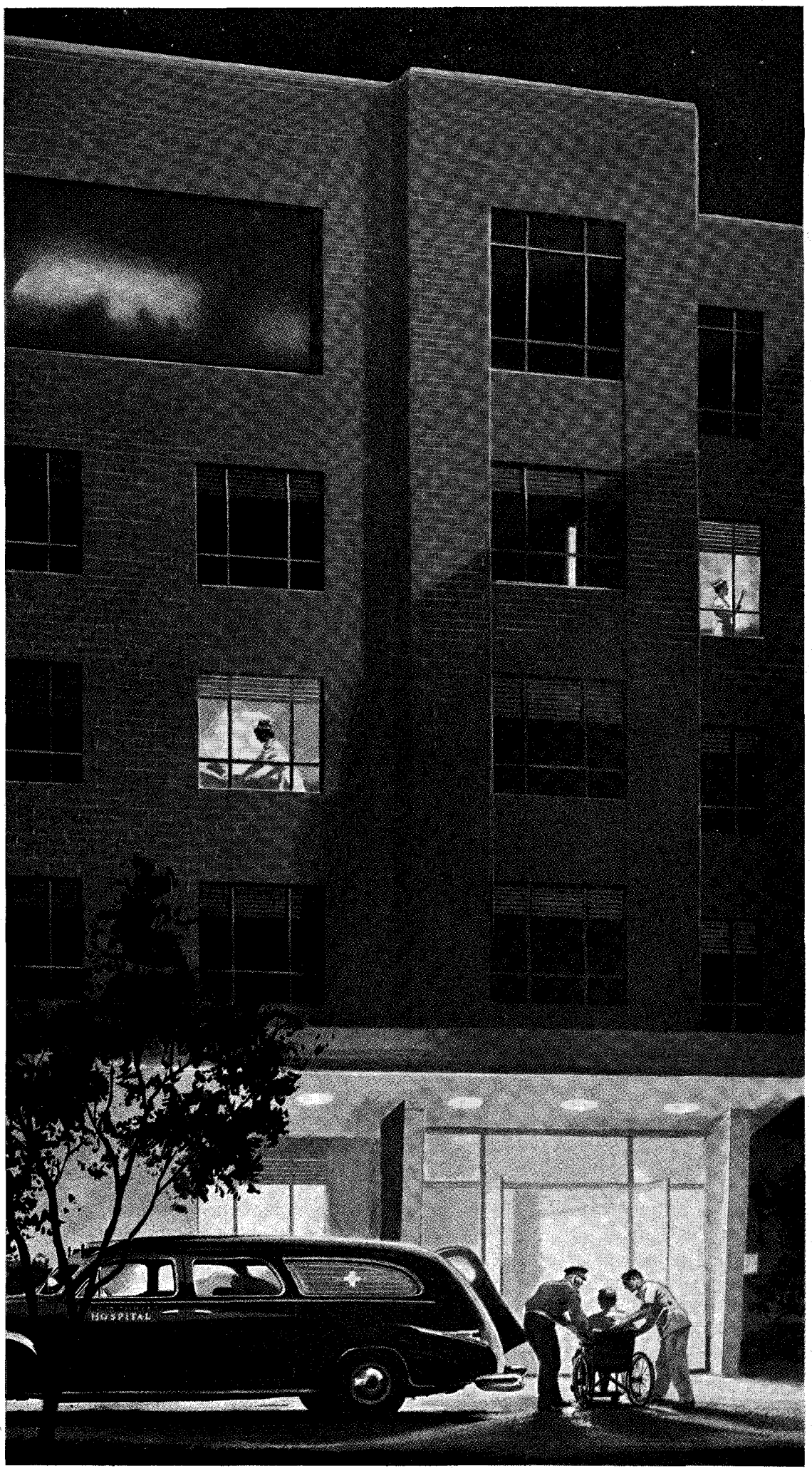

What happens in a hospital at 2 A.M.?

If there is a good hospital where you live, it is *always* ready to serve you . . . regardless of the hour or the need.

While you sleep, its staff may be performing emergency surgery . . . caring for a victim of sudden illness . . . or bringing a new life into the world.

In fact, the responsible hospitals of our nation treat millions of patients and care for thousands of emergency cases every day. And many hospitals also find time for teaching, training and research.

Suppose our hospitals suddenly closed their doors entirely . . . *or even locked up for the night.* When you consider the consequences, you'll realize that a good, modern hospital is as essential to your community as good school, police, fire and health departments.

Fortunately, we have many excellent hospitals which are worthy of the trust and the support of the communities they serve. Other hospitals, too, are trying to improve their facilities and services. In some of these cases, the primary need may be for better equipment, while in others, personnel shortages may be the most pressing problem.

Whatever the need, a hospital with a strong board of directors of representative citizens will be the community's best guarantee that everything is being done to insure progressive standards of hospital care.

How does a hospital become better? By meeting and maintaining standards specified by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals. If your hospital meets the Commission's requirements, it is a sign that the facilities and the quality of medical and nursing care offered have been inspected in great detail . . . and found worthy of the Commission's approval. And to maintain its accreditation, the hospital must undergo inspection every three years.

Many people find satisfaction in giving some of their spare time to volunteer work in hospitals. Perhaps there are many things that you could do in your community hospital to comfort patients . . . and to ease the load on its busy professional staff, especially its doctors and nurses.

Most hospitals need more volunteer workers.

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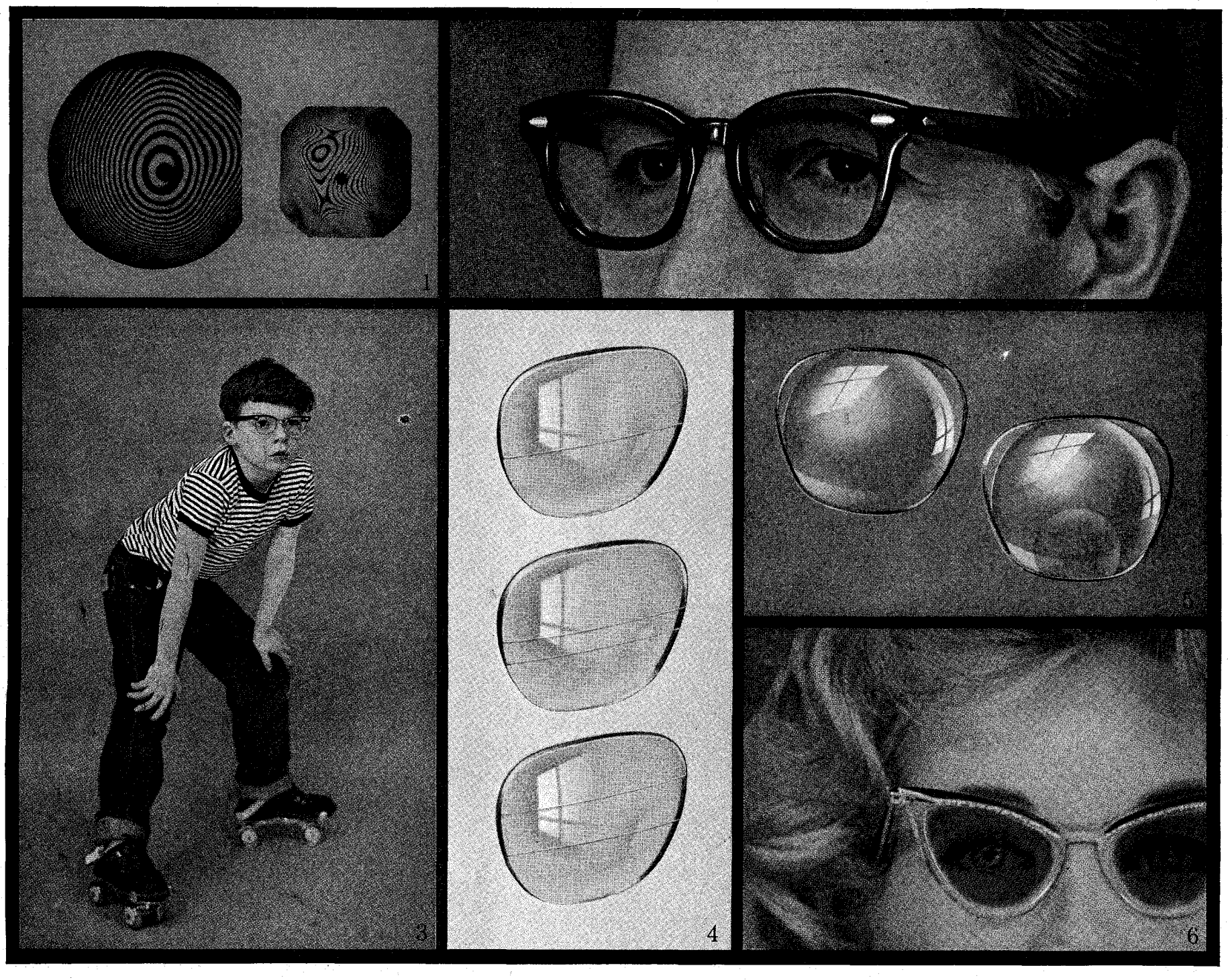

See what's new in seeing

How American Optical Research may mean better vision for you

For millions of Americans the world looks better because of wonderful new lenses! AO scientists, working closely with the Eye Care Professions, have created near-miracles for those with *acute* vision problems . . . provided better vision for better living through such developments as:

1 A PATTERN OF QUALITY—Compare the uniform pattern of an AO lens (on the left) with the distorted pattern of an ordinary lens (right). Lack of distortion in the AO lens pattern is proof of the extreme precision and accuracy of fine American Optical lenses.

2 TINTED LENS—a slightly tinted AO lens for light-sensitive eyes. Screens out unwanted ultraviolet rays, yet allows maximum visibility.

3 AOLITE LENS—a new protective lens for children and active adults. It has approximately four times the impact resistance of glass, is much lighter in weight, more comfortable to wear.

4 MULTIFOCAL LENSES—shown here, are designed to provide as great an improvement in seeing as the wide screen brings to motion pictures. These lenses are available in bifocal, trifocal and double segment types—the latter for people who require "arm's length" vision at the top, "distance" vision through the center and "reading" comfort at the bottom of their glasses.

5 ASPHERIC CATARACT LENS—developed by AO Research. Made of AOLITE, it dramatically widens the field of vision for cataract patients.

6 NEUTRAL GRAY OUTDOOR LENS—tames the sun, but stays *true* to every color. It can be optically ground to your prescription and set in smart, new frames. AO Outdoor Lenses are also available in green and tan.

When was the last time you had your eyes examined?

Eyes change, you know, sometimes more rapidly than you realize. To check on your vision, see a member of the Eye Care Professions this week.

SINCE 1833 · BETTER VISION FOR BETTER LIVING

American Optical COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE: SOUTHBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

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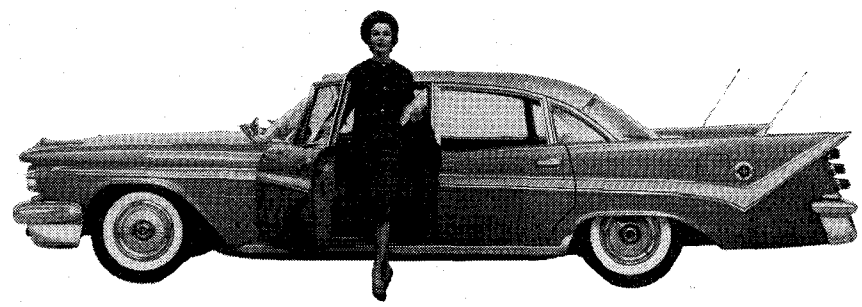
GOOD NEWS FOR KNEES

from De Soto !

Almost any car will fit you—if your knees bend backward. But if you're built like the rest of us you'd better see—and sit in—the new De Soto.

No knee knocker by the windshield. No pygmy door opening. De Soto gives you a wide open door designed for full-size people. And the new De Soto Sports Swivel Seat turns you in and out in a graceful swing.

Be kind to your knees (and kind to your purse). See the fashion leader of the year at your neighborhood De Soto dealer's today. Three sensible price ranges to choose from—eighteen models.



The smart way to go places... **DE SOTO**

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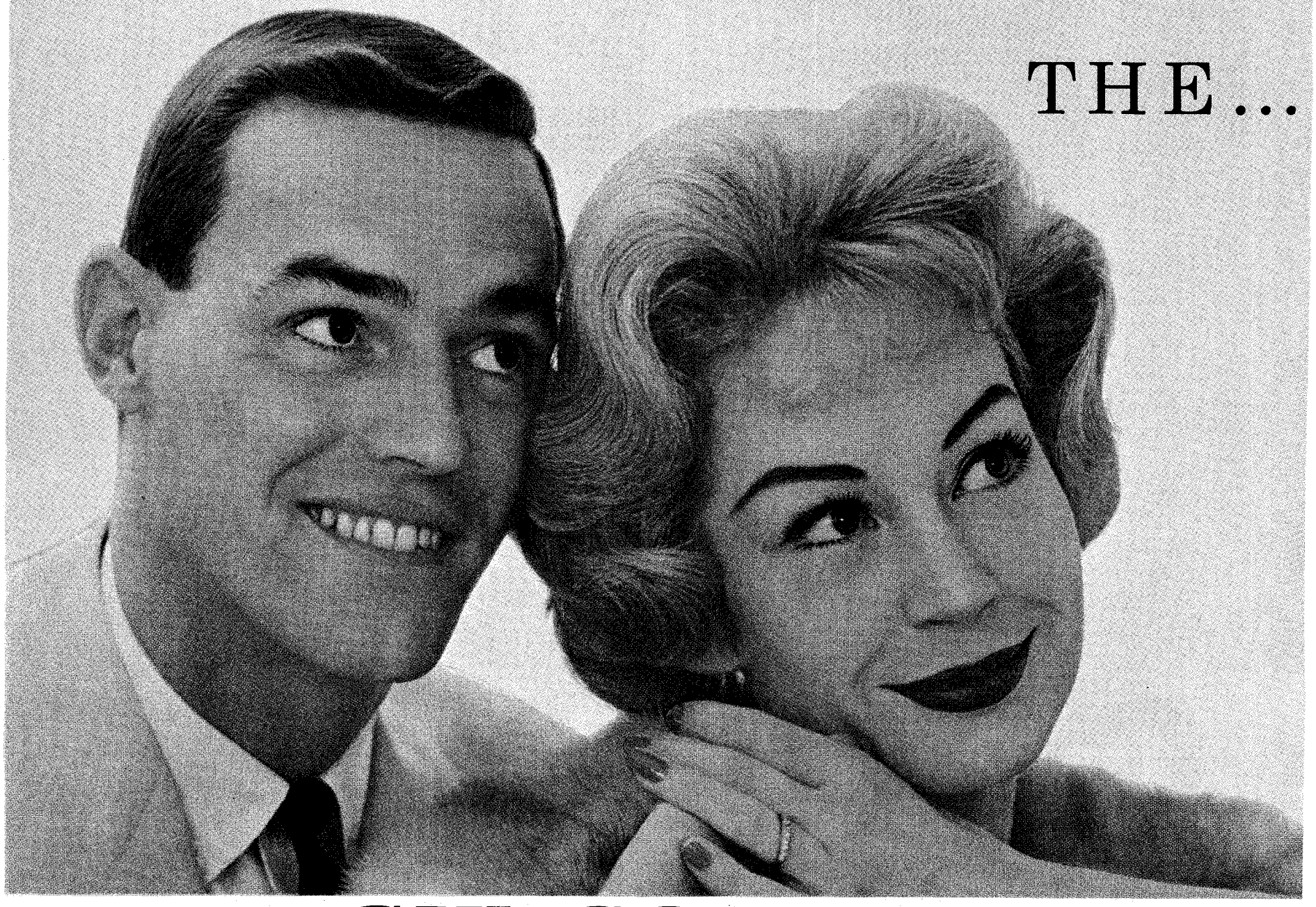
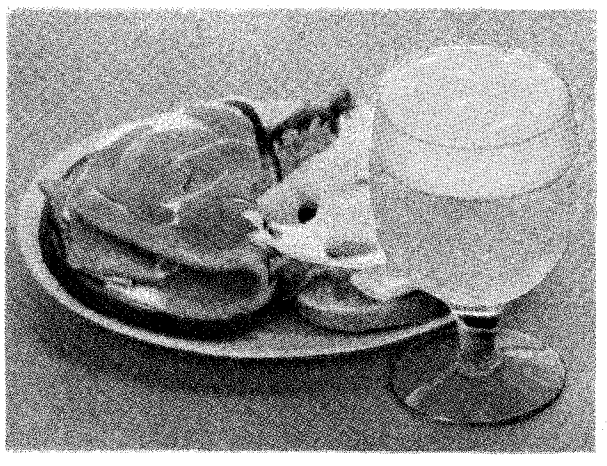
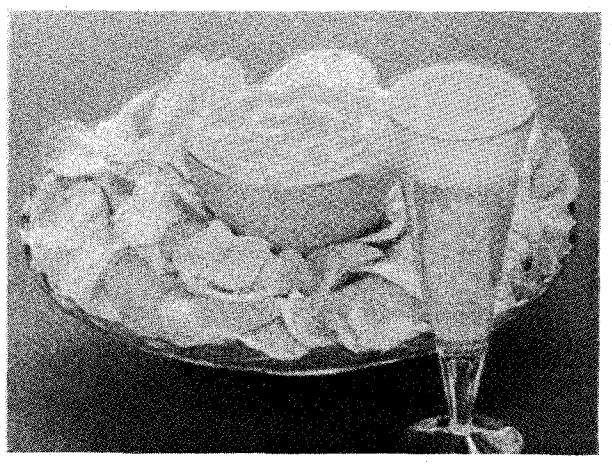
GOOD TASTE PICKS THE...



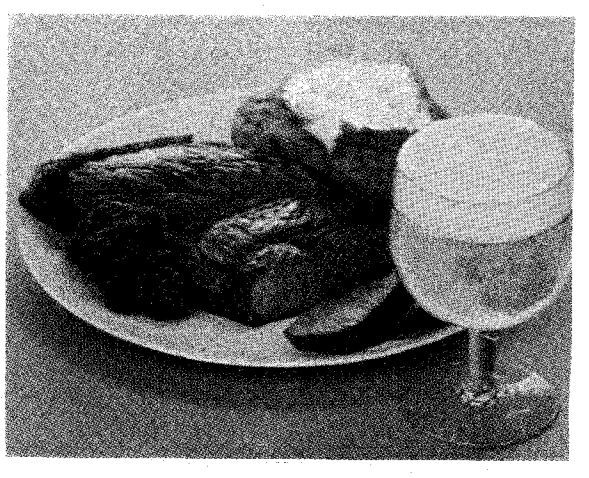
SIX GOLDEN WAYS



SANDWICHES 'N MILLER



CHIPS 'N MILLER



STEAK 'N MILLER

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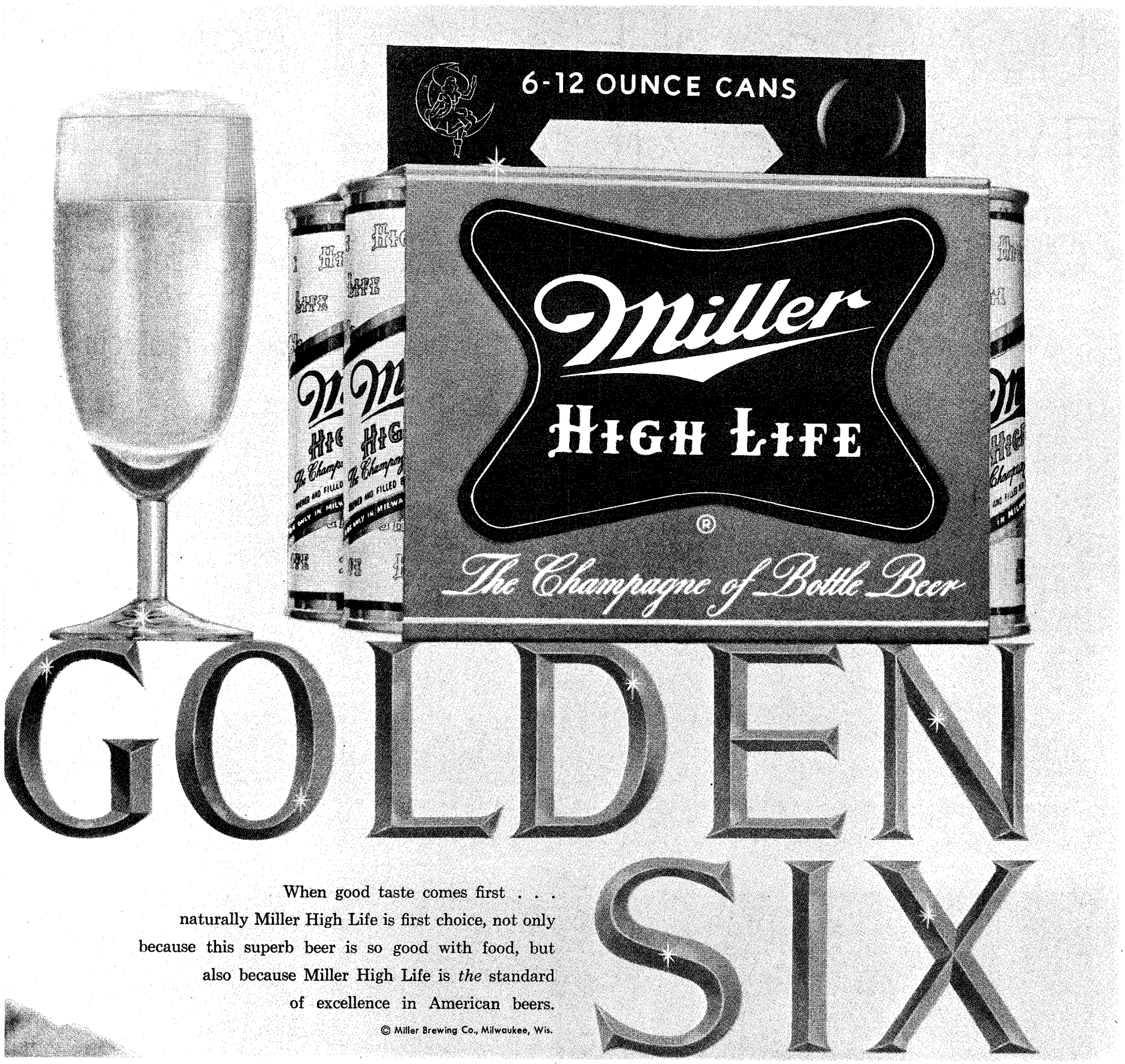


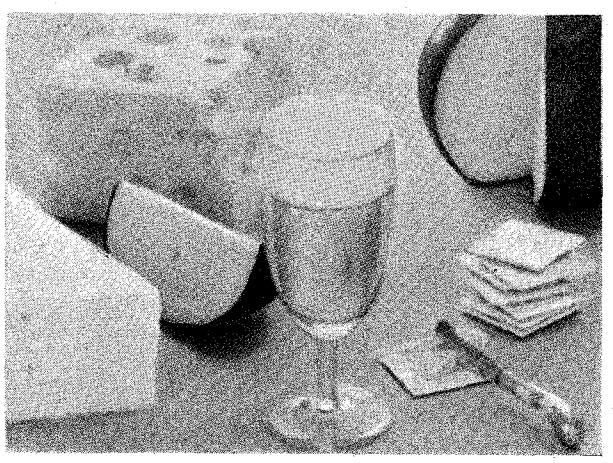
GOLDEN SIX

When good taste comes first . . .
naturally Miller High Life is first choice, not only
because this superb beer is so good with food, but
also because Miller High Life is *the* standard
of excellence in American beers.

© Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

TO ENJOY LIFE

WIENERS 'N MILLER



CHEESE 'N MILLER

CHICKEN 'N MILLER

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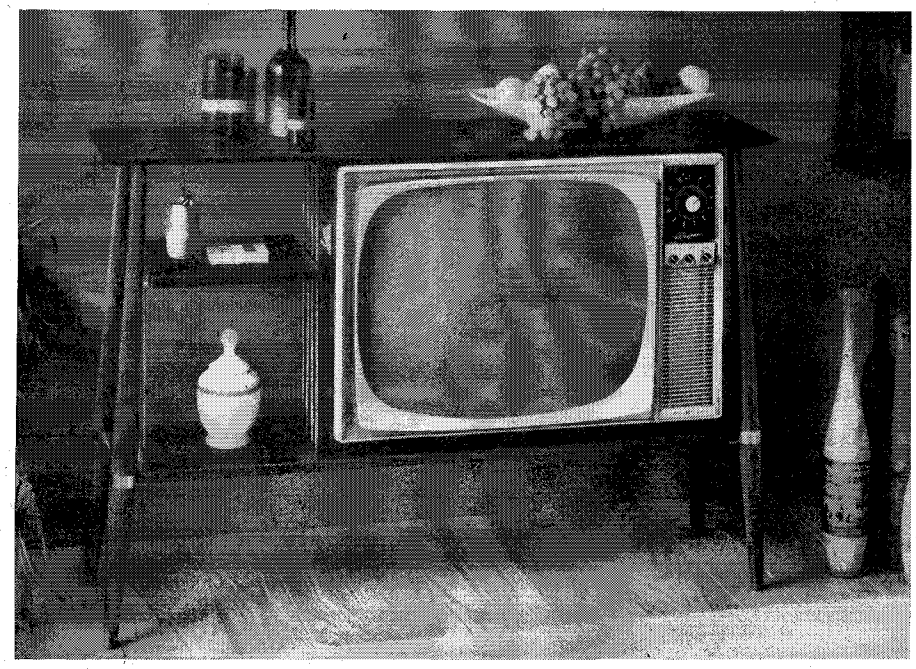
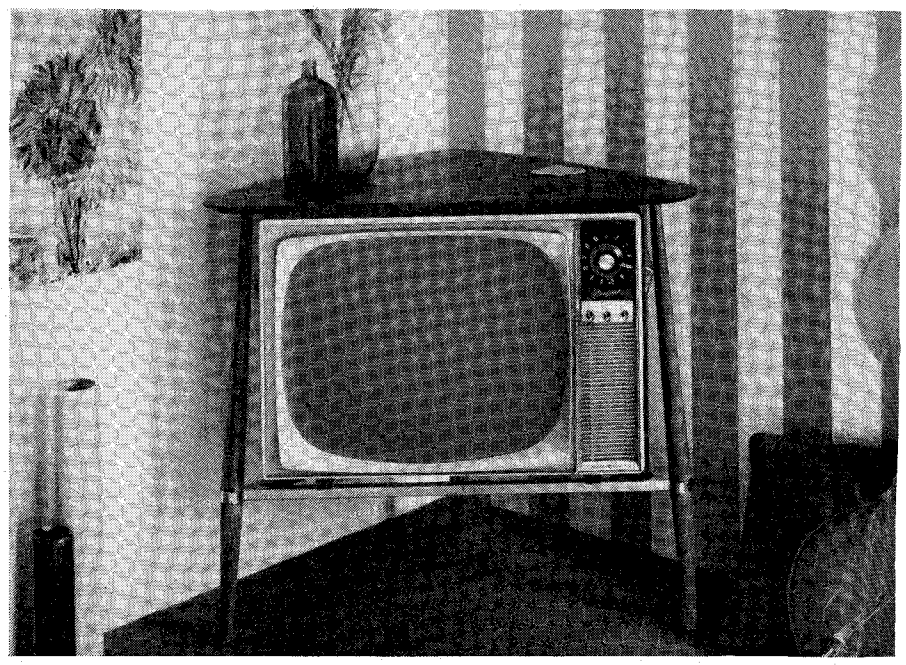
New General Electric "Designer" TV and how it achieves a custom look for as low as $9.95*

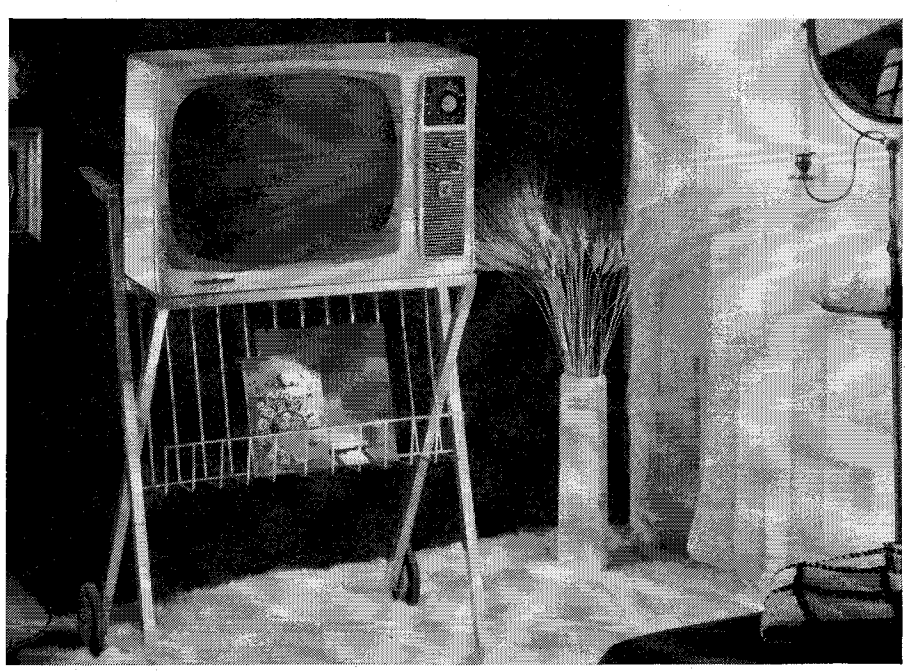
See how these 6 "Designer" Coordinates fit the new "Designer" TV into your home



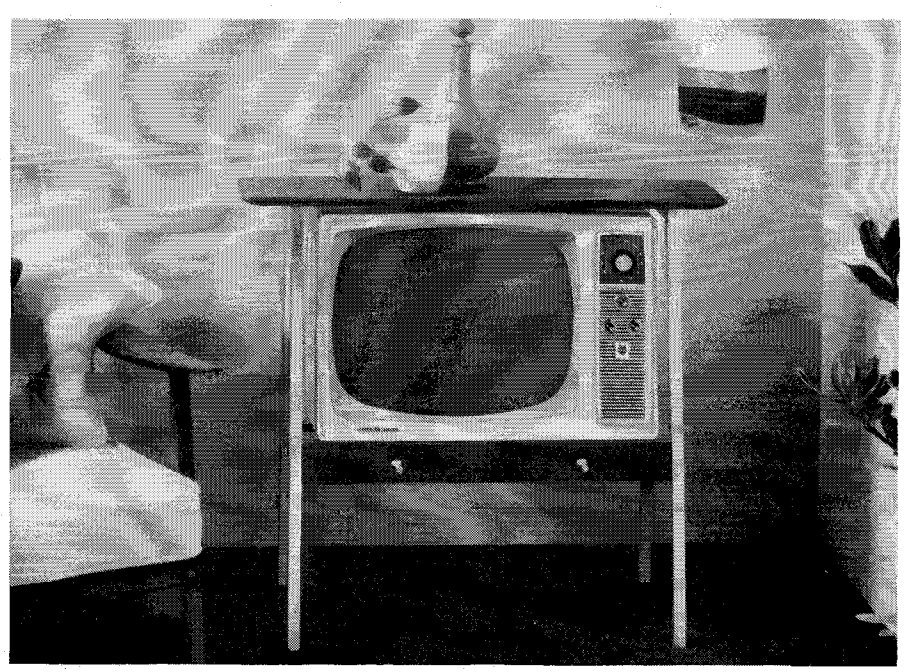
Danish walnut table, the luxury model of the "Designer" Coordinates, encloses "Barclay-21" (262-sq.-inch picture area). Top and shelves in walnut veneer. Use as a room-divider. Shelves for records, plants, whatnots.



Corner table houses "Barclay-21." Brass plate on genuine walnut veneer top pivots away from a hole to let the telescoping antenna come through. Walnut-finished wooden legs.



Mobile cart rolls easily on its big wheels. See how this Coordinate holds the "Gramercy-17" high enough that you can watch it from your bed. Rack holds books, magazines. Full-length brass legs.



Miniature sideboard carries "Gramercy-17." This is a budget-priced "Designer" Coordinate. Walnut-finished simulated drawer accented by brass knobs; full-length brass legs.

**Manufacturer's recommended retail price for Mobile Ca*

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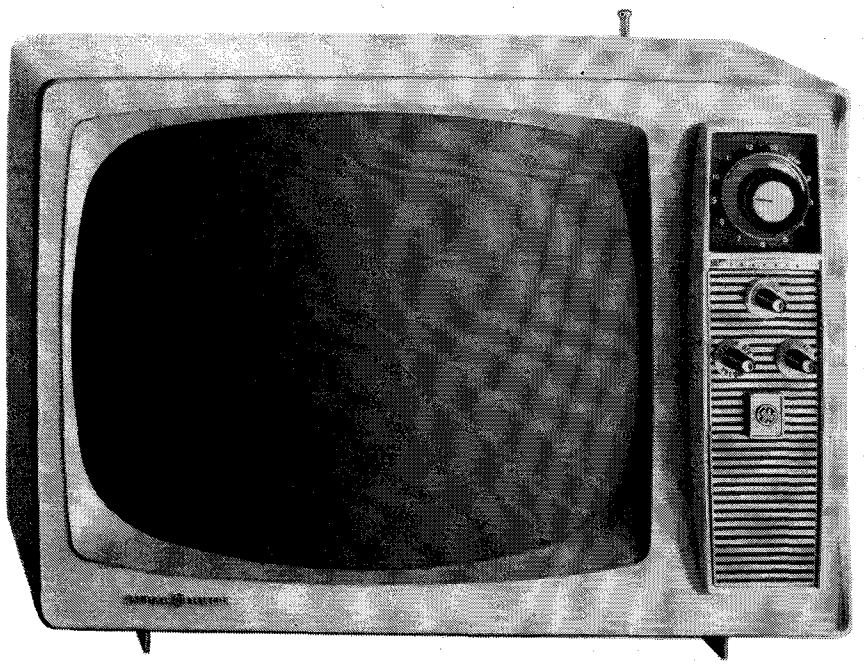
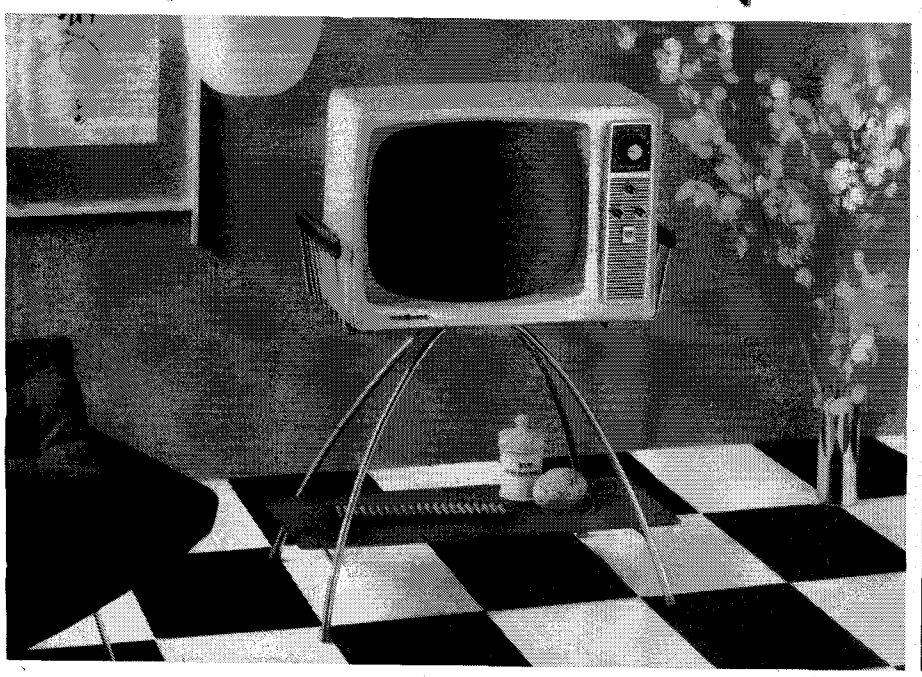
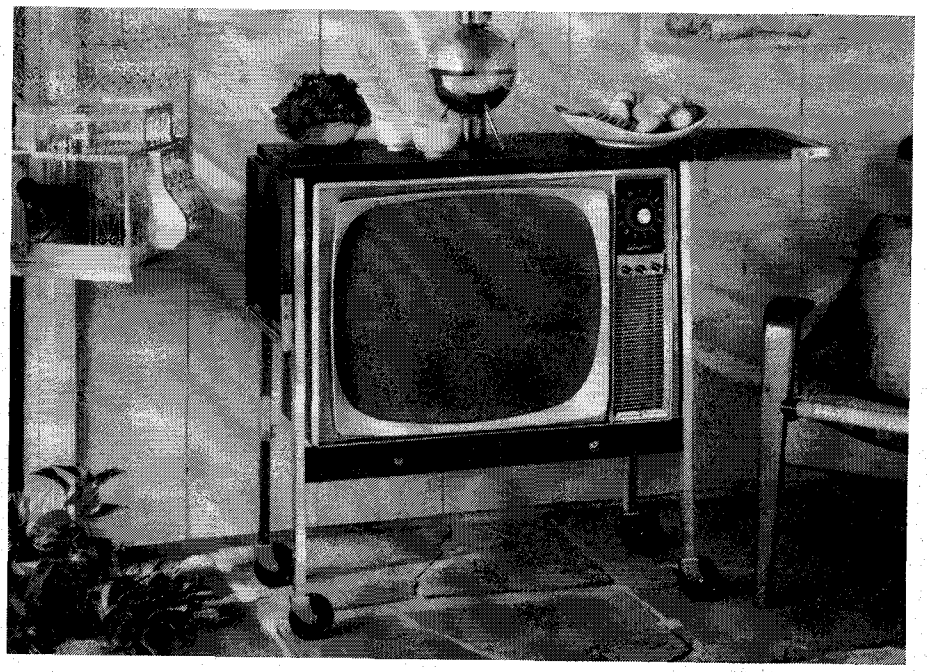


BEIGE AND ANTIQUE WHITE—MODEL NO. 17T3315



Swivel stand lets you enjoy your "Designer Gramercy-17" (155-sq.-in. picture area) from anywhere in the room. Walnut-finished shelf holds books, plants, knick-knacks. Plastic-tipped brass legs.



Drop-leaf cart with genuine walnut veneer top moves "Barclay-21" about for you; also acts as a roll-in buffet on its four small wheels. Each leaf brightened by brass handles. All-brass legs.

Now—in one stroke—General Electric introduces a new "Designer" television receiver and a common-sense and sensibly priced way to custom fit it into your home.

First, you buy a new General Electric "Designer." Then you choose a "Designer" Coordinate, available only through your General Electric dealer. It will make your new "Designer" fit perfectly into *your* room setting.

There are 6 Coordinates to choose from—mobile cart, corner table, swivel stand, Danish walnut table, drop-leaf cart, miniature sideboard. They fit *only* G-E "Designer" TV. They're priced from $9.95.

It's that simple. It's that sensible in price. Yet you have a custom look that was once reserved for costly, elaborate built-ins.

Custom looks—*and console performance!*

Whether "Gramercy-17" or "Barclay-21," the new "Designer" packs a console chassis, full-power transformer, telescoping antenna, up-front sound and controls. Precision-etched circuitry—not old-fashioned wiring. All dressed up in the smart Slim Silhouette cabinet.

Your General Electric dealer has the new "Designers" and the 6 Coordinates.

General Electric Company, TV Receiver Department, Syracuse, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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How 'bout that little Janie of mine!

She gave me a PARKER 61...

the one pen a man really hopes to own someday!

You know how it is when it's your birthday. You come home sort of expecting the family to make a fuss.

But you sure don't expect anything like this. My little Janie gave me a Parker 61 Pen . . . the one pen a man really hopes to own someday. Must have saved her allowance for months.

I'd used a Parker 61 once before. My boss has one. I'd noticed the good feel of it and the easy way it puts your thoughts on paper. Noticed, too, how proud the boss is of his Parker 61. And now I've got one of my own. It even fills by itself . . . you put the reservoir part in the ink bottle and the point stays high and dry.

Guess I'd rather have a Parker 61 Pen than any other gift in the world. Especially *this* Parker 61! Janie gave it to me.

$15.

UP TO $150.

Classic	$15.00
DeLuxe	$17.50
Legacy	$20.00
Custom	$22.50
Heritage	$25.00
Heirloom (illus.)	$27.50

Parker 61 CAPILLARY PEN *the world's most wanted pen*

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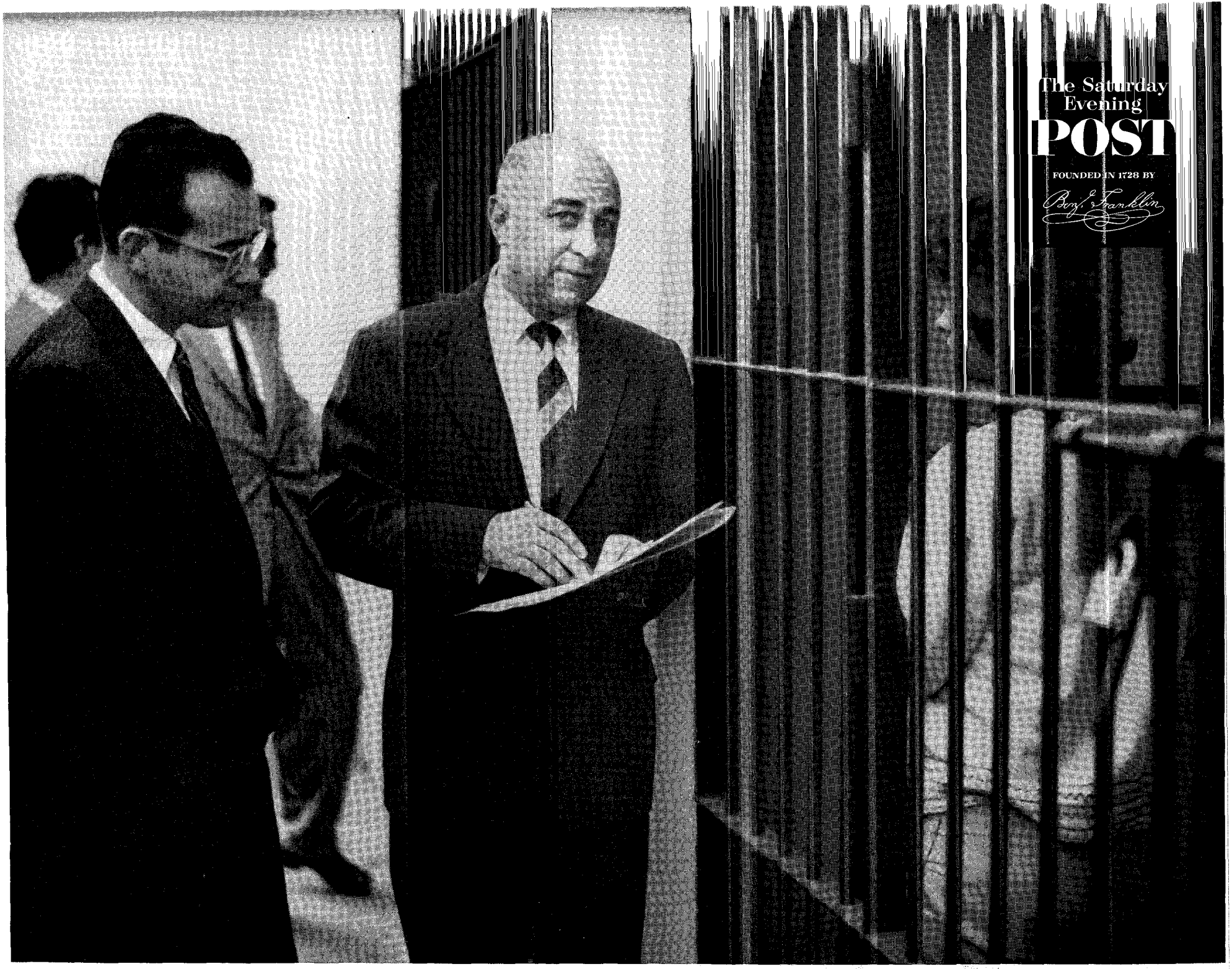

Tijuana, Mexico: Joe Cicala (center) of the U.S. consulate questions an American girl held by Mexican police for passing a bad check. At left is consular assistant Dave McCoy.

If You Get Into Trouble Abroad . . .

By Edward Weintal and Peter Lisagor

All over the world, U.S. consuls are supposed to help traveling Americans—even at the risk of their lives. But if you make enough nuisance, the consul can arrange for you to be hustled back home.

Among the millions of Americans headed for a trip abroad this year, a few may yield to an impulse to join the French Foreign Legion, a rebel band in the jungles or a Hindu sect. Other tourists, a good many of them, will lose their money or passports; some will even lose their wits. Still others will find the night life in Paris, Mexico City or Calcutta so diverting that they will be reproached for damaging the prestige of the United States and find themselves hustled onto the next boat home.

Human nature being what it is, the statistical expectation in the State Department's Office of Special Consular Services is that many thousands will wind up, in sorrow or panic, on the doorstep of the nearest American consulate. Anyone who makes it that far, without falling into the hands of the local authorities, has a good chance of being bailed out of trouble.

In 272 offices scattered around the world, American consuls will be ready to help, following instructions that cover any routine difficulty a traveler may encounter. They will see to it that you are not discriminated against

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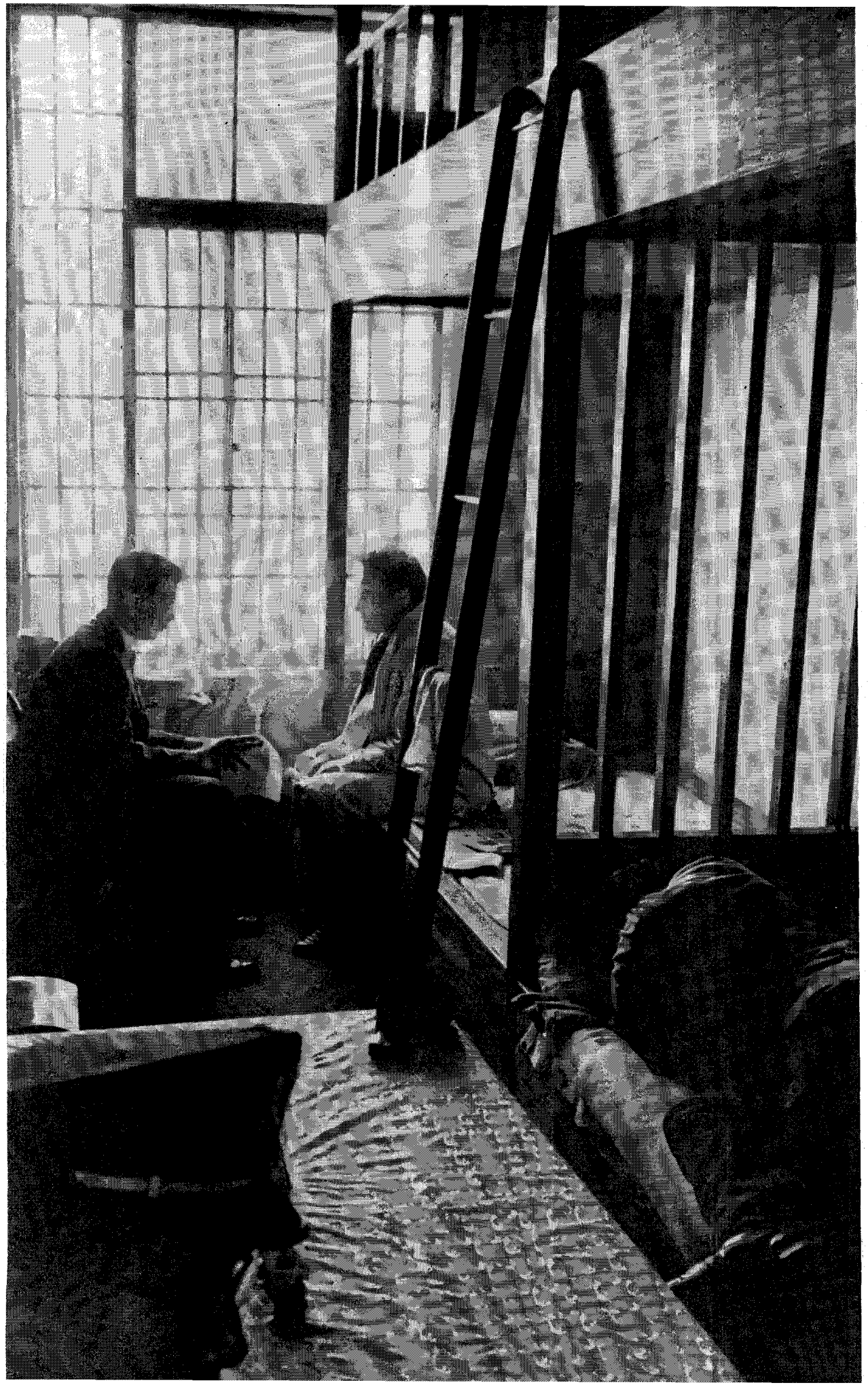

because you are an American. They will advise you about your rights as a United States national and, on occasion, they may be able to cut a few corners for you. Although an American consul is neither a banker, lawyer nor clergyman, he may, as a purely personal courtesy, perform the services of all three. Usually he can cope with the mishaps of innocents abroad, such as the loss of a passport, a book of traveler's checks or a maiden aunt. He is even empowered to advance small loans. But the not-so-innocent adventurer, who imposes upon the hospitality of his hosts, may find himself ensnared in consular as well as native red tape.

Roughly one third of all cases reaching the consulates involve eccentrics, mentally disturbed travelers or persons who insist on flouting convention. Outstanding in the unconventional category is the case of Robert Tomarchin, a soft-spoken Philadelphian, and his pet chimpanzee, Moko.

Tomarchin and his pet were discovered stranded on Henderson Island, a remote spot in the South Pacific 150 miles from Pitcairn Island, which is inhabited by descendants of the celebrated mutineers from H.M.S. Bounty. The story unfolded in the cables sent by the British magistrate of Pitcairn Island to "The External Affairs Department, Government of the U.S.A." Tomarchin was broke, but he had, in addition to his chimpanzee, a raincoat, an inflatable dinghy, bow and arrows, telescope, shovel and map, all suggesting that he might have got marooned on Henderson Island while seeking buried treasure.

He had tried to hail passing ships. "But," the Pitcairn magistrate cabled tersely, "captains will not accept responsibility unless Tomarchin disposes of the ape, which he absolutely refuses to do."

The task of repatriating Tomarchin was taken up by George M. Fennemore, the American consul at Auckland, New Zealand. Fennemore was willing to advance Tomarchin the necessary funds for his passage back to the

Soldier-of-fortune Allan Pope, of Miami, shown here on a big-game hunt, was jailed a year ago for flying rebel bombers in Indonesia. The U.S. couldn't extricate him.

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United States, since it appeared that his "presence on Henderson without funds was damaging to the prestige of the American Government." But the State Department refused to authorize the loan in view of Tomarchin's refusal to leave the island without the ape. A department cable to New Zealand commented frostily, "It is difficult to understand why Mr. Tomarchin's presence on an uninhabited island should be damaging to the prestige of this Government."

What Washington failed to comprehend was that Tomarchin's plight was being headlined in the New Zealand press; much sympathy had been generated for a man who refused to abandon his animal friend.

In the meantime, a group of Pitcairn Islanders organized a rescue mission and brought Tomarchin and Moko back to Pitcairn. The young American was persuaded to leave Moko with the friendly islanders while he went home to arrange for the chimpanzee's passage. So Tomarchin sailed for Panama, with $138.60 loaned to him by the American consulate, which he later repaid.

But the separation from the chimpanzee was too much for him. He was found as a stowaway on the next ship bound back for Pitcairn, delivered to Auckland authorities and jailed. Letters of sympathy began to pour into the jail and the United States consulate, pleading for his release and reunion with Moko. One letter delivered to Fennemore at the consulate had scrawled on the envelope, "Please deliver this to Robert Tomarchin, owner of Moko. With very best wishes from a little Brownie. Jocelyn. Her good deed for today." The envelope contained two New Zealand pounds, the equivalent of $5.60.

The New Zealand Shipping Company found itself under fire for virtual cruelty to animals because of its refusal to transport Moko. The company's public relations deteriorated so badly that its London headquarters intervened, offering the chimpanzee passage to Panama on payment of freight for him and "a five-dollar gratuity to the ship's butcher" for preparing his food.

Stowaway Robert Tomarchin, of Philadelphia. His refusal to leave a desolate Pacific island without his pet chimpanzee embarrassed the State Department.

After six months and an expenditure of nearly $500—this loan was repaid, too—Fennemore in Auckland and consuls in Wellington, New Zealand, and Balboa, Panama, managed to reunite Tomarchin and his pet chimpanzee and land them at Miami, Florida. They also restored in some degree such prestige as the United States had lost in the whole exasperating transaction.

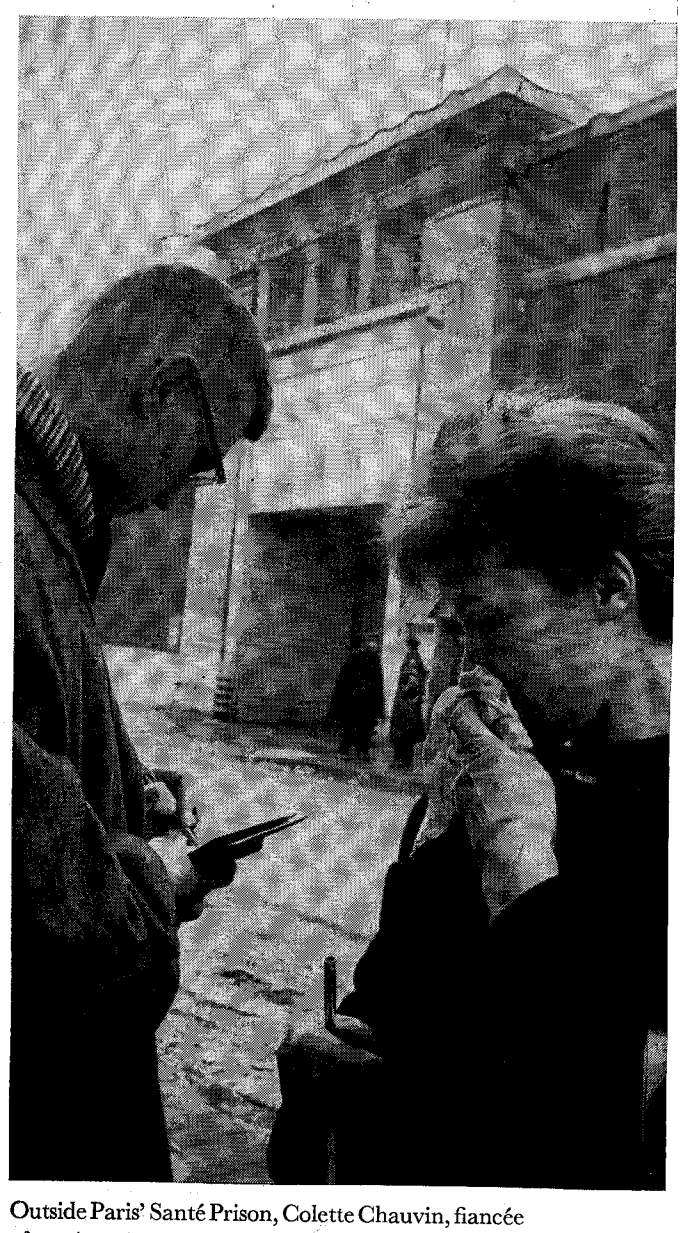
Half a dozen American consular officers in India had a similar experience with a young American who had some quaint notions of travel with a "getting-to-know-you" theme. Ethan Allen Beer, a student from St. Louis, Missouri, had been touring India on a bicycle to "meet and mingle with the people." He had the mistaken notion that he could best accomplish this by going about barefooted and in tattered clothes.

The first consular report on young Beer described him as presenting a "most uncouth and disreputable appearance, which would make him the object of suspicion wherever he went." This message was prophetic. During a three-month stay in India. Beer was arrested in Madras, in the Sikkim-Darjeeling area and in several other places. After a brush with the Calcutta police, he told a consular officer, "I guess I did create a little suspicion coming in from the jungle at night, and I can't say the Indian police are as bad as the cops at home, because they arrested me once for walking around barefooted in St. Louis."

After each arrest Beer was released conditionally because he had not violated any Indian laws.

However, he was so disturbing to Indians that the Calcutta consulate general recommended his (Continued on Page 44)

The Lido night club in Paris. The Americans shown here behaved discreetly, but French gaiety sometimes leads others to folly and perhaps to jail.



Outside Paris' Santé Prison, Colette Chauvin, fiancée of an American jailed on a bad-check charge, unburdens her woes to Vice Consul Leslie Dillman.

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Colonel Bowie's Gamble

Jim Bowie drew his famous knife. Then he told his startled opponents who he was.

By GERALD KERSH

The sedentary warriors who frequented Hynard's Hotel in New Orleans were in full voice in the afternoon of July 22, 1861. Indecisive fingers linked wine drop to wine drop on the mahogany bar to indicate companies of infantry; lemon peel, straws, broken cigars represented the position of batteries, and someone had poured out a wavering line of neat brandy, and set light to it, too, demonstrating the little river where the Battle of Bull Run had been fought, and won by the South. One gentleman was openly crying for joy while he dashed down a handful of money and begged everybody to order anything he liked. There had never been such a demonstration of uninhibited emotion in Hynard's respectable hotel since the declaration of war.

And then there was something that may best be described as an outbreak of quiet, as a slender old man strode into the saloon.

First, the noisiest and most persistent talker went silent. The withdrawal of his brazen voice from the hubbub was like the sudden stopping of the heavy brass in a band at the crescendo of a patriotic hymn. The drums faltered then; the woodwind tailed out to a whisper, while even the cymbals failed to clash. A sort of piccolo of a man got in the last shrill note and this was discordant and unfinished.

A very young man in a new gray uniform, quelled by the change of atmosphere, asked a neighbor, "What's the matter?"

"Where do you hail from, sir?" the neighbor asked.

"Kentucky, sir," the soldier said, with some show of irritability. "Why do you ask?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Then you don't know Mr. Nathan Shrapnel?"

"I have not that honor."

"Oh, then you cannot possibly know that he has bought a new hat."

"The gentleman's wardrobe does not concern me, sir."

"Most likely not," said the other man with a wheeze of laughter. "But it interests us, you know. Mr. Nathan Shrapnel's hat was a landmark, sir, on the broad Mississippi for forty years. It was a hard beaver, and he claimed that there was no reason why it should not last forever. It has never been off his old head until this eternal moment, because he always swore that nothing wears a hat out like putting it on and taking it off. The fingers wear the hat, Nathan Shrapnel said; the head is like nothing so much as a block to set it upon. And see him now, in a broad-brimmed soft one—and call me a liar if Nathan Shrapnel is not wearing a frilled shirt! After that I'll be damned!"

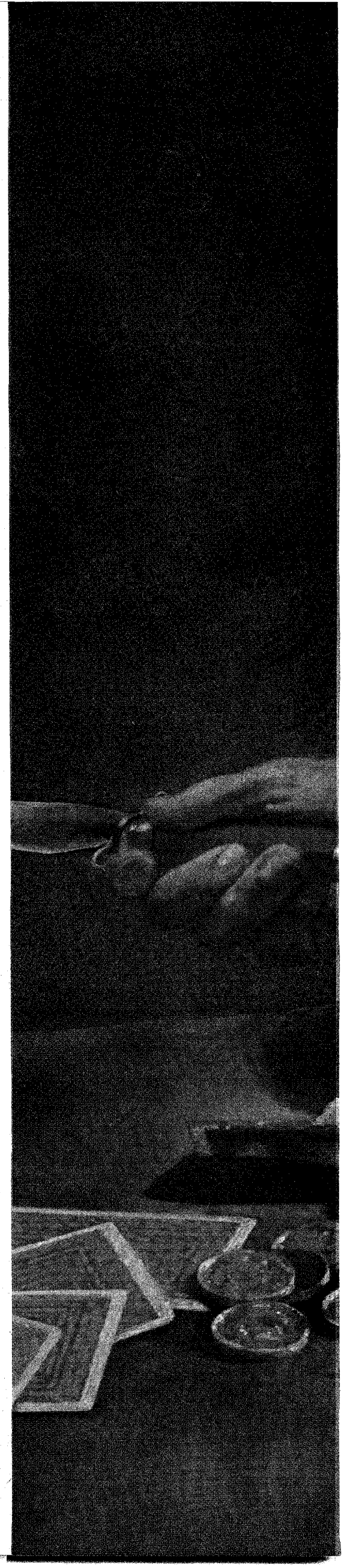
Somebody else's elbow smudged a diagram of how the young soldier proposed to annihilate the Union Army in three months, while he said, "A frilled shirt, sir, yes. My grandfather wore one like it in 1816. But clean and fresh, fine-starched and small-ironed, and of the finest cambric!"

Another man, who had the air of being prosperously in business, muttered, "Yellow with age and cut to be worn with a low waistcoat, although the old buzzard's coat buttons high. And see there—a headlight diamond stud like a hazel nut, as I am a living sinner ——"

"And I wish I may die where I stand if Nathan Shrapnel hasn't ordered a pint of wine for himself!"

"That beaver was his lucky hat," said a long-handed man of pearly pallor who restlessly, but with unconscious dexterity, rolled a polished walnut from finger to finger. "The one-armed old pigeon-plucker must have gone mad."

At this, several others hissed a warning "Hush!" while the newcomer, perfectly composed, sat down (Continued on Page 85)



Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

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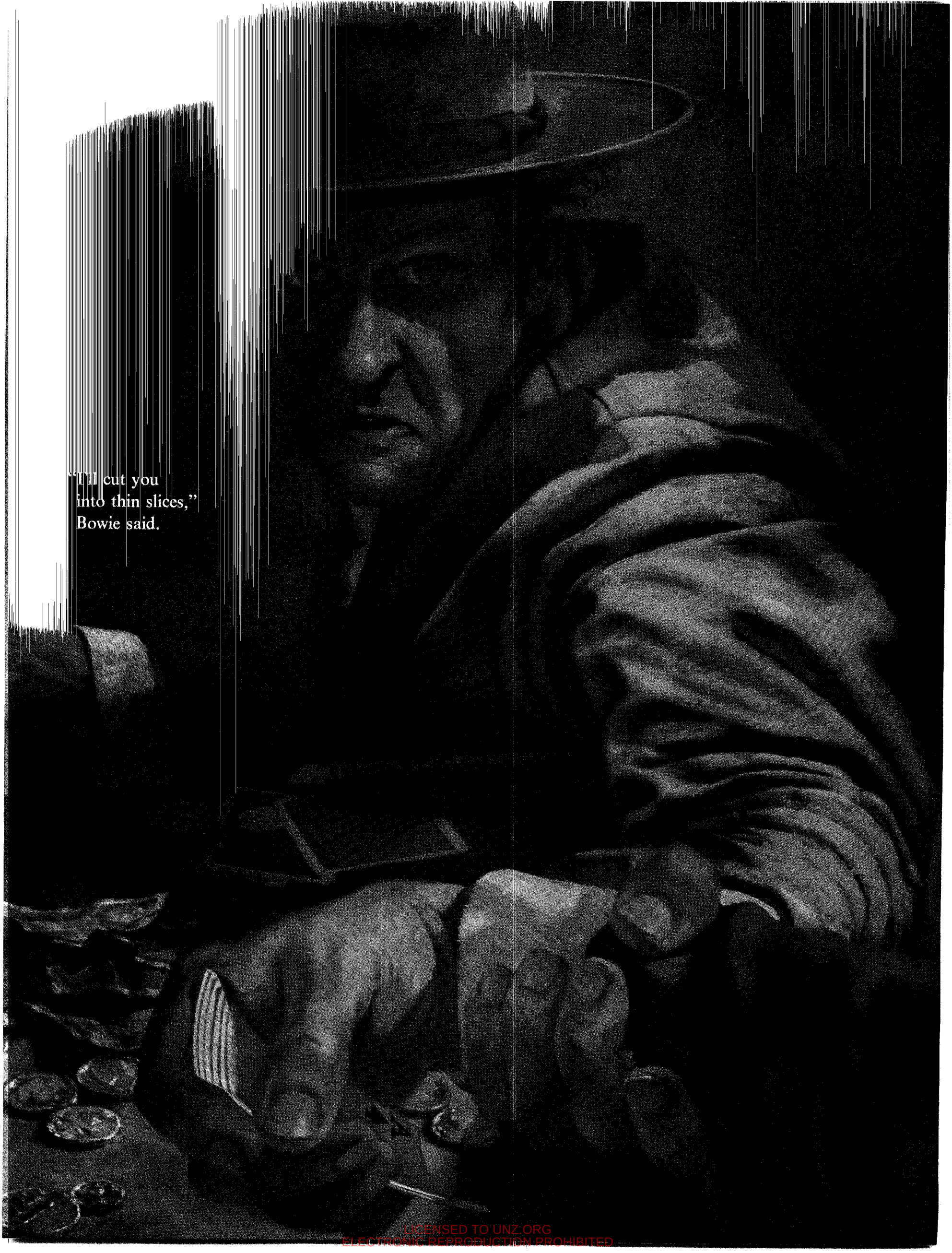

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What Do Intelligence Tests Really Prove?

More and more, U. S. schools are using batteries of aptitude and intelligence tests to make the crucial decisions that will shape your child's future.

By JOHN L. COBBS

When Joe Wallace graduated from his upstate New York high school last June, he was president of the senior class and star forward on the basketball team. He had a solid B average, and in the class-day elections the girls voted him "the wolf I would most like to trap."

Joe had his heart set on going to Princeton. He knew the Ivy League colleges were hard to get into, but he thought his record was good enough to qualify him. His father knew a couple of Princeton men who might help.

The first sour note came when Joe and his father talked to the high-school principal. The principal was a middle-aged man, a little tired, and ready to do almost anything to avoid a fight, especially a fight with influential parents. But he obviously didn't share Joe's enthusiasm. Princeton, he pointed out, was a

Could You Get Into College Today?

It's harder than it used to be. Try your hand at these twelve sample questions taken from the College Entrance Examination Board's booklet describing their Scholastic Aptitude Test. (The booklet, available from CEEB at 50c a copy, is also sent free to students who request it when they register for the SAT.)

The Scholastic Aptitude Test itself, of course, includes a great many more questions than this, questions of several different kinds and of varying degrees of difficulty. Actually, these are on the easy side, and we'll waive the usual time limit. Answers on page 102.

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Opposites: Choose the lettered word most nearly opposite in meaning to the word in capital letters.

1. TANGIBLE: (A) radial (B) immaterial (C) minute (D) diffuse (E) unproved

2. LANGUISH: (A) terminate (B) swell (C) thrive (D) enjoy (E) strive

3. PLAUDIT: (A) abuse (B) indecisiveness (C) elegance (D) insight (E) silence

Sentence Completion: Choose the word or set of words that best fits the meaning of the sentence as a whole.

4. If there is a long succession of styles between the earliest style and the latest one, the _____ can appear in a new disguise without being detected.

(A) style (B) earliest (C) latest (D) succession (E) worst

5. Iron rusts from _____, stagnant water loses its purity; even so does _____ sap the vigor of the mind.

(A) disuse, inaction (B) abuse, delinquency (C) misuse, imitation (D) acid, alcohol (E) age, misuse

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very "competitive" college. With three qualified applicants for every spot in the freshman class, it could pick and choose. Joe's record was good, but maybe not good enough. Perhaps he should think of a smaller college, maybe in the South or the Midwest.

Joe filed for Princeton anyway. To play safe and to please the principal, he also applied to two smaller schools in other parts of the country, but he never really doubted that Princeton would take him until the day when he ripped open the envelope from the admissions office.

Actually, Joe had been a dead duck for some time before that as far as Princeton was concerned. He himself had closed the door on the day that he and thousands of other high-school seniors all over the country answered a set of a couple of hundred short questions called the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Entrance Examination Board.

The S.A.T. is a specialized form of what are usually called intelligence tests or mental-ability tests. Its questions weren't designed to test how much Joe knew. They were carefully engineered to test his thinking ability, his capacity to deal with ideas, his command of words, his flexibility in taking an idea out of one context and using it in another. Some of them looked easy, or even silly. But all of them had been carefully planned for just one purpose—to show up the basic skeleton of Joe's mind in somewhat the same way an X ray would show up the bony structure of his body.

Joe's score on the S.A.T. was 500 out of a possible 800 points. That is a bit above the average for all students who go on to college. But 97 per cent of the students that Princeton accepted for its freshman class in 1958 did better than that. More than 60 per cent topped 600. According to the S.A.T., Princeton was out of Joe's weight class—as his principal had suspected from the first.

Joe Wallace is not the real name of the boy in this case. None of the names of students in this article are real names. Intelligence testing is a subject that cuts so deeply into individual privacy that the people who work in it have developed an unwritten code almost like medical ethics.

But in every other respect Joe's story is true. More than that, it is typical of something that is happening, not just in college admissions but from top to bottom in United States education. In fact, veteran high-school guidance officers say Joe's case is unusual in only one thing: A school that was on its toes would have taken the full measure of Joe's abilities long before he reached the time for college entrance. As far back as elementary school it would have given him tests comparable to the S.A.T. and would have used the results to decide the courses he should take. With that kind of guidance, he never would have tried for Princeton in the first place.

The rapid spread of testing in the elementary schools and high schools is something that parents haven't heard much about. But it is one of the great changes that are now taking place in the whole system of education.

It's a change that worries some thoughtful educators—not because they doubt the value of testing but because they think overworked or unskilled administrators are using tests as short cuts in decision making. President A. Whitney Griswold of Yale, for instance, recently lashed out at the system in which a twelve- or thirteen-year-old "has been abstracted from a person to an arithmetical formula by testing devices that will regulate the speed and (Continued on Page 100)

Analogies: Select the lettered pair of words which are related to each other in the same way as the words of the original pair.

6. BORDERLAND • COUNTRY: (A) water • land (B) rock • soil (C) margin • page (D) danger • safety (E) shelf • edge

7. OINTMENT • BURN: (A) water • fire (B) sympathy • sorrow (C) victim • crime (D) powder • face (E) pain • agony

8. REPETITION • MONOTONY: (A) familiarity • recognition (B) interest • boredom (C) dissipation • depravity (D) attempt • achievement (E) callowness • inexperience

Mathematics

9. A school has 2, 3, or 4 classes each semester in physics, with 20 to 30 students in each class. If 10% of the physics students failed in one semester, what is the greatest number who could have failed:

(A) 3 (B) 6 (C) 8 (D) 10 (E) 12

10. Which of the following fractions is closest in value to ⅓?

(A) ¼ (B) ⅜ (C) 3/16 (D) 5/16 (E) 7/16

11. A woman spent $3.00 for 25 greeting cards. If some were 10 cents each and the rest 15 cents each, how many 10-cent cards did she buy:

(A) 5 (B) 10 (C) 12 (D) 15 (E) 20

12. If gumdrops come in 5 colors, what is the smallest number of assorted gumdrops a child would have to buy to be sure of getting at least three of the same color?

(A) 3 (B) 7 (C) 11 (D) 15

Computation space

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Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

THE RELUCTANT REDHEAD

By JAN COX SPEAS

She wasn't playing hard to get. She had a reason for being cautious about men.

One of the men passed the word along to Dan. "I just saw some kid over by the grader. You want me to chase him off?"

Dan Herndon, arguing with his foreman over a tricky question involving high mathematics and surveyors' lines, looked up impatiently. "The same one?" he asked, and the answering grin told him enough. "I'll take care of it," he said grimly.

"Better make it soon," the man said, "before that grader stretches him out flat."

Dan strode across the uneven ground toward the grader, pinpointing its location in the midst of chaos by the particular sound of its motor. He was a tall young man, burned by the sun, with an angular frame topped by wide shoulders and a face normally as impassive as an Indian's. That anger made it less so now meant no more than a slight narrowing of his eyes.

He saw the kid standing behind the enormous yellow grader. Afraid to run or shout a warning, Dan walked toward him with a leisurely patience he was far from feeling. The boy stood staring at the grader as if mesmerized, hands behind his back, his small face intent.

"Look, kid," Dan said coldly, "I told you to keep away from the equipment." The clatter of the machine almost drowned out his words, and the boy looked up and smiled. "I warned you," Dan said, refusing to be placated.

He took the boy's hand and led him toward the street. "We're going to see your mother," he said. "If she doesn't know how to keep you at home, maybe I'll have a try at it."

"No," the boy protested. "I won't do it again."

"You said that yesterday," Dan said.

He was hot, tired and dirty. He had been on the job since daybreak, trying to make up the time lost during a week of rain; he had a contract to meet, a crew disinclined to work overtime, and a diminishing bankroll. None of these problems disturbed him deeply; they were familiar headaches, as inevitable as the horde of ten-year-old sidewalk superintendents that appeared with the first bulldozer.

This one, however, was not ten. He was hardly five, and he seemed drawn to the big machines like a baby moth to a thousand-watt spotlight. Looking down at the red hair, the wide blue eyes and the sturdy little legs pumping valiantly to keep pace with Dan's long stride, his anger flared again.

He saw her coming a block away, running toward them. "Jamie, where have you been?" she called breathlessly. "You promised you'd stay in the yard."

Jamie flushed. "I forgot," he said in a small voice. "I went to look at the big machines, and I just forgot."

"Jamie, that's worse than running away." She and the boy looked at each other solemnly. "I hate to tell the others you didn't keep your promise," she said, and two big tears ran down Jamie's face. "They'll be disappointed in you."

Dan struggled with his temper and won. He said nothing.

"I'm Gillian Graham," she said then, turning toward Dan. "I hope Jamie hasn't been a nuisance."

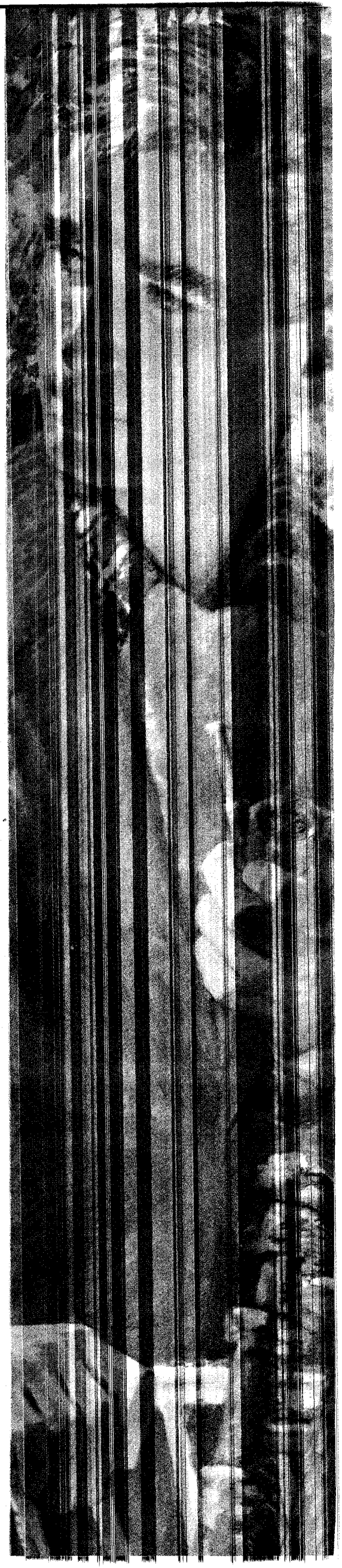
"You're lucky he's here," Dan said. "This is the third time I've kept him from being mangled in my equipment."

Her eyes widened. They were like Jamie's, brilliantly blue, disconcertingly direct. She had the same dark red hair, cut very short, and her face was pale and frightened.

"I didn't know he was in any danger," she said. "I wasn't at home, you see, and he promised not to leave the yard again."

"He's a little young for ethics," Dan said coldly. "Did it ever occur

(Continued on Page 52)



"I'd rather you didn't come back again," Gillian said.

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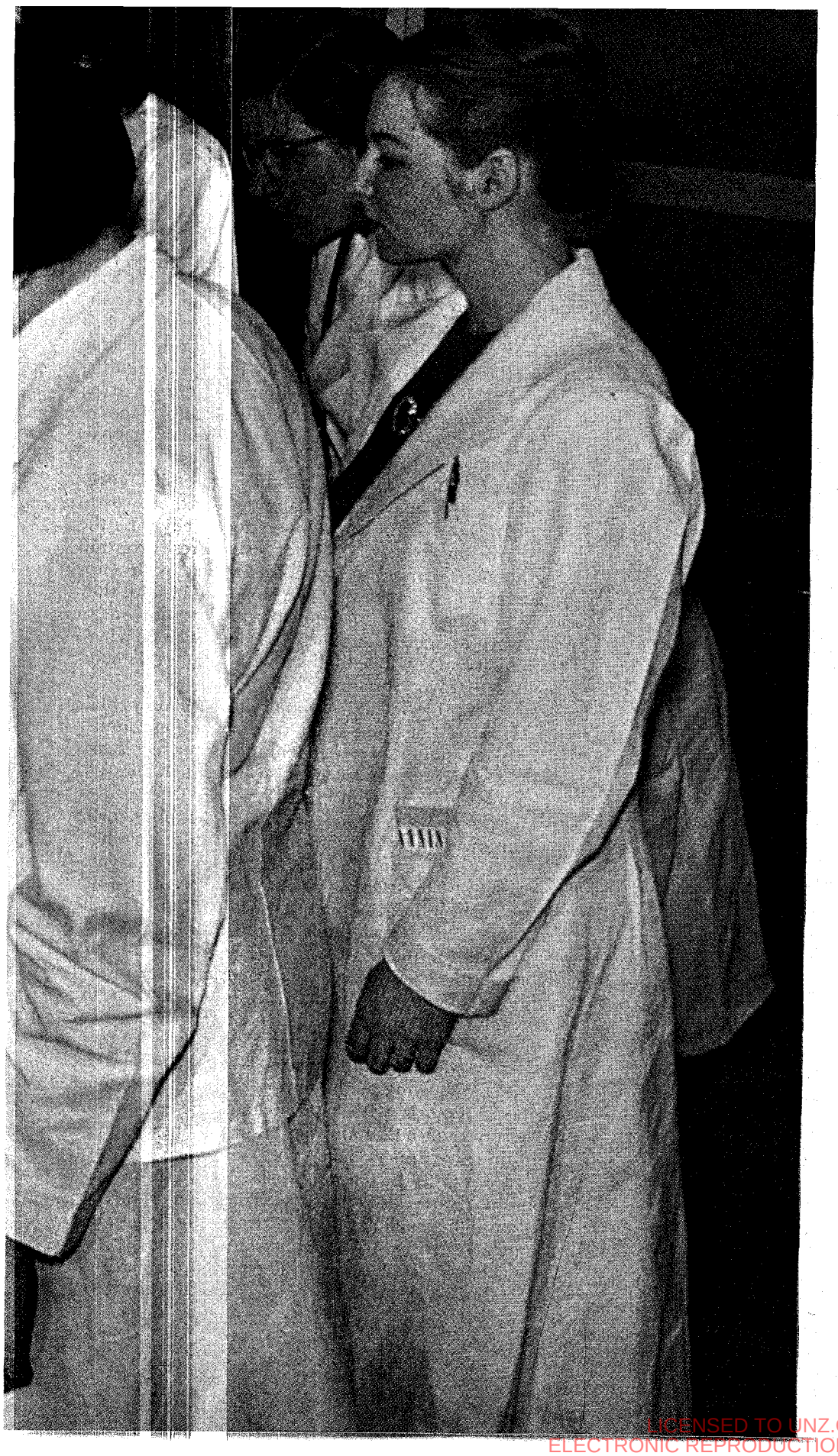

The Face of AMERICA

Distaff Doctors

The thirteen white-coated young ladies hovering here over the distressed figure of Bobby Strain, Jr., blend tenderness with a purposeful interest in the best scientific methods of fixing a badly cut hand. They are students of the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, whose male founders, in 1850, faced professional ostracism by their medical colleagues for daring to give women an opportunity to become physicians. In the intervening 109 years, the college has graduated 2550 well-trained "lady docs." It is in the tradition of the Woman's Medical College that Bobby's injury—result of an encounter with a broken glass percolator top—is something of an international incident. His hand was cleansed, stitched and bandaged by a Philadelphia girl, Mrs. Carolyn Kitchin, a senior student (wearing rubber gloves), under the approving supervision of Dr. Darunee Damrong-Manee, from Thailand. Holding Bobby's left hand, which grips a lollipop, is Maria Foty, a Hungarian who has become an American citizen, and the partly hidden face behind her is that of Margaret S. Lai, of Papeete, Tahiti. Among the college's alumnae are 242 women from forty-two foreign countries, and many of the American graduates have gone into medical-missionary work abroad. Postoperative report (see above): boy getting along fine, contemplating lollipop. ● Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

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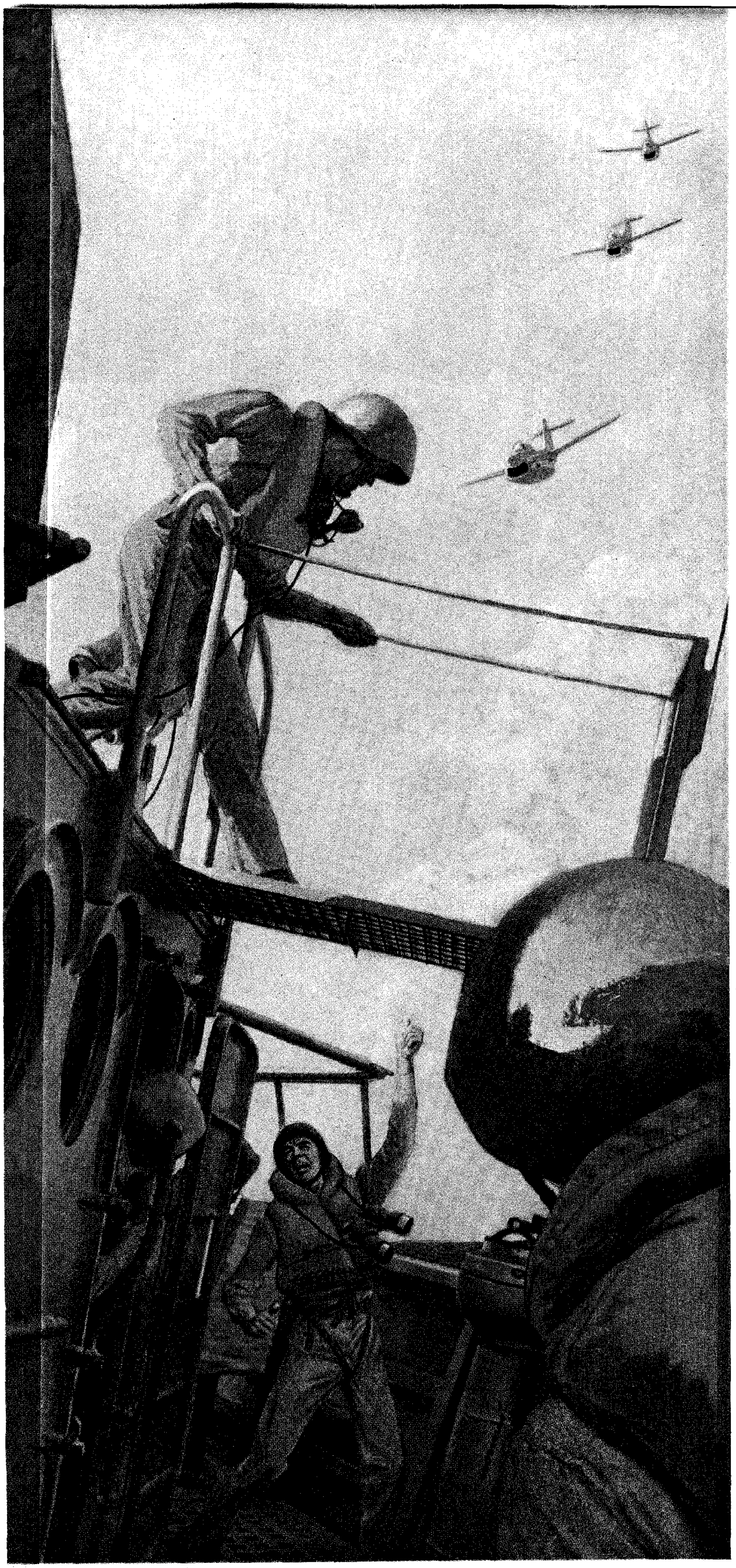

The MIG-17's began to fire. Now it was a medal or court-martial for the captain.

Captain's Decision

By JACLAND MARMUR

Should he open fire on those screaming Red jets— and maybe start a war?

You can always tell the tin-can people, wherever they gather ashore. They're the ones with the cocky air. They never forget how the fleet destroyers slog against head seas, flinging wild sprays clear aft to the bridge while the flattops and the heavies just keep nodding gently in the ocean as if chuckling soundlessly at all the crazy antics of the screening little boys. Tin-can people know they do the nasty work afloat. It gives them a singular pride.

Making a liberty in Sasebo, they are easily recognized. They swagger a little, confident of their worth. You can spot the tin-can skippers too. They'll be the ones with the haggard, sleepless eyes. Fresh from an operation in Tung Hai, the Eastern Sea, with ships secure at last to moorings inside Kogo Zaki Light, they gather at that table in Timano's looking out on an exquisite, miniature Japanese garden. That's where Commander David Gendall sat with some other skippers of Destroyer Squadron Ten.

"Heavens to Betsy!" Gendall heard Harry Blair drawl softly. "Let's get Suzuki to bring another round." Commander Blair had the Benning, fresh in his first command. He looked even more tired than the rest. "I sure got the sea-room blues."

They knew what he meant. He'd probably had his first uninterrupted hot shower afloat only after he'd got his ship secure in her nest alongside David Gendall's USS Paul Picking. He'd probably taken his sleep for ten full days in cat naps, fully clothed in the sea room abaft the pilothouse. So had all the rest.

"I sure got the sea-room blues," growled Harry Blair again. "I wish I was still an ensign." He picked a fresh highball from Suzuki's tray, gesturing with the glass. "Look at those lads at the bar!" He sighed. "Happy as birds in the morning. Twice as noisy too."

Commander Gendall frowned. He was a lean, spare man, gray showing at the temples, bushy brows over eyes red-rimmed with near exhaustion. He should have stayed on board and slept four watches through. The tin-can skippers never do. They have to get off their ships until the tension breaks. He was muttering, "Ensigns, Harry, are all like peas in a pod. It takes at least until they make j.g. for any personality to glimmer through. A girl is nuts to marry an ensign."

"There goes Dave again!" The voice from a skipper across the table had a (Continued on Page 80)

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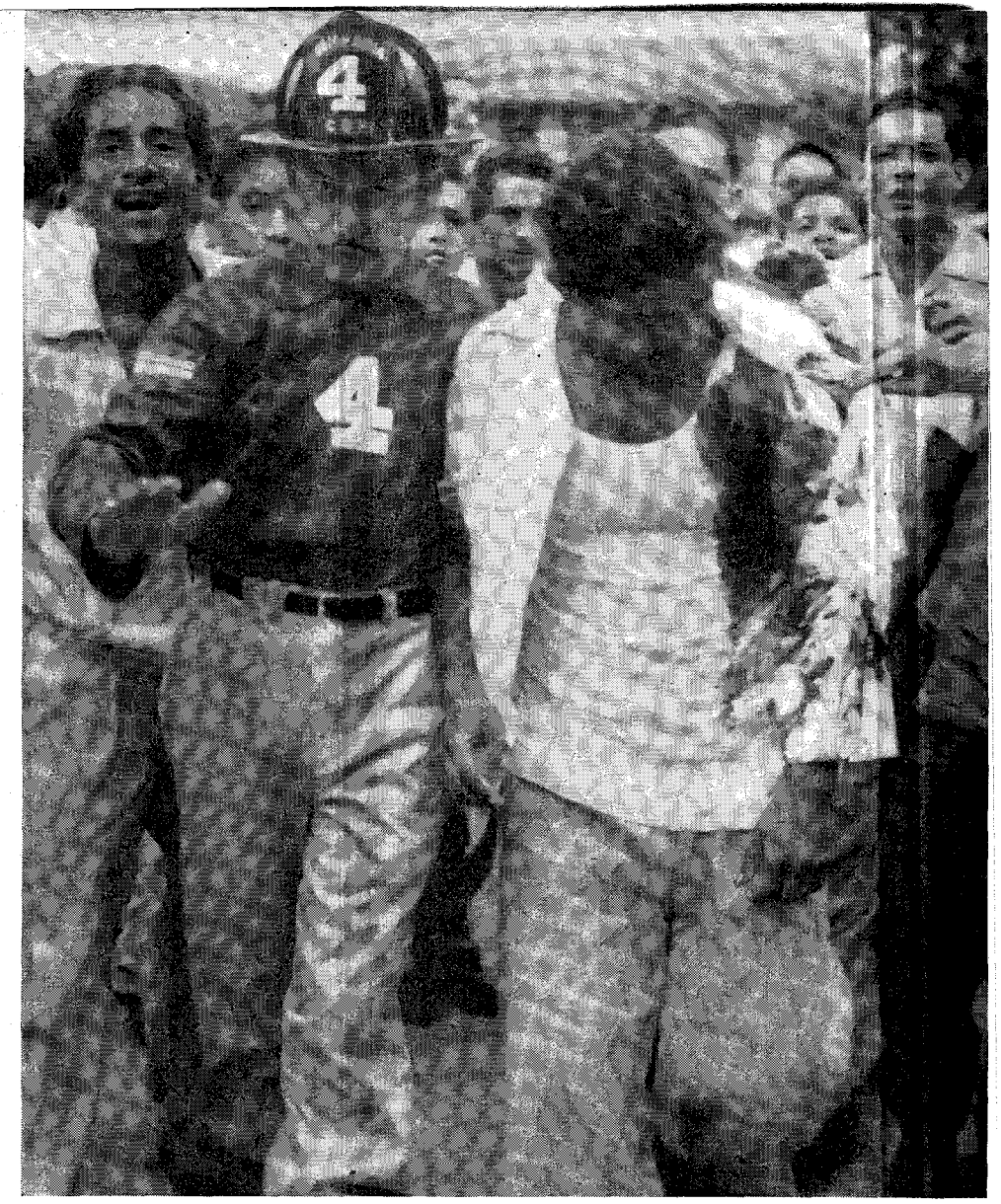
Panama's President Remón and his pretty wife got the red-carpet treatment when they came to Washington in 1953. Remón was assassinated by a political rival in 1955.



Wounded student rioter in Panama City. Most outbursts of Latin temper in Panama have resulted from feuds with the local government, but nationalist extremists try to direct feelings of unrest against the United States.

The Panama Danger Zone

By DEMAREE BESS

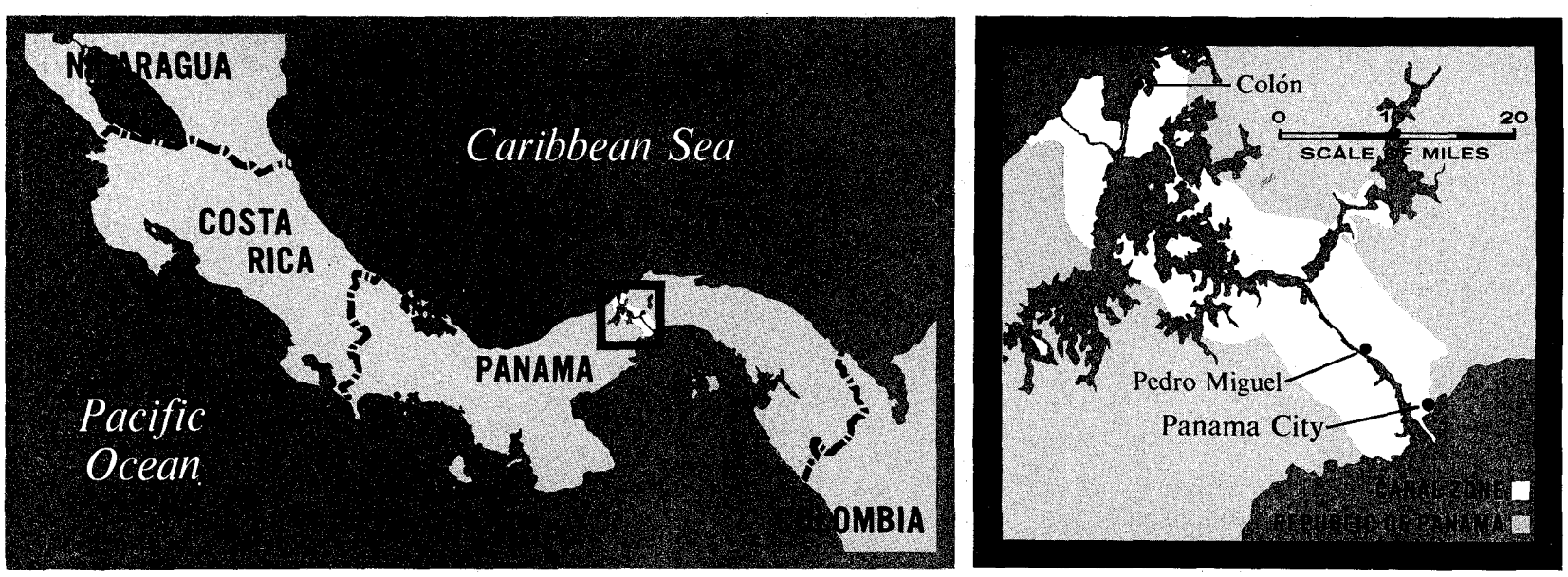
The celebrated canal is still one of our vulnerable life lines—and now the Panamanians are making things really difficult.

The Panama Canal was the subject of the first full-length speech in the new Eighty-sixth Congress, made last January ninth in the House by Rep. Daniel J. Flood, veteran Democrat from Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Recognized by many as an authority on his subject, Representative Flood warned the House that a situation has developed which threatens to make the Panama Canal "another Berlin" on our southern doorstep. He explained that this threat arises from a very slick law passed by the little Republic of Panama last December which enables its government to control access to the canal by water both from the Pacific and Atlantic—Caribbean—sides in the same way Russia controls access by land to Berlin.

The new law extends Panama's sovereignty over its coastal waters from the traditional three-mile limit to a twelve-mile limit, and thus asserts control over a nine-mile stretch of ocean between both canal terminals and the open seas. This was made possible by a loophole in the 1903 canal treaty which restricted United States jurisdiction to three sea miles from each terminal—that was enough in 1903 to assure access to the open seas.

Representative Flood told the House that this is only one of many recent moves by Panamanian nationalists and politicians to undermine United States control of the canal. He added, "This is a matter that cannot safely be ignored. . . .

(Continued on Page 73)



Increasing ship sizes are making the forty-five-year-old canal obsolete. One alternative to widening the present canal is to dig another one through a different country.

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Boyish-looking Governor Hatfield, who frequently presides over councils of his elders, was elected by a margin of 65,000 votes.
One of his toughest problems now is to raise more revenue despite the fact that Oregon already has the highest income-tax rate in the nation.

Oregon's Golden Boy

Youthful Governor Mark Hatfield is one of the few Republicans who bucked the Democratic tide successfully last year. Here's how he did it.

By Milton MacKaye

The governor with the first lady, Antoinette Kuzmanich Hatfield. Her father immigrated to this country from what is now Yugoslavia. The Hatfields expect their first child next month.

No one could have had a bigger or more fruitful year than handsome Mark Odom Hatfield, the new political golden boy of the Pacific Northwest. First of all, after a stubborn and almost habit-forming bachelorhood, he became engaged to a beautiful girl. Then, in a matter of months, he won a contested Republican primary, married the girl, was elected governor of Oregon at the age of thirty-six, and figuratively won the Irish Sweepstakes when he was able to make a postelection announcement that his wife, Antoinette, was expecting a baby in June.

This breathless pace was new even to Hatfield, who has never been laggard to seize opportunity in a firm and adhesive grasp. Romance, of course, is not answerable to the laws of logic, but politics is something else again. Long ago the clear-minded Hatfield charted his course in public life, a careful step-by-step advancement. Subsequently, events ran away with the blueprint. It was with some understandable surprise, then, that he finds himself today not only a happy family man but also potentially a national political figure.

From the horrific massacre of the Republican Party in the country last fall two attractive and magnetic personalities emerged with their scalplocks intact. Both achieved personal triumphs. Nelson A. Rockefeller defeated Averell Harriman in New York and put the Empire State back in the Republican column. Across the continent, in Oregon, Mark Hatfield won the statehouse in the face of a Democratic sweep, and became the second-youngest of our new crop of governors. J. Howard Edmondson of Oklahoma is, at thirty-three, the youngest.

Statistics provide the most eloquent measurement of Hatfield's victory. Once a Repub-

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Photographs by John Bickel

Hatfield's good looks charmed the women voters at the polls in November. Here he is outside his office with two young statehouse employees.

Mark's father, Charles D. Hatfield, is a retired blacksmith. Mark lived with his parents at their home in Salem until he was married last summer.

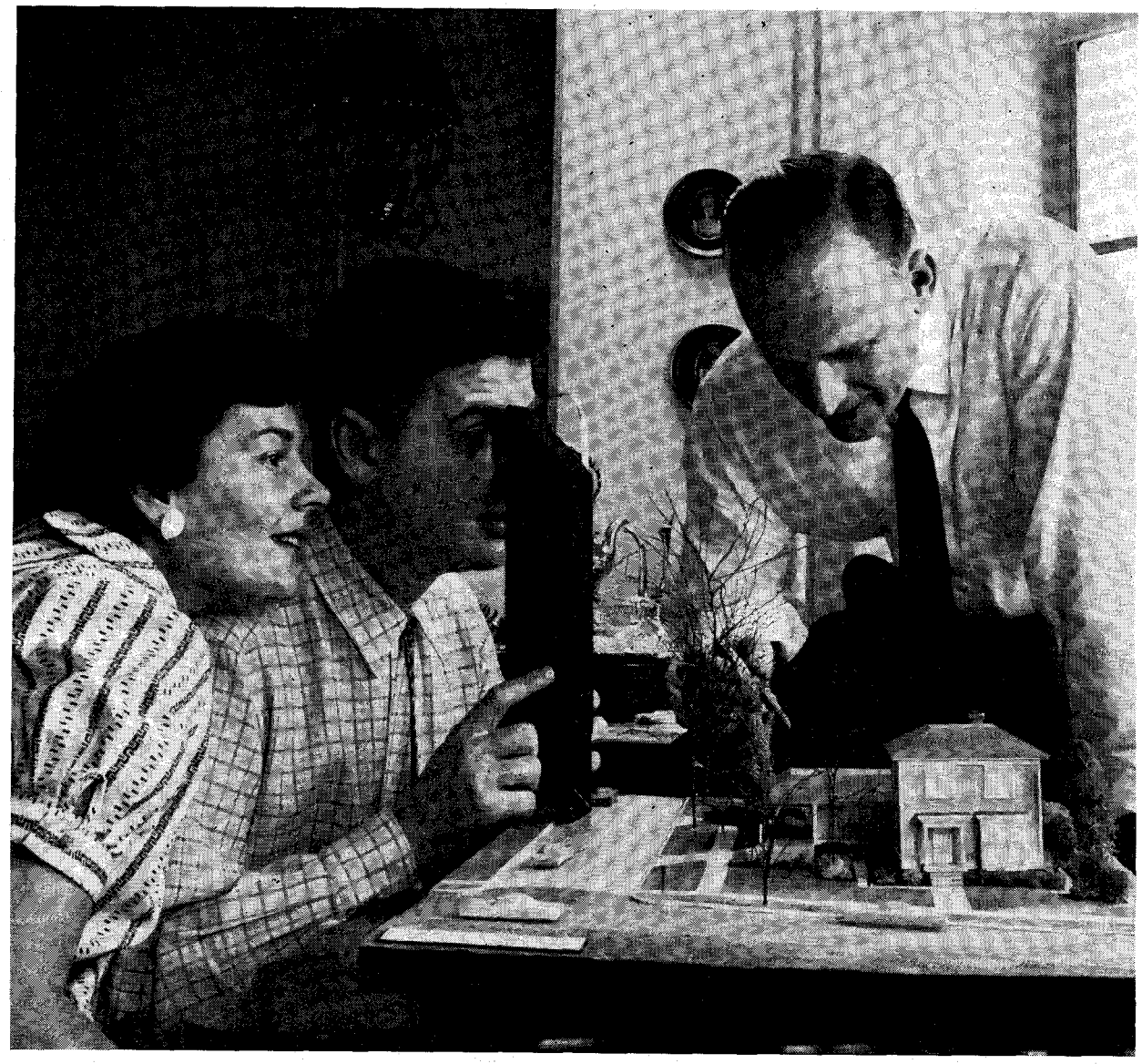
lican stronghold, Oregon has become increasingly in recent years a Democratic playing field. Both United States Senators are Democrats, as are three of four members of the lower house of Congress. As a portent of things to come, registration in 1958 showed Democrats leading Republicans in voter enrollment by 56,000. The portent was accurate enough: In the election itself Democratic candidates, for the first time in many years, captured control of both houses of the legislature. Yet, swimming upstream, Mark Hatfield won by 65,000 over the incumbent and likable Democratic governor, Robert D. Holmes.

What occurred? It is interesting to examine similarities in the campaign techniques of Rockefeller and Hatfield, who, lucubrating independently, with no personal acquaintanceship, arrived at the same fundamental conclusion: To win, they must ignore party lines and ancient loyalties and appeal to all voters who could be coaxed under the wide and billowing good-government tent.

Both Rockefeller and Hatfield were charter members of the (Continued on Page 103)

The Trend Toward Youth

Next week, in an article on the nation's youngest governor, Democrat J. Howard Edmondson (age 33), Mr. MacKaye tells how the Oklahoma Kid outmaneuvered the old pros at their own game.



At their small apartment, the Hatfields (left) inspect a model of proposed renovations on the eighty-seven-year-old house they have bought in Salem's Bush's Pasture section. Oregon has no governor's mansion.

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Mason said, "Miss Meade, you drew that map just now."

The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

Perry Mason found that the lady novelist was tough—tough enough, perhaps, for murder.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"I have a corpse for you," Perry Mason told Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide.

A pretty young woman named Gladys Doyle, personal secretary to author Mauvis Niles Meade, had come to Mason for legal help. While on an assignment for her boss, Gladys' auto bogged down in a mudhole on Pine Glen Canyon road. She had taken this lonely route on instruction from Miss Meade, who claimed it was a short cut. Unable to extricate the auto, Gladys found a nearby cabin, where a man named John allowed her to stay for the night. But in the morning he was gone; and in his bedroom lay a corpse.

After hearing Gladys' story, Mason directed her to exchange her muddy garments for clothes belonging to Della Street, his secretary. Then he phoned Lieutenant Tragg to report the body. But, despite Tragg's insistence, Mason refused to reveal his client's identity.

II

It was late in the afternoon when Gertie, Perry Mason's receptionist, announced over the interoffice communicating system, "Lieutenant Tragg is here to see Mr. Mason." And then added, almost in the same breath, "He says he's coming in."

Mason looked up from the papers on which he was working as the door opened, and Lieutenant Tragg, walking with his characteristic

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

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shuffle, head thrust slightly forward, long, firm mouth twisted in a slightly whimsical smile said, "Hi, Perry—just happened to be in the neighborhood, thought I'd drop in and pay my respects and talk with you a little bit about that murder case out in Pine Glen Canyon."

"Glad to see you any time," Mason said. "Of course, someday I hope you'll learn to follow the conventional custom of being announced and then waiting until you're invited in."

Tragg shook his head. "That would be bad business, Perry. If we did that, we'd spend half of our time cooling our heels in somebody's reception room."

"Suppose I happened to have a client here?" Mason asked.

"So much the better," Tragg said, positively beaming. "It would convince the client of the efficiency of the police. And I think at the moment you have a client that I'd like to know a whole lot about."

"I probably have several you'd like to know about," Mason commented dryly.

"I stand corrected," Lieutenant Tragg acknowledged, bowing. . . . "And how are you this afternoon, Della?"

"Very well, thanks," Della Street said.

"The police are plodders," Tragg remarked, apparently apropos of nothing.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," Mason protested. "They're very efficient."

"Efficient is right," Tragg said, "but their efficiency relates to plodding. It comes as the result of plodding. Take this Gladys Doyle, for instance."

Mason kept his face without expression. "What about her?"

"Funny thing," Tragg said. "She's working for this novelist, Mauvis Niles Meade. Seems she'd been away for a weekend, came home and found the apartment all torn up, things scattered all over. The place was wrecked."

"Notify police?" Mason asked.

"She notified the house detective, and the house detective thought things over and then gave police a ring."

"Well?" Mason asked.

"She was asked the usual questions about when she discovered the crime and where she'd been—said she'd been away for the weekend, doing confidential work for Mauvis Meade."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well, we started checking on the time element. Now as nearly as we can find out, she was supposed to be back last night and at work at nine o'clock this morning. She didn't get in until after nine, and then she dashed right out."

Mason listened attentively, but said nothing.

"Police looked around and tested the place for fingerprints. It was just a chore for the detail in charge of burglary, but when they asked Miss Doyle about where she'd been and she became coy, the police questioned the man at the apartment garage. He said Miss Meade had left instructions that Miss Doyle was to have the station wagon and it was to be put in good shape with oil and gas, and antifreeze in the radiator, because Miss Doyle was going to the Summit Inn. A routine check at Summit Inn showed she'd checked out after dinner last night.

"Well, of course, the Burglary detail started questioning her in considerable detail after that. There was this murder out there in Pine Glen Canyon, and a person could have driven down that way from the Summit Inn, and Miss Doyle had told someone she was going to take a short cut she knew about—well, anyway, the Burglary detail notified Homicide, and I told them to look over Gladys Doyle's clothes, just for the purpose of seeing if there were any bloodstains on them. We wanted to get the clothes she'd been wearing, naturally."

"And?" Mason asked.

"No bloodstains," Tragg said, "but as a matter of routine we put them in ultraviolet light and infrared light—a lot of things come out that way. You know, quite a few of the cleaners nowadays are using marks on clothes that are invisible to the naked eye, or virtually so, but come out with startling brilliance when ultraviolet light is turned on them."

"And?" Mason asked.

Tragg grinned and hitched one hip up on a corner of Mason's desk, sitting there swinging his left foot slightly.

"The number didn't agree with the other cleaning marks, and we got the idea that perhaps she might have borrowed some clothes from someone on account of bloodstains on her garments. So, naturally, we looked up the cleaning mark, and darned if it isn't the cleaning mark of Miss Della Street."

"I see," Mason observed noncommittally.

"So I thought Miss Della Street might want to tell the police why she gave this Gladys Doyle some of her clothes to wear."

Tragg looked over at Della Street. "It would be right interesting if up in Miss Street's apartment we found clothes that belonged to Gladys Doyle and found some bloodstains on them."

"Want to look?" Mason asked.

"We're looking," Tragg said.

"Rather highhanded, isn't it?" Mason asked.

"I don't think so," Tragg said. "Under the circumstances, we decided it would be a good idea to get a search warrant and take a look. I'm sorry, Miss Street, but my job is to investigate homicide. I hope you'll understand the reason for the inconvenience.

"Here's a murder case that Mr. Mason called to our attention. Presumably he had a client who had seen the body, so when we find one of Mason's clients wearing the clothes of his secretary, we start putting two and two together."

The telephone rang. Della Street picked up the receiver and said "Hello." She extended the telephone to Tragg. "It's for you, lieutenant." Her voice was acid.

Tragg eased himself over along the edge of the desk, picked up the receiver, said, "Tragg speaking. . . . You did, eh? . . . When? . . . Well, that's good. Thanks a lot."

Tragg hung up the telephone, turned to Della Street and said, "They found Gladys Doyle's clothing, complete with cleaners' marks, out there. They'll take it to the laboratory to be examined. You can get it back after they're finished with it—unless, of course, they find something significant."

Tragg elevated his left knee, caught the leg just below the kneecap in his interlaced fingers, beamed at Perry Mason and said, "So I thought perhaps you'd now like to tell me whether Gladys Doyle was the mysterious client who told you about the murder in Pine Glen Canyon."

"Because she borrowed Miss Street's clothes, that makes her a murderer, does it?" Mason asked.

Tragg grinned. "Now you're jumping at conclusions, Mason. I didn't say that, didn't say anything like it. But you may be surprised at what the laboratory can find out from those clothes."

Della Street said to Lieutenant Tragg, "Well, thanks a lot for telling me, lieutenant. It would be embarrassing (Continued on Page 63)

"This case has everything—sex, sophistication, mystery, melodrama," he told detective Drake.

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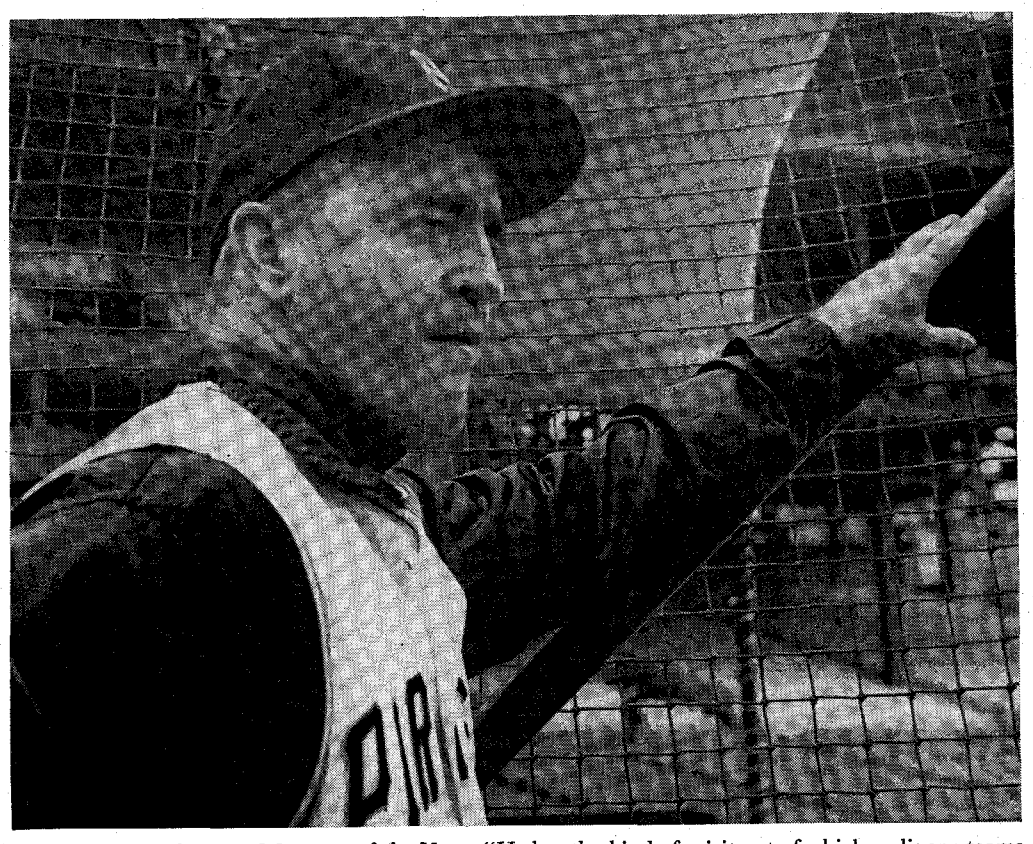
Baseball's Mister Mischief

By MYRON COPE

After a career full of struggles and failures, manager Danny Murtaugh hoisted the Pirates from cellar to second place. Can the irrepressible Irishman work another "miracle" this year?



Danny Murtaugh, 1958 Manager of the Year. "He has the kind of spirit out of which ordinary teams become good and good teams become great," says Frankie Frisch, once a Pittsburgh manager himself.

This was a Saturday afternoon last spring at Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. The seventh inning of a game between the Pirates and the Philadelphia Phils had just ended. Danny Murtaugh, the Pirates' manager, shot out of the dugout as if stung by a bee. He barged up to plate umpire Jocko Conlan in the unavoidably comical gait of a man in his forties who not only must wear baseball pants but also cannot prevent his beltline from sagging down around his paunch.

Murtaugh's tobacco-stuffed jaw was poked up under Conlan's nose. His cap was set belligerently low on his forehead. His chest was puffed out, and his rump was arched aft like a rooster's. Both of his hairy hands were stuffed hard into his back pockets. Murtaugh jabbered away at Conlan as though bent on homicide, from time to time pawing the ground with his spikes and kicking up a spray of dirt.

The game was being telecast to the Philadelphia area, which includes Murtaugh's home town of Chester, Pennsylvania. Danny's family, who hadn't yet joined him in Pittsburgh, were getting their first glimpse of him in weeks. What they could not be privy to was the actual exchange between Murtaugh and Conlan. It went like this:

Murtaugh (*forcefully*): "Say, Jocko old boy, do you mind if I stand here and face the cameras? I'm feeling kind of blue. My family hasn't seen me in some time."

Conlan: "Go right ahead, Danny boy. Stand here till the inning begins."

Murtaugh (*vigorously*): "Thanks, Jocko. Say, it's a nice day for baseball, isn't it? Good weather for the TV boys. I hope they have that camera on me.

(Continued on Page 76)

Danny (at center above) paying an off-season visit to old cronies of the Franklin Fire Company, of Chester, Pa., in which he served as a volunteer.

Left: Murtaugh (being restrained at right) was ejected from this 1958 game with the Giants for swinging at Ruben Gomez (holding bat). Gomez had accused Vernon Law of beanballing.

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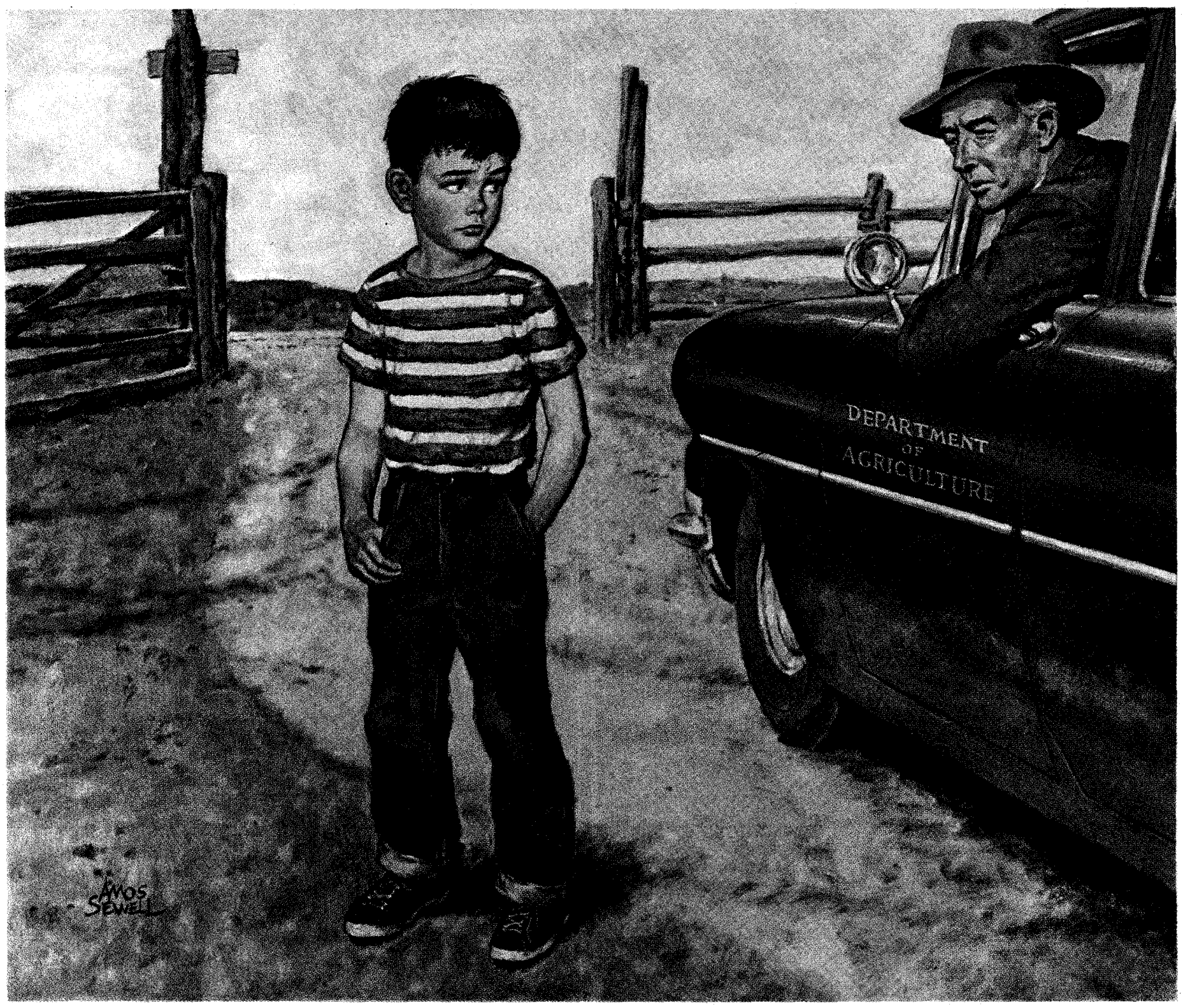

"Your uncle wouldn't be pulling my leg, would he?" the inspector asked.

Little Joe On The Spot

By
R. ROSS ANNETT

If the boy told the truth, his father would be in for trouble.

As it clattered along Sanford's main street Joe's old pickup truck sounded like a wagon-load of loose dishpans. The rattle and bang of windows, doors and fenders even drowned out the loud engine noises. A loose bumper and the clanking tail gate each added its quota of raucous sound so that, inside the cab, you had to shout to make yourself heard.

Little Joe sat by the right-hand window with Uncle Pete in the middle, holding Babe on his lap. The kids were dressed up for their weekly visit to town: Little Joe in a new, striped T shirt, and Babe in a dark blue dress that gave a contrasting brightness to her blond hair. Big Joe wore his mail-order blue suit. It was too tight for his big frame, but it gave him a cramped, dressed-up feeling, and he always made a point of looking his best when he came to town. Uncle Pete, on the other hand, looked disreputable as usual in an old and tattered cowboy hat and a shirt so worn and sun-bleached that you could hardly tell it had once been red.

Joe spied a parking place in front of the Sanford Garage and wheeled into the spot. The pickup shuddered to a stop at the curb between a swank yellow convertible and a new, two-toned station wagon, reminding Joe of a mangy old range cow flanked by sleek, stall-fed stock.

Joe was still making do with his rattletrap old truck because he had better uses for his money than to put it into a car. The previous year, for instance, he had spent a considerable amount in building up his herd of Hereford cattle. Whenever opportunity offered, also, he kept acquiring (Continued on Page 59)

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San Simeon, which Hearst called his "ranch house," contains 100 rooms, fifty-eight of them bedrooms. He added to it for twenty-eight years, but never considered it complete.

William Randolph Hearst lavished $30 million on his fantastic estate, San Simeon, in California. Now it's a state park, and anyone can prowl the place.

The Incredible House That Hearst Built

By Frank J. Taylor

The Three Graces by sculptor Antonio Canova in the courtyard of *La Casa del Monte*

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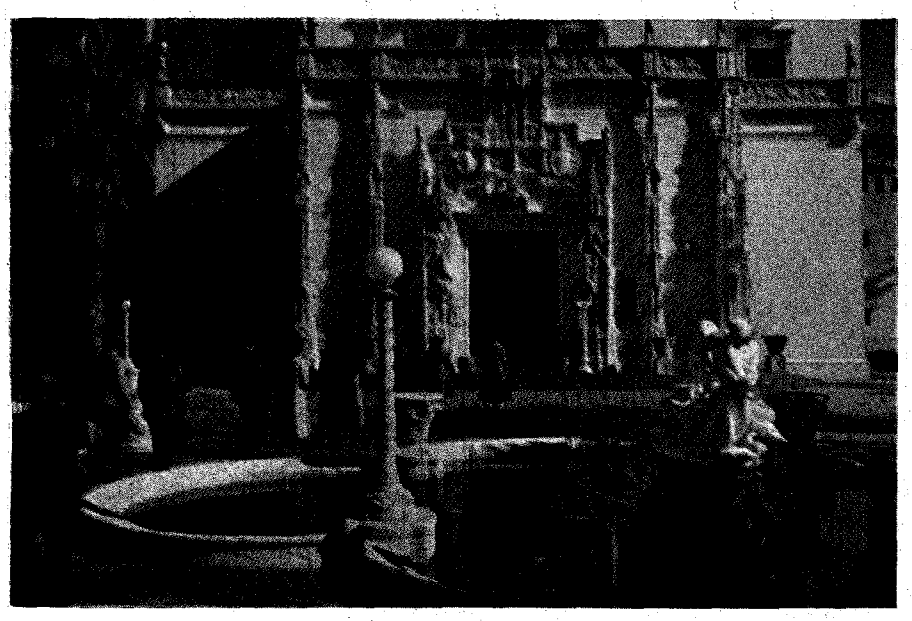
This ornate seventeenth-century bed in *La Casa del Sol*, one of the three guest mansions surrounding the castle, once belonged to France's famous Cardinal Richelieu (1585–1642). In the foreground a state-park staff member replaces a piece of silk on an antique chair.



The front door of *La Casa Grande*. In its heyday, San Simeon was host to hundreds of stage and screen stars, and once, a United States President. Now it swarms with tourists.

Saturday scrubbing for the marble maidens in Neptune Pool. Hearst kept a corps of buyers busy throughout the world locating artistic works like these for his home.

For more than three decades a hallucination pestered motorists driving California's U.S. Highway 1, which clings to cliffs and skirts the sea from Monterey south to San Luis Obispo. Looking up at the Santa Lucia Range from the vicinity of the tiny port of San Simeon, many a sober and otherwise sound traveler has sworn that his eyes saw an alabaster castle gleaming in the sky.

These sight-seers can now put their apprehensions to rest. They did see a castle, the only genuine castle in the United States. But what they saw as in a mirage was nothing compared to the castle they can now inspect firsthand, the incredible abode that the late William Randolph Hearst built for himself.

Since last June the fabulous Hearst castle has been state property. In fact, it is the Cinderella in California's chain of 150 state parks. It is even more incredible in concrete and tile than it was in legend, the inaccessible fortress of a man with the ego to make his dream of a castle in the sky come true. Sight-seers still come down from the tour of *La Cuesta Encantada*—The Enchanted Hill, as Hearst called his fantastic residence—with eyes blinking and asking each other how a man could possibly pour so much into his home.

"He built it because he was a builder—to house his treasures," (Continued on Page 95)

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

The refectory, or Great Hall. Despite its baronial elegance, Hearst insisted that the long banquet table be set with catchup bottles and paper napkins to remind him of camping out before San Simeon was built.

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Post Scripts

What Was the Name Again?

Recent Item in the Denton College Clarion: Nearly 600 enthusiastic alumni renewed old memories and the bonds of friendship at Denton College's recent annual reunion.

"Oscar Motley! Well, for Pete's sake! Imagine seeing you after all these years, Osc!"

"I'm Harold Roundtree."

"Wow! Remember the time we all ditched Professor Pritchard's chemistry lecture and went over to State University and stole the school's cannon and brought it back over here to Huntley Hall and painted the thing bright green and ——"

"I don't remember anything like that."

"O.K., Gordie, let's just the two of us sing the old school song just like we used to do. One, two, three—Onward to glory, Denton ——"

"Why don't you just go ahead and sing it by yourself?"

"So this is the gal you married, eh, Sam?"

"That's right. This is my wife, Cleo. . . . Darling, this is an old buddy of mine. I'd like to have you meet—uh—let's see—uh ——"

"Rah-rah-rah! Zis-boom-bah! Windy Bentley, rah-rah-rah! Hi-ya, Windy! Long time no see, old pal, old pal!"

"Good evening."

CHARLES MATTESON

Savant

He employs the most erudite jargon—
  Every quote's an authentic Great-Books one,
In words you won't find in a bargain
  Thesaurus, but just a de luxe one.

We're so dazed by this rhetoric lover
  As the brave polysyllables ring,
That it takes us a while to discover
  That he hasn't been saying a thing.

ETHEL JACOBSON

Note From the Cleaning Woman

4:30 P.M.

Dear Mrs. Carter: We're out of furniture polish and floor wax. I didn't get to finish the living room and dinette today. Say, you better get that bathroom door fixed. I got locked in there for two hours this morning till Mrs. White next door came over and had her boy take off the door. I cleaned real good in there, though.

The kids were pretty good, except Jennifer bit the little Parsons boy again. But he bit her back, so Mrs. P. wasn't too mad. Anyway, I sat Jennifer in the corner for an hour, like you said. I think the wallpaper in there cleaned up pretty good. I don't know how she got ahold of those crayons.

Billy was a regular Busy Bee. He told me you told him it was O.K. to sell those old clothes you got stacked up in the garage. So he was gone most all day ringing doorbells. He made 69c and he's down to the drugstore spending it now. I wouldn't let him sell your girdles, etc., though.

A lady called about a meeting and that man called about some papers. I think you're supposed to call one of them back.

Say, Mrs. Carter, I told you about my sister in Minnesota that's been so poorly? I guess I might have to go out there for a while. Also, my legs have been bothering me some. Anyway, thanks and I'll call you when I get back, if I go.

Your friend,
DORA

P.S. Mr. just called and says he's got two firemen ?? coming home with him for dinner.

HILARIE BROWN

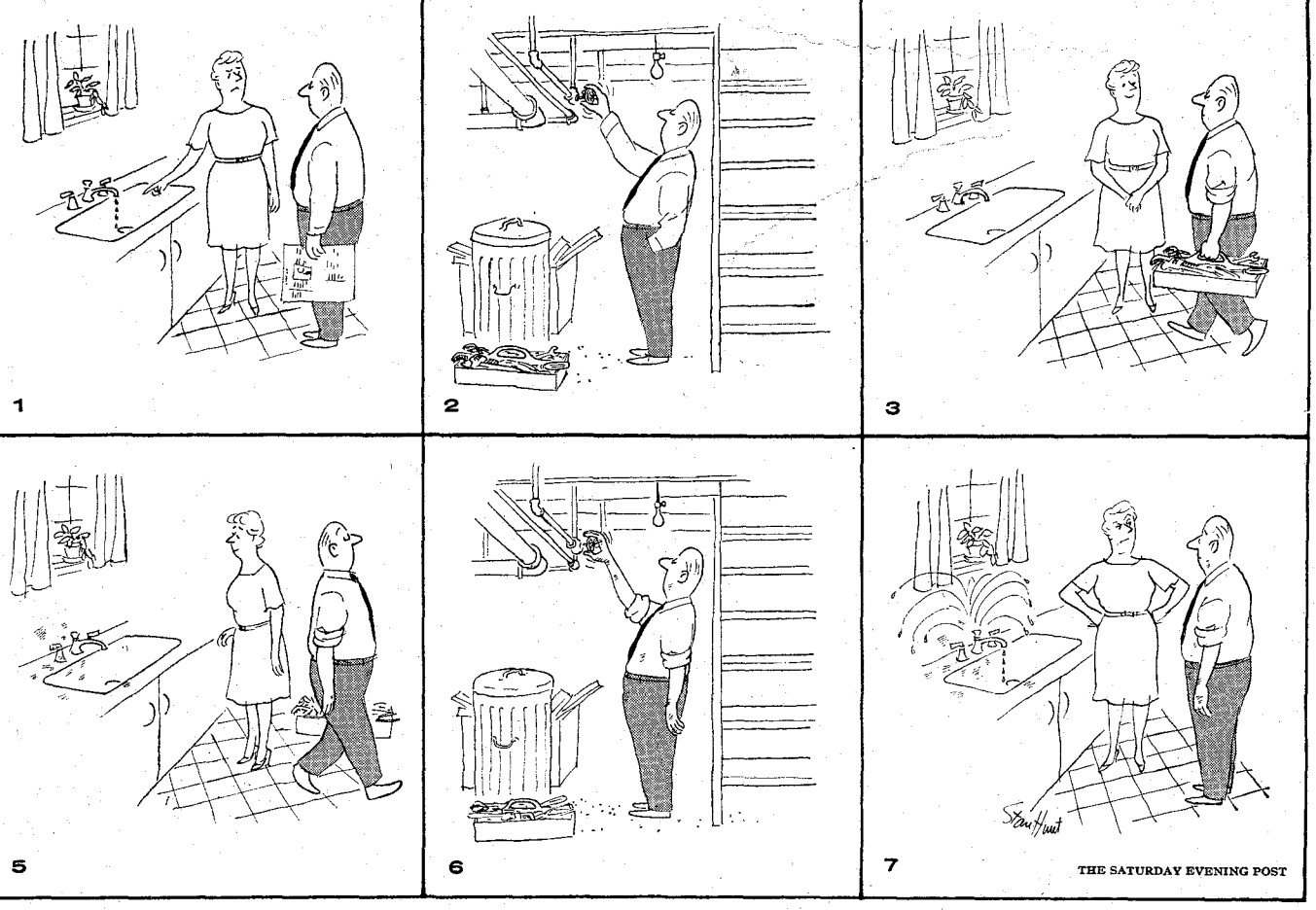
Warning

When she looks you straight in the eye and says,
  In a voice that's cold and shrill,
"I hope you won't mind my saying so" ——
  The chances are you will!

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Please Fix That DRIP

By Stan Hunt



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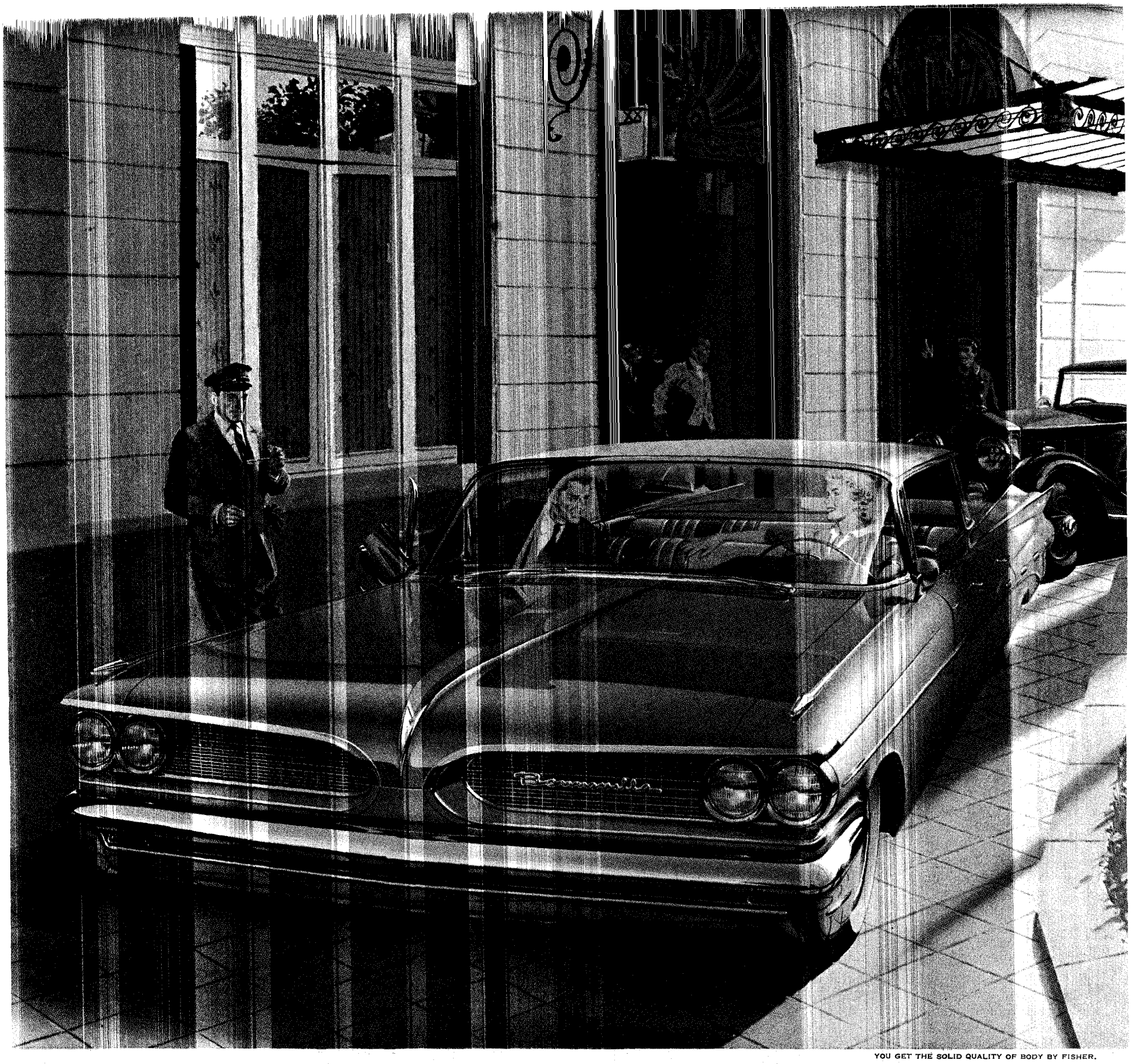


YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER.

Pontiac greets you with pleasing lines, comforts you on wide-track wheels

At probably no other single moment is a man as proud of the car he loves as when he's met in it by the woman he loves.

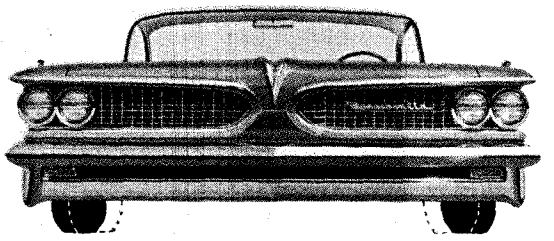
A man who takes pride in his car and loves his spouse should take notice of the 1959 Pontiac. Here is a car to enrich your life, flatter your wife.

Pontiac's lines are downright refreshing. Front, back, sides, top. They're in harmony with one another, coordinated, clean, without clash or clutter. The delightfully unique grille bears not the slightest resemblance to any other on the road.

On the move you're cradled in the road-hugging comfort of Wide-Track Wheels. Pontiac's wheels are five inches farther apart. Stability is increased, lean and sway appreciably reduced.

Men, if you'd like to turn up the flame of romance at your house, borrow a bright new Pontiac from one of our dealers tomorrow.

Take it home, see how she looks *at* it and *in* it. See how she loves the solid security of Wide-Track Wheels. See how she loves you for being so intelligently thoughtful. Of course she'll want to go back to the dealer's with you to help choose colors and fabrics. Give her this privilege. It's well worth it.



THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

Dotted lines show conventional wheel positions. Pontiac's wheels are five inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Pontiac hugs tighter on curves and corners. Sway and lean are considerably reduced, ride is smoother, balanced, steadier.

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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By JAMES CROSS

THE DARK ROAD

No one could hold out long against this kind of torture.

"We're over," Harry Benton said to the others as the American patrol passed by in the darkness. "But I'm not working for the American Army. I'm supposed to bring you to someone else."

A successful escape from East Germany had a different meaning for each of the four persons now resting from their flight across the guarded frontier. To the girl, Magda, it meant a chance to have a disfiguring scar removed from her face. Pastor Daubigny would be able to unburden himself of the terrible germ-warfare secrets entrusted to him by a hunted Russian defector. The erstwhile Communist, Herr Stumpf, believed he would be granted asylum for his help in making the escape possible.

By retrieving the germ-warfare document for Army undercover agent Lou Feldman, Benton thought he now had a chance to clear himself of the murder of diamond smuggler Bruno Antonescu. What Benton didn't know was that Feldman, too, had been murdered.

V

"They are always the same," Stumpf said heavily. "The Kaiser, the Weimar Republic, the Third Reich, the People's Democratic Republic, and now this. But the railroad stations in small towns do not change."

He looked around him gloomily in the dawn with the red cloud streaks in the east, and Harry Benton's eye followed his to the square wooden building with the locked doors, to the crossing with the gates still up and the neat white cottage with the flowers around it where the crossing guard still slept, to the larger house across the road on the slight hill where he imagined the stationmaster was now getting his breakfast, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

The board on the platform outside the station building told him there would be a train in a few minutes, a country local to Fulda. But there was no way to buy tickets and he did not want to attract attention by having to buy them on the train and going through the complicated rigmarole of forms and small fines and deposits.

He looked over across the street. The front door on the larger house opened and the stationmaster came out in his uniform and cap, walking ponderously.

© 1959 by James Cross

"Have you ever seen untreated acid burns, Mr. Benton? Have you ever seen a nose slit with a kitchen knife?" Antonescu asked.

A few men appeared up the street, heading for the station, and a large woman with a basket under her arm. The stationmaster opened the station building with a heavy iron key. Then he disappeared inside and in a minute reappeared behind the ticket grille. He saw Harry Benton and shook his head disapprovingly, pointing at the sign which forbade anyone to be on the platform without a ticket. The platform was not even enclosed, but the regulation was there to be obeyed.

Harry Benton twisted his face into a disarming smile and walked to the ticket grille. He was behind the large woman with the basket. The woman bought her ticket and then it was Harry Benton's turn.

"It is forbidden to be on the platform without a ticket," the stationmaster said severely.

"I am sorry, Herr Stationmaster. I did not see the sign. Four seconds to Fulda. For myself and my friends."

"It is the same sign that has always been in every station," the stationmaster said. A bell began ringing and they could hear the train's whistle.

"Herr Stationmaster, please, we will miss the train," Benton said humbly.

The official grunted, but he slid out the tickets, took Benton's money and gave him change.

"The others, too; they should not be on the platform."

But Benton did not hear him as he went through the door and joined the others, gave them their tickets quickly. The carriage they got in was second class, but even so, at this time of morning it was empty. They sat there in silence as the train pulled out.

It had all been easy. Harry Benton had forgotten how easy it could be in a free country. They had simply waited a while in the clearing, getting back their strength. Then they had pushed west. After a while they had come to a railroad line curving down from the north where the border bulged out. They had followed it a short way and waited on the station platform for the first train.

At Fulda, they changed to a Frankfort train, and again at the heavy, ugly Frankfort railway station to a southbound train for Heidelberg. It was evening before they reached Heidelberg.

It was a small hotel—clean, quiet and discreet. It did not demand passports, not for forty-eight hours. They were running short of West German currency now, but the hotel, Benton knew, would accept green dollars gladly and without inconvenient questions. He watched Stumpf and Daubigny get individual rooms.

Then he went forward with Magda.

"A double room? With bath?" the desk clerk asked knowingly. "For yourself"—he paused a minute—"and your wife, Herr ——?"

"Speyer," Harry Benton said; "Paul Speyer. And the young lady is not my wife. We will want two singles."

The desk clerk looked at him coolly and appraisingly.

"Excuse me, Herr Speyer," he said. "Two singles."

It was not until they had been taken to their rooms that Benton really understood the clerk's look. His room was on the third floor next to Magda's, and when he opened the door to the bathroom, he found that it was shared by the adjoining room. Magda was on the other side of the door. He tapped gently and heard her voice call to him to enter. The door on her side was not locked.

She was standing in front of the mirror, brushing her hair. When she heard him come through the door, she turned and smiled.

"They might as well have put us in one room," she said. Then before he could reply, "I'd like to go down and eat now. Nicely, at a table, with a knife and fork. I feel as though I have not eaten for a week."

"What about the others?"

(Continued on Page 89)

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Putting "Main Street" on the map

America's second largest telephone system

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

The fields we "tend" are growing a bumper crop of streets.

For in Gen Tel Territory, America's fast-expanding populations and industries are finding the room the overcrowded big cities can no longer supply. New homes, new stores, new factories are springing up fast.

So is the need for modern communications service and facilities. And that's where Gen Tel comes in.

To meet the growing need for telephone service, we are investing almost $16 million in new equipment every month!

To meet the growing need for telephone facilities, we are supplying the independent telephone industry with the very latest in equipment. And we are constantly developing new products that make the telephone a more useful tool than ever.

Converting America's fertile fields into communities is a challenging job that offers almost boundless opportunities. That's why we like our work so much—and work so hard at it!

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 260 Madison Ave., N. Y. 16

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If You Get Into Trouble Abroad . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

immediate repatriation, under a State Department instruction which reads:

The department has no criteria regarding a citizen's appearance or eccentricities. It is only when they run counter to the mores of the country in which they are and cause difficulties with the authorities that the department is concerned.

Beer was duly loaned $500 passage money and coaxed to the nearest available ship to "avoid further embarrassment to the United States." His departure was greeted with relief by both Indian and United States authorities.

Travelers with sentimental motives sometimes present consular officers with problems that would baffle trained social workers. Take the case of an intelligent, attractive and heartbroken young Californian—we will call her Ruth Doe—who decided to enter an ashram, or Hindu religious retreat, to assuage the grief of an unfortunate love affair. Ruth took the vows of poverty and continence and willed all her worldly goods to the Pondicherry Ashram of Sri Aurobindo, a renowned Hindu philosopher and mystic. After several years of comparative happiness, in which she appeared to have rid herself of earthly temptations, her serene life was shattered by a visit from her ex-fiancé. The few days he spent in the guest house at the ashram rekindled old memories and left her confused and distraught.

Informed of her condition by the ashram, the United States consulate at Madras arranged for her removal to a hospital at Vellore, in the South Indian foothills. For several months, during her recovery and afterward, the consular officer paid her regular visits, listened to her recital of doubts and anxieties about the future, and gave advice. With his help she decided to give up the rigorous routine of the ashram and go home. Her family in California cabled $600 needed for her repatriation, and Ruth left to compose her life anew in the United States.

Travelers who are mentally disturbed create special difficulties for the consuls, who must take into account local laws governing mental patients. Not long ago a woman industrial designer from New York was found in a swank London hotel, suffering from the delusion that she was being followed by a gang of spies. She said she had fled to London when she heard Arthur Godfrey broadcasting over a radio in the next room, making threats against her. She also told the consular officer—to whom she had been reported by the hotel manager—that she had described her experiences in letters to Walter Winchell, Eleanor Roosevelt and the FBI.

Under British law she could not be deprived of her personal liberty until she committed an overt act indicating incompetence. She had visited several London hospitals and distributed half crowns to the sick, with good-luck messages pasted on the faces of the coins; but to the British this was simply eccentricity, not a violation. Consular officers in the London embassy finally got in touch with her relatives in New York and returned her home for mental care. Ten thousand dollars in travelers checks, found in her belongings, were later forwarded from London.

Consular officials in Paris had a greater problem with a man (we will call him Samuel Post) who had been confined in a Tennessee state mental hospital suffering from schizophrenia. Released for a few days to visit his mother in Memphis, Post went to New York instead. His passport application stated that he was going abroad "to assume responsibility for an orphaned relative." He came finally to the Paris consulate, destitute and desperate. The consulate discovered through the State Department in Washington that Post was a mental patient, and persuaded him to enter a Paris hospital for examination. But French psychiatrists concluded that he was sane and normal. Post was eventually shipped back home, with the co-operation of the American Aid Society in Paris. A consular officer escorted him to Le Havre and turned him over to the ship's medical authorities.

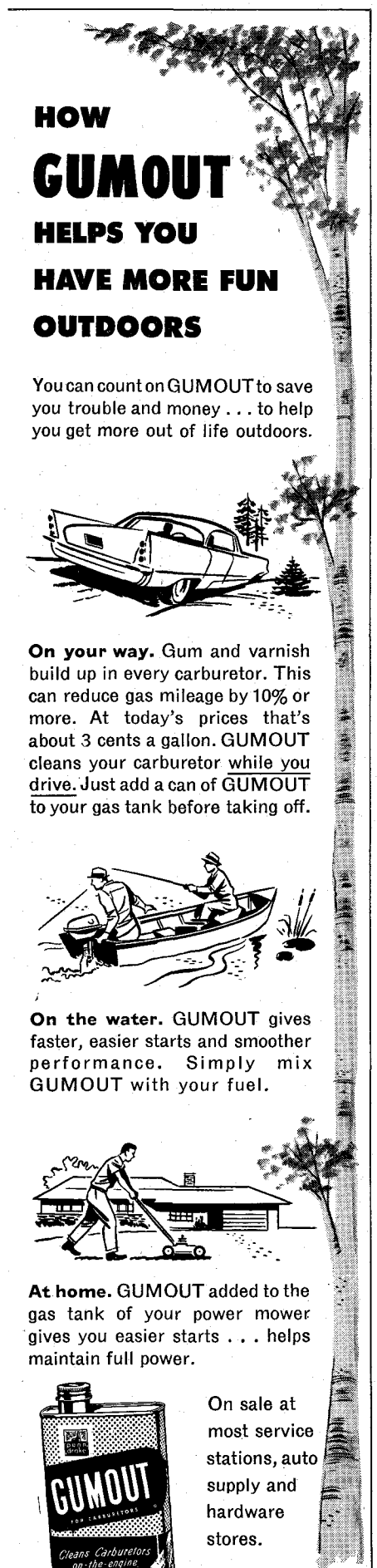
Consular preoccupation with errant tourists is a twentieth-century development. When the United States consular service was established in 1790 under Thomas Jefferson as Secretary of State, he was concerned chiefly with the problems of seamen. He could hardly foresee that the mobility of his countrymen would in time make of the consulates a kind of international travelers' aid society. Until World War I the consuls' great concerns were with shipping and trade. For example, no seaman could transfer from one ship to another in a foreign port without consular approval; and every shipboard problem, from mutiny to complaints about the food, required arbitration by the consul.

In the early days the consular service was not attractive to ambitious Americans who fancied a diplomatic career. Salaries were low, political patronage dictated appointments, and many of the jobs were in the world's backwaters. President William McKinley, for example, was deluged with applications from 20,000 job seekers, of which some 4000 wanted posts in London or Paris. A more likely assignment would be a post like Pernambuco. One vice consul-designate resigned the Pernambuco appointment without leaving the States, having read "such a mournful account of the place as to disgust him in advance of his arrival; four others had left their bones to fade in the fearfully hot sands, without a slab of stone or a stick of wood to point the stranger to their graves."

Today the consular and foreign services are integrated. Diplomats and consuls are interchangeable, salaries range from $4730 to $16,060 plus allowances, and a consul can work himself up to the highest career positions in the State Department.

An example is Deputy Under Secretary of State Robert D. Murphy, the renowned diplomatic trouble shooter, who started his career as a vice consul in Zurich.

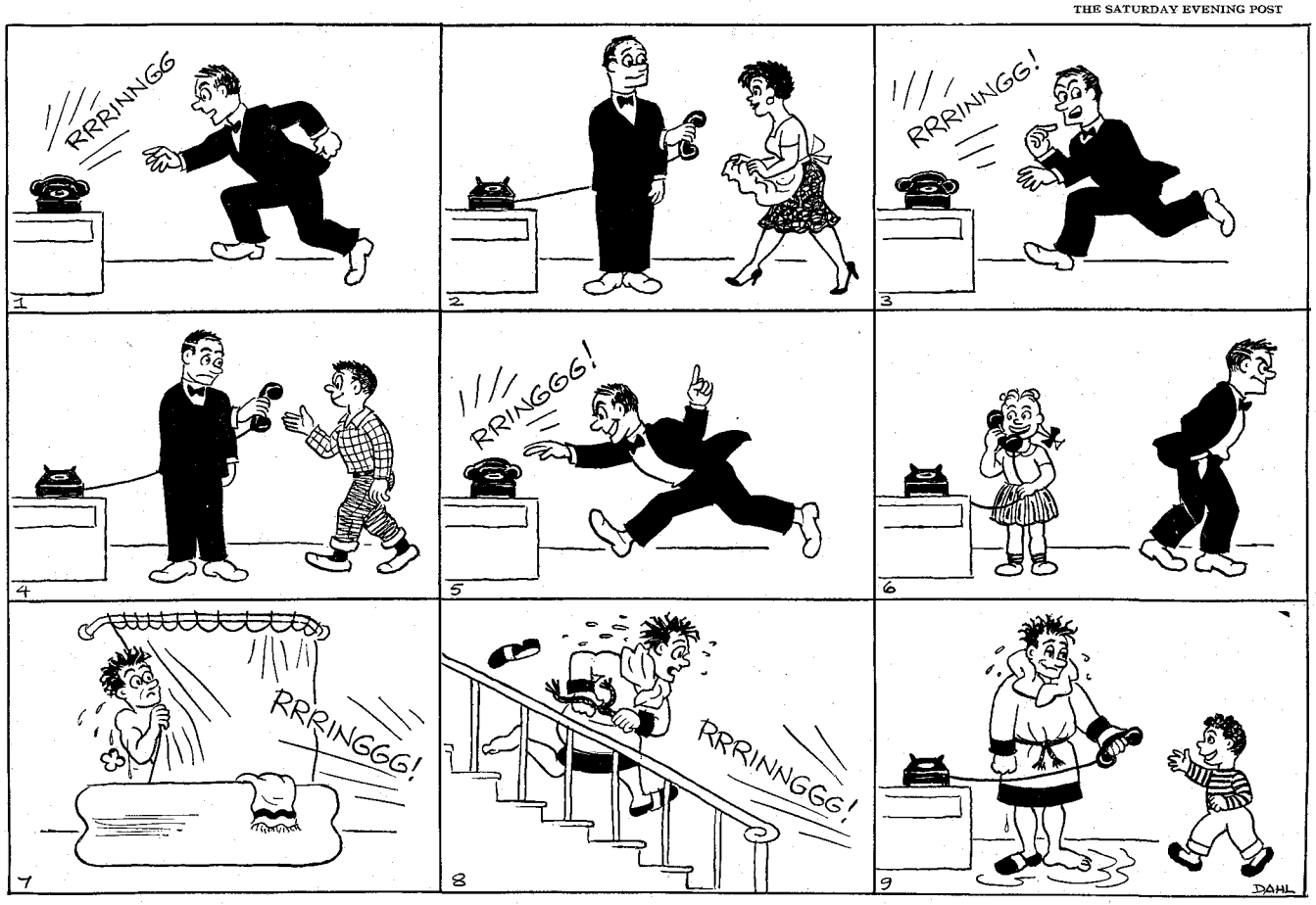
Because he works "on the street," so to speak, the consul comes in closer contact with natives and touring Americans than most other United States officials. Foreign impressions of the United States are often colored by the consul's reputation. His duties expose him to experiences that are sometimes dangerous, even tragic. Douglas S. Mackiernan, the vice consul at Tihwa in China's farthest-western province of (*Continued on Page 48*)


HOW
GUMOUT
HELPS YOU
HAVE MORE FUN
OUTDOORS
You can count on GUMOUT to save you trouble and money . . . to help you get more out of life outdoors.
On your way. Gum and varnish build up in every carburetor. This can reduce gas mileage by 10% or more. At today's prices that's about 3 cents a gallon. GUMOUT cleans your carburetor while you drive. Just add a can of GUMOUT to your gas tank before taking off.
On the water. GUMOUT gives faster, easier starts and smoother performance. Simply mix GUMOUT with your fuel.
At home. GUMOUT added to the gas tank of your power mower gives you easier starts . . . helps maintain full power.
GUMOUT
Cleans Carburetors on-the-engine
On sale at most service stations, auto supply and hardware stores.
GUMOUT DIVISION
Pennsylvania Refining Co., Cleveland 4, Ohio

THE GREENWOODS

By Dahl

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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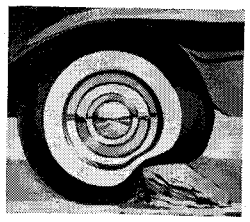
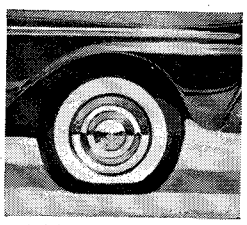
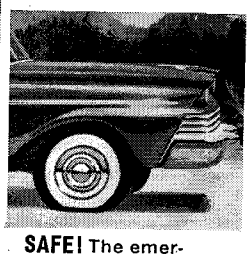


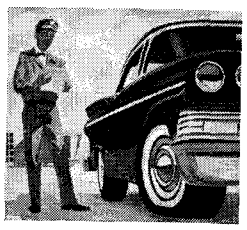
SLASH! A sharp, heavy rock falls suddenly in front of car, catches tire at a cutting angle.



POOF! Without any warning, all the air is lost from the outside tire of the Kelly Air-Core.



SAFE! The emergency inner tire goes into use at once . . . maintains steering balance, lets car ride normally.



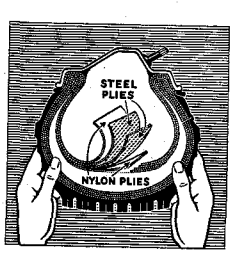
THEN! Twenty miles further on (it could be 200!) driver has tire repaired at service station.

End puncture and blowout worries with the completely new

CELEBRITY NYLON EXTRA AIR-CORE

with Steel Cord Safety Core

Here's the tire that puts an end to worries about dangerous blowouts or loss of control caused by punctures! That's because the Kelly Air-Core has its own emergency tire built right inside! This separate nylon-and-steel inner tire takes over automatically if the outer tire is damaged—lets you keep on driving smoothly, safely—even for hundreds of miles—until repairs can be made. It's the most advanced safety tire ever built—the greatest tire for worry-free driving. Ask your Kelly Dealer about it—and the sooner, the better!



Nylon-and-Steel Emergency Tire built inside!

LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF WORRY-FREE DRIVING . . .

KELLY Springfield TIRES

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND • THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

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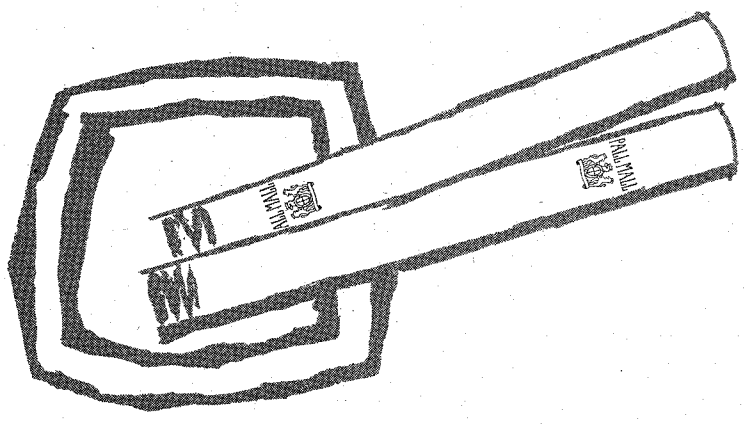

Get satisfying flavor...
So friendly to your taste!

NO FLAT "FILTERED-OUT" FLAVOR!

NO DRY "SMOKED-OUT" TASTE!

HERE'S WHY SMOKE

You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke —makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

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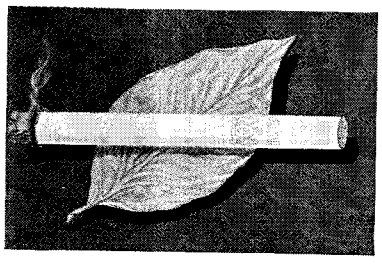
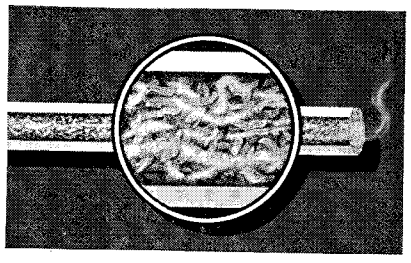
PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

·IN HOC SIGNO VINCES·

"WHEREVER PART
PEOPLE CONGR





'RAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

) Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!

You can light either end!

PALL MALL

PALL MALL

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(*Continued from Page 44*) Sinkiang, is a heroic case in point. When the Chinese Communists were approaching Tihwa in the late summer of 1949, the consulate staff headed for home, leaving Mackiernan to tidy up the details of closing out American operations. As the onrushing Communists drew near, he saw that he would have to escape on foot. With an American scholar and three native servants, he charted a path across The Himalaya leading to India, and began a 1200-mile trek over some of the most dangerous and least explored terrain in the world. Although the Communists offered a reward for his capture, Mackiernan and his party managed to reach a small mountain village near the Tibetan frontier, where they spent the winter. On April 13, 1950, after six months of hardship, Mackiernan's caravan reached the borders of Tibet. Tibetan border guards mistook them for Communist raiders and opened fire. Mackiernan was killed in the attack. He was posthumously awarded the State Department's Distinguished Service Medal.

The more recent adventures of Consul Park Fields Wollam in the mountains of Eastern Cuba came to a happier ending. Wollam was the consul at Santiago when Raúl Castro, brother of the Cuban rebel leader Fidel Castro, began to kidnap Americans last year as a device for winning recognition of the rebel movement from Washington. By July Raúl Castro had seized forty-seven Americans and three Canadians, including civilians working at an American mining enterprise and United States Naval personnel from the Guantánamo base. Wollam and an aide, Robert D. Wiecha, were instructed to go after the captives and obtain their release.

En route into the mountains, while Wollam was being passed from one rebel leader to another, he was bombed and strafed by Cuban Government planes. "Machine-gun bullets were clopping around me," Wollam later reported. "After getting over being scared by this unexpected development, I was in turn furious and took off with all possible speed to get out of the area."

Three days later, Wollam was brought to Raúl Castro's headquarters near a village called Calabazas. The rebel leader came to the rendezvous with four jeeploads of armed and bearded companions, and Vilma Espin, a young rebel woman known to her companions as Deborah, whom he later married. In long speeches charging the United States with aiding dictatorships, Castro demanded recognition for the "Movement of July twenty-sixth." Wollam told Castro that he had no authority to negotiate. "I am here in accordance with my protection duties as a consular officer," he said. He would transmit to the American Embassy in Havana "questions raised" by Castro, and no more.

Wollam stayed in the mountains for three weeks, until Castro began allowing the hostages to leave in small groups. Wollam later observed with some modesty, "A combination of press reaction and our own slight pressure on the spot assisted in obtaining the release. On the other hand, it is possible that the presence of United States consular officers and the rebels' hope for diplomatic negotiations with them may have slowed the process at some stages."

It is the responsibility of the consular-affairs section of the State Department to evacuate Americans who happen to be living or working in countries where sudden political crises may endanger their lives. When the short-lived war in the Suez Canal Zone broke out in the fall of 1956, carefully prepared plans for moving out American citizens were promptly put into action. Two years later the same action was taken in Lebanon.

The Indonesian rebellion last year illustrated the complexity of an evacuation operation. Roderic L. O'Connor, who was then chief of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs in the State Department, was dressing for dinner on a Saturday night, March fifteenth, when the department duty officer telephoned. His message was brief: Indonesian rebels on Sumatra had broken out of the jungle and were moving on the city of Medan. O'Connor knew that some 400 Americans, most of whom were employees of the United States-owned Caltex-Pacific Oil Company, lived in Medan. Still in his dinner jacket, O'Connor rushed to his office and began reading urgent cables so he could decide which one of the prearranged evacuation plans should be used.

He decided that a limited evacuation of dependents deserved first priority, inasmuch as the rebels had indicated that oil operations would not be destroyed. He checked with other agencies involved, the Pentagon, the United States Information Agency, Central Intelligence Agency and the International Co-operation Administration. The Pentagon ordered elements of the United States 7th Fleet patrolling in waters off Sumatra to move toward Medan. The squawk box in O'Connor's office chattered with other vital details—travel orders to be cut, emergency funds to be provided for those who needed them, orders to the consular officers in Medan and Jakarta, the central Indonesian capital on Java.

O'Connor had still another crucial decision to make—should he wait until a Dutch ship then steaming toward Medan arrived, or should helicopters from United States aircraft carriers be flown in to carry the Americans to safety? A late intelligence report swung the decision. Though snipers' fire could be heard in Medan at that point, the report said, the Central Government forces had a good chance of stopping the rebels short of Medan.

Instead of taking more aggressive steps which might have disturbed relations with the Indonesian Government, O'Connor waited for the Dutch ship. One hundred twenty-five American dependents were evacuated to Singapore. The rebels were turned back in time to spare the remaining Americans from possible harm.

The Indonesian rebellion turned up one American who caused more trouble than the evacuation problem. He was Allan Lawrence Pope, of Miami, Florida, a pilot with Civil Air Transport, the Nationalist Chinese Airline founded by the late Gen. Claire L. Chennault. An adventurous soldier-of-fortune type, Pope was recruited to the rebel cause, by his own admission, to fly bombing missions for a promise of $200 per flight. He was shot down and captured after flying twelve missions, on one of which his bombs allegedly killed the twenty-year-old son of a prominent Indonesian official. Despite efforts by the State Department to negotiate his release, Indonesian authorities insisted on a military trial. Postponements kept him in jail for almost a year. He is now under house arrest, awaiting trial.

Pope's case, of course, is unusual. Most Americans who go abroad do not become embroiled in serious international incidents. Still, enough commit minor infractions of the law or trespass on local customs to keep United States consulates busy. The consular files in Mexico, which list 20,000,000 American visits each year, are cluttered with records of tourist sorrow. Many of the visitors go to the "wide

"Close the bumbershoot, Abby!
I've got a sunshade in THIS car!"
Margaret Hamilton as Prudence
Nydia Westman as Abby
PRUDENCE: This back window has a built-in sunshade. Bounces sun's rays right off!
ABIGAIL: Good idea! What kind of glass is it?
PRUDENCE: E-Z-Eye Safety PLATE Glass. Costs a little extra, but it's worth a heap more in comfort.
ABIGAIL: Well what do you get if you don't order E-Z-Eye?
PRUDENCE: Untinted glass . . . but it's still Safety PLATE. That is, if you get a General Motors car like I always do. Safety PLATE gives you better lookin' all around.
ABIGAIL: How can you tell you're getting Safety PLATE?
PRUDENCE: See that label on the window, P-L-A-T-E Only General Motors puts Safety PLATE in ever window of every car made in the U.S.A. Don' charge you a cent extra, bless 'em!
ABIGAIL: I'll always look for it, then. P-L-A-T-E
SAFETY L·O·F
LIBBEY • OWENS • FORD
TOLEDO 3, OHIO
in every window of every
BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET • OLDSMOBILE • PONTIAC
Look for this sign when you need to replace glass.
SAFETY GLASS INSTALLED
LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD

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open" border towns for a few hours of amusement. The temptations often spell trouble.

It is hardly surprising that Americans register more complaints against their consuls in Mexico than in any other country. Two grievances are commonly aired—that consuls are inclined to brush off legitimate requests for help, or that they are unavailable when needed, especially at night. The complaints mounted to such a point last year that the State Department ordered a corrective study. It established that the consulates lacked people acquainted with the Spanish language and aware of the public-relations value of their work. The consulates were inadequately staffed, and a few officers were found to be simply incompetent.

To carry out the study group's recommendations, the State Department has assigned more experienced officers, with a knowledge of Spanish, to the border areas; and it has installed telephone-answering services in the border consulates to meet complaints that the consul "couldn't be reached" at night. Because so many Americans cross the border for a night on the town, and often find themselves broke, the department is supplying the consulates with more funds for emergency loans.

The report established that Mexican authorities, anxious not to kill "the golden goose of tourism," are lenient with visitors guilty of drunkenness or disturbing the peace. The going penalty is a two- to twenty-dollar fine, or two to fourteen days in jail. But the consul in Mexico still has to contend with a notion, prevalent among American tourists, that the Mexican Government has no right to detain them under any circumstances. After a brush with the cops, most of them demand "a public apology and a substantial cash indemnity" according to the State Department study. This attitude adds to the woes of United States consuls south of the border.

For the average American tourist who plans a limited stay abroad, the United States consulates provide what the guidebooks call a "welfare and protection" service. The State Department normally allots about $100,000 each year for the kind of emergency loans needed to bail out those who lose their money and have no resources back home. Many times the consulates will enlist the aid of the American colony in foreign cities when small funds are needed to aid their troubled countrymen. Besides his assistance in individual cases of destitution, sickness and eccentric behavior, the consul acts as custodian of estates of deceased Americans; registers the birth of children of American parents; takes depositions from witnesses abroad for use in American courts, and validates such documents of public record as birth, marriage and death certificates, adoption and divorce papers, deeds and other legal papers.

But these legal services are seldom needed by the average tourist. The kind of trouble he meets abroad is best dealt with by his own prudence. Delano McKelvey, who spent many years in consulates overseas before being assigned to the Office of Special Consular Services in Washington, says that a little research into local habits and customs, before embarking, will save a lot of trouble. He has listed a few simple rules that tourists might follow:

Don't boast vociferously about the United States. Citizens of your host country often translate the boasting into criticism of their own ways and customs.

Don't get familiar with "guides" or casual acquaintances who speak a smattering of English and whisper promises of adventure and romance. They are inviting you to a fleecing, or worse.

Don't display a big wad of local currency in public. Flaunting of money has been known to lead to murder.

Be careful in the use of your camera. In some countries, Mexico, for example, it is illegal to take pictures of slums. Natives of other countries are offended when you take photographs which they think show them in a bad light.

If you are a woman tourist in a Latin country, don't wander out alone after dark. An unescorted woman on the street at night, or even in restaurants, cannot in the Latin view be entirely respectable. And wearing shorts on the street is frowned upon in most Latin countries; it's illegal in some Mexican cities.

Don't go abroad in the hope of getting a job unless you have a return-trip ticket and means to sustain yourself. An amazing number of unskilled people do this, unaware that noncitizens find it almost impossible to get employment abroad because of native labor laws.

Finally, if you should be thinking of getting away from it all—say, by losing yourself on some South Sea island—forget it.

"Losing yourself or changing your identity is an idle dream today," says McKelvey. "We all live by too many pieces of paper nowadays to do this very easily—passports, visas, stamps, and so forth. Many countries won't give you a visa until you show them a round-trip ticket.

"Soldiers of fortune, who disappear and later turn up as heroes in a local war, are a vanishing breed too. One reason is that there aren't many places where you can go today which don't have a native citizen who has been to Columbia, or Michigan, or Stanford or some other university in the States. Sooner or later you'll get tagged."

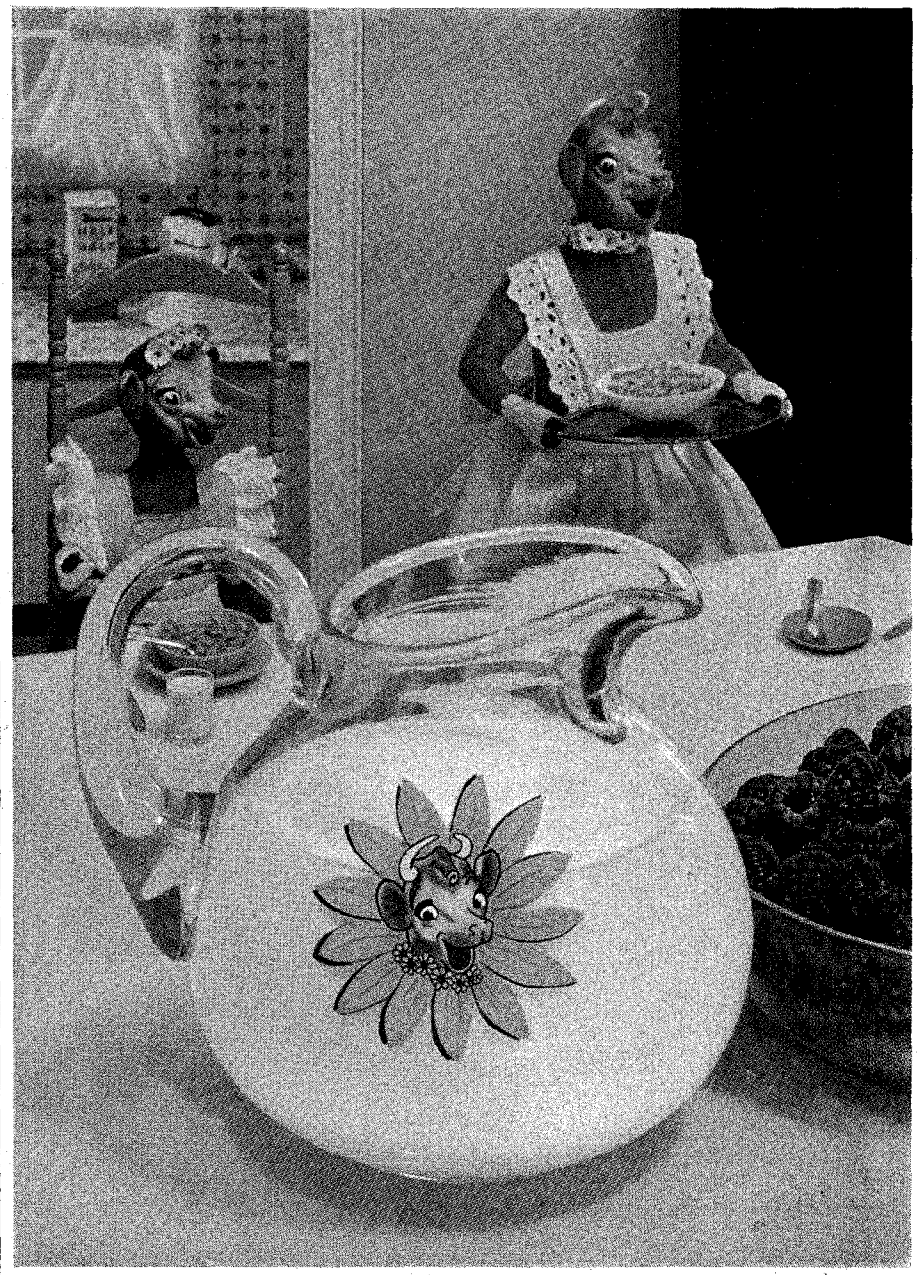
THE END

Rocky Mountain Town

By Cora Wilcox Dreyer

(1959 is Colorado's "Rush to the Rockies" Centennial Year.)

I like this town whose streets
are flung
As carelessly as if, when
young,
It wasn't ever taught that
order
Even on the Western border
Is heaven's first law. But in
a reach
Where sky is fence, who's
there to teach
Except a man's own natural
need?
Walk any street. Where
does it lead?
To hills that for these
hundred years
Have taught the town to
calm its fears.
Was it chance or was it
planned
That every corner can
command
Those guardians, white of
beard and cap,
Who raised this town from
a little chap,
And still keep watch there,
looking down?
I like this town.



"Pour on the goodness with Borden's Half and Half!"

says Elsie, the Borden Cow

Borden's Half and Half is richer than milk (and more satisfying), lighter than cream (lower in calories).

Use it to put real country-goodness into scrambled eggs, smooth gravies, soups and puddings.

Get Borden's Half and Half in the pint size at your neighborhood store or from your Borden man. You can buy Borden's Half and Half in Ontario and Quebec, too.

And remember, Borden's has a cream for every purpose: Light Cream, Heavy Cream and Sour Cream.

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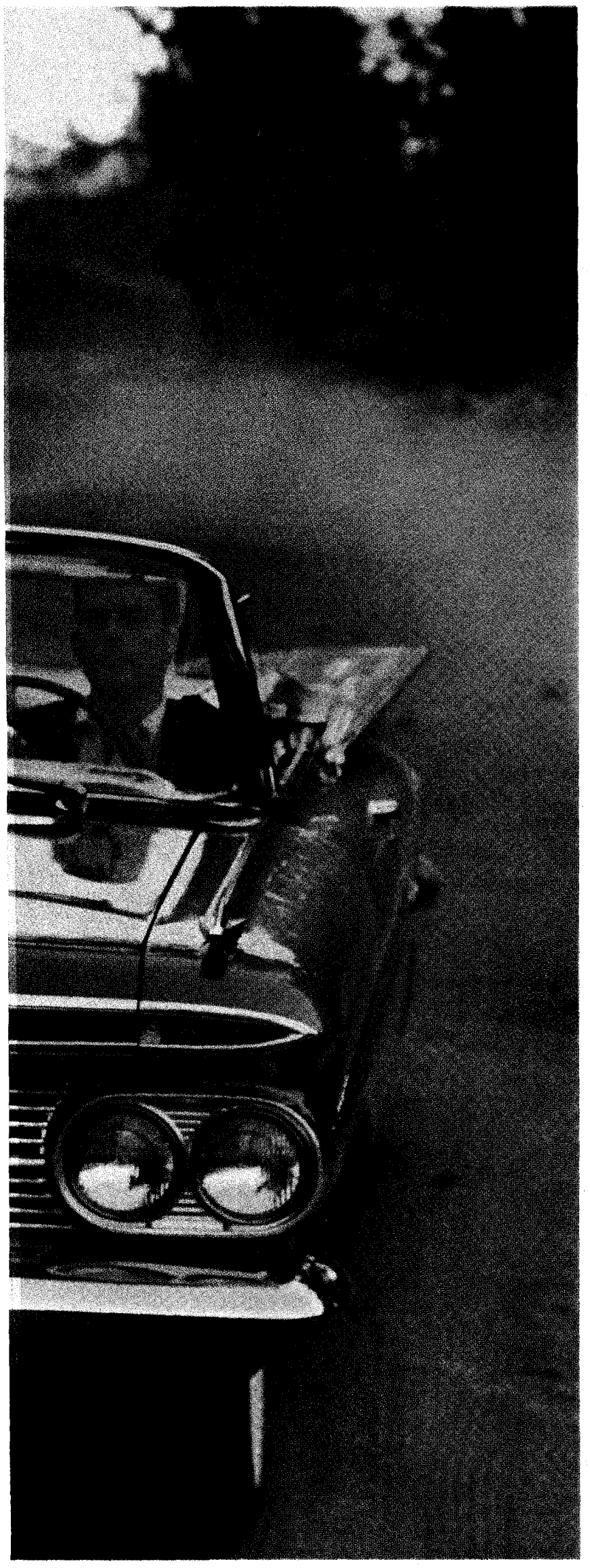

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Here are some of the things leading more and more owners of other makes—high priced and low priced alike—to trade for new Chevrolets:

Slimline design—fresh, fine and fashionable with a practical slant.

Roomier Body by Fisher—wider interior, more luggage space, plus that famous Fisher Body soundness.

Sweeping new overhead curved windshield—and bigger windows—all of Safety *Plate* Glass.

Hi-Thrift 6—up to 10% more miles per gallon, improved normal-speed performance.

Vim-packed V8's—eight silk-smooth versions to choose from, 185 to 335 h.p., up to 11.25 to 1 compression ratio.

Full Coil suspension—further refined for a smoother, steadier ride on any kind of road.

Easy-Ratio steering—brings you reduced wheel-turning effort, new ease of handling.

Magic-Mirror finish—a new type that keeps its shine without waxing or polishing for up to three years.

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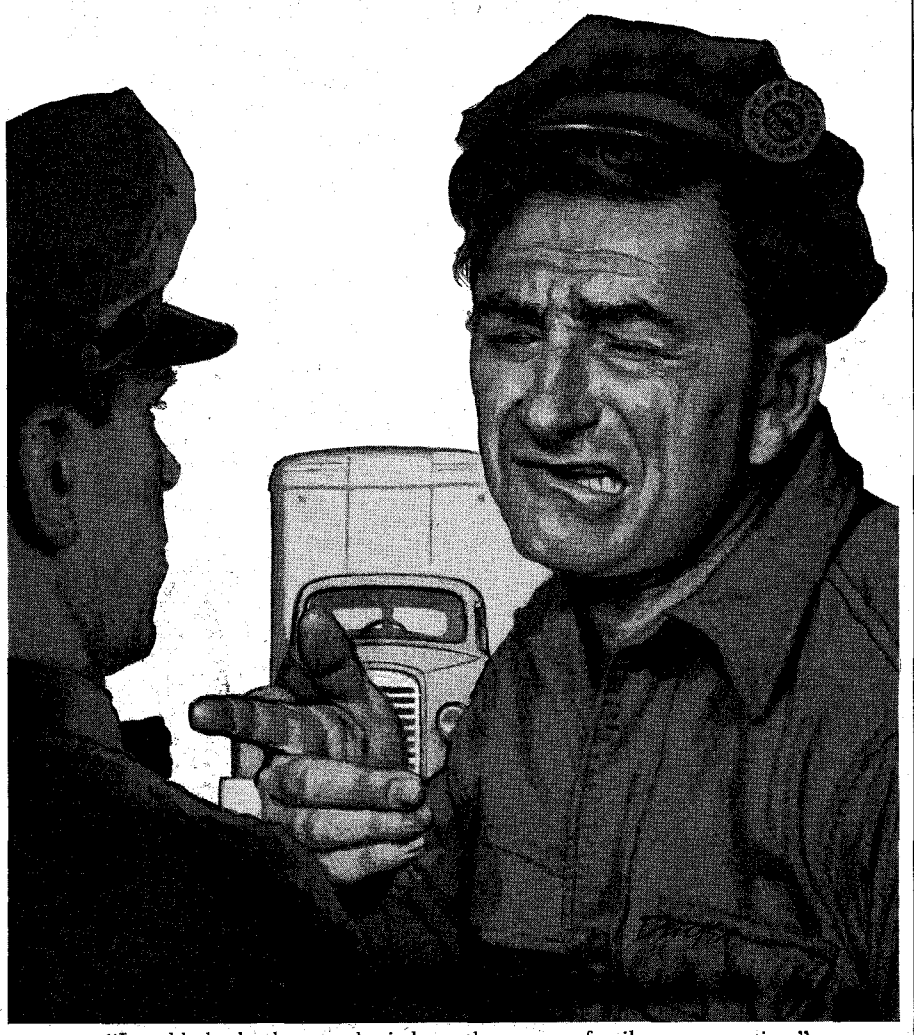

"I coulda broke down and cried . . . the way my family car was acting," the big, burly truck driver moaned.

The day the truck driver almost bawled!

by Stony Jackson

Truck Driver:

Look, Mac . . . I don't want to break down and weep all over you! So from now on, *always* give me the same oil for my car I use in my truck!

Attendant:

You sound as nuts about Pennzoil as all my other customers who appreciate top engine performance.

Truck Driver:

Sure I am! Used to be my car could hardly make a short Sunday haul with the family. Engine wheezed . . . chugged . . . wasted gas . . . needed tune-ups. Then last night it hit me like a load of brick! Pennzoil keeps my *truck* humming . . . so why not my *car?* I should've *known* that!

Attendant:

Right! *Pennzoil is all anybody needs to know about engines!* It gives you smoother performance because it *cleans* your engine as it lubricates. Puts power and dependability under your hood . . . extra miles into your gas tank. Saves you trouble and money . . . in the short run or the long haul.

Truck Driver:

Now I know! And it almost makes me bawl to think I didn't switch to Pennzoil sooner!

Author's Note:

Pennzoil is The Tough-Film® motor oil, especially refined from pure 100% Pennsylvania-grade crude, the highest quality oil for engines ever discovered. And the makers of Pennzoil are the largest producers of this oil in the world. No other motor oil will protect your automobile so well. So *ask* for Pennzoil by *name*, wherever you go.

The motor oil that makes people mad . . . *if they don't get it!*

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MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

The Reluctant Redhead

(Continued from Page 27)

to you to put up a fence; or give him a good spanking? Or even hire somebody to watch him? It isn't hard to keep a kid safe at home, if anybody cares enough to try."

"If anybody cares!" she repeated incredulously. "You seem to know a lot about it. Do you have children of your own?"

"No," Dan said. "But if I did, I'd see that my wife stayed home long enough to take care of them."

He turned abruptly and walked away, irritated with himself for saying too much too rudely. It was none of his business, after all, how she raised her kid.

But he couldn't put her out of his mind. Something about her puzzled him. That night, lying on the bunk in his trailer, he tried to figure it out.

She was no more than a kid herself, still on the short side of twenty-five. Not exactly pretty, but—well, improbable, like her name. And you'd have to be blind not to notice that she was too thin and too tired, and that her tweed suit was dowdy with age and hard wear.

He got up impatiently. Outside in the crisp night air he leaned against the trailer, looking up at the stars. The other trailers in the park were dark and silent; sometimes he hated the silence more than anything else, with a cold illogical bitterness. O.K.; he shouldn't have snapped at her. She was probably having a rough time, married to some young punk, tied down with diapers and housework and responsibilities.

By the next day he had convinced himself that he was pretty much of a heel. He might have gone on feeling that way indefinitely if he hadn't, just before four o'clock, caught sight of a small red head over on the sidewalk.

Looking as grim as he felt, he had almost reached the sidewalk before he realized that there were two boys and two red heads. Stopping short, he stared at them.

The older boy was probably ten or eleven. He had dark red hair, blue eyes, freckles and a wide grin; he and Jamie could not have been more alike if they had been poured from the same mold.

"I'm Bruce," he said. "Don't get excited. I'm watching Jamie."

Jamie's blue eyes looked up at Dan with bland innocence. "They gave me back my promise," he said, "because I wasn't very good at keeping it."

"So I had to promise to come with him," the older boy said.

"Brothers?" Dan asked slowly.

"Yeah," Bruce said. "But wait till you see the rest of us. If you don't like red hair, it'll give you the creeps."

"The rest of you?"

"We've got twins," Bruce said. "Sue and Sally, they're eight. Then there's Tom, but he's on the Coast with dad."

"And Gillian?" Dan asked carefully. "I thought ——"

"I know what you thought," Bruce said, his grin wider than ever. "Gillian told us. What a dope, thinking she was somebody's mother; she probably won't ever get married, not with all of us to look after."

"She has my sympathy."

Bruce studied him. Then he said, very casually, "You married, mister?"

"The name is Dan Herndon. No, I'm not married." He felt it necessary, from the little he had seen of the Grahams, to add, "But I'm afraid I wouldn't do."

The boy shrugged. "Well, I have to keep my eyes open. Say, do you run this show? Is it going to be the new shopping center?"

Dan admitted that he did, and it was. Inside of five minutes he had also promised to take both boys on a tour of the entire project some evening after work.

"You're O.K.," Bruce said. "Say, did ya ever play any ball? I wish you'd come on over to the house and catch a few with me." Reading a refusal in Dan's face, he added sadly, "Jamie's too small and the twins giggle. Gillian's not home yet, and besides, she's always tired."

"Tired?"

"She works all day. The rest of us go to school, except Jamie, and he stays in a day nursery till I pick him up on the way home." Bruce gave a long sigh. "I'm supposed to watch him for Gillian, so I can't stay at school and play ball with the other guys."

Dan grinned. "O.K.," he said; "let's go catch a few."

Walking down the sidewalk with two redheads dancing jigs around him, he managed to get a clear picture of the family. The mother had died when Jamie was a baby. The father was working out on the Coast, with the older son; the younger Grahams were looked after by Gillian, who apparently not only worked, cooked, mended, scolded and kept house but also played pretty good ball when she wasn't too tired.

"She used to have a lot of boy friends," Bruce confided, "but they don't come around any more."

Dan said nothing, but his eyes were thoughtful as he surveyed the big old house with its untidy yard, worn smooth by countless ball games and scattered with rusted toys, broken tricycles and a family of dolls presided over by two little girls with red hair and wide blue eyes.

Despite Bruce's protests, all the Grahams insisted on playing ball, and their enthusiasm was contagious. It was also deafening, so that Gillian was already in the yard before the kids saw her and rushed past Dan, laughing and shouting. She stared at him over the redheads bouncing around her.

"I've been playing ball with the kids," he said. "I hope you don't mind."

"Guess what, Gillian," Bruce said; "he's going to show us all the big equipment. He promised!"

Her eyes warmed slightly, but she only said, "That's nice."

"Don't you think he ought to stay for supper?" Bruce kept on insistently. "Please, Gillian, ask him to supper."

"Thanks," Dan said quickly, "but I'm afraid I'd better get back to the job."

Her eyes didn't leave his. Then she said, "We'd like to have you stay."

Bruce seemed to think it was settled. "Come on, let's throw the ball around till Gillian's ready to eat."

Dan, watching Gillian go into the house, didn't answer.

"Come on," Bruce insisted. He grinned at Dan. "Better not stare at Gillian. Old lady Albert is giving you the evil eye."

Dan glanced at the old woman sitting on the porch next door, her rocker turned slightly toward the Graham house.

"I don't imagine she misses much. Does she bother you?"

"What d'you think?" Bruce sounded bitter for a ten-year-old. "It's Gillian she's after, mostly. She thinks we ought to be reported to the Welfare, dad being gone and all." He looked at Dan fiercely. "I just wish I was a man. I'd teach her not to call people a bunch of noisy hoodlums."

"Maybe you are," Dan said.

"Maybe," Bruce said. "But she says the Welfare'll put us in foster homes, all different ones because nobody'd want us

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together." He added, without looking at Dan, "If we had a friend, a real friend, I bet he'd know how to take care of that ol' Mrs. Albert."

"I expect he would," Dan said easily. "He'd put you all in cages, and save the Welfare a lot of trouble."

At supper he was forced to concede that Mrs. Albert had a point. The Grahams, all together, were healthy, uninhibited and exuberant. Only Gillian, the quiet one, had nothing to say, and Dan found himself watching her all through the meal, wondering if it was his presence that disturbed her or if she had simply forgotten how to laugh.

As soon as the kids had eaten they shrewdly disappeared into thin air. Dan, who had already noticed the shine of cleanliness everywhere, as well as a great pile of unironed clothes in the pantry, looked at Gillian.

"I'll help with the dishes," he said, and when she started to protest he added, "I've been doing my own housework for years."

"I know," she said. "Bruce said you have a trailer. Do you like to travel?"

"I don't do much traveling. I bought a trailer because I was tired of cheap rooming houses."

He dried the dishes, looking at the line of her cheek. "Why aren't you on the Coast with your father?" he asked.

"He can't afford to send for us yet. But I hope it won't be much longer."

"How long has he been gone?"

Her face was stained with a faint color. "Almost six months. We miss him, of course, but we miss Tom even more. He's only seventeen, but he's always been the glue that held us all together. I guess we just need a man around the house."

"Couldn't he have stayed with you?"

"Jobs are more plentiful on the Coast and the pay is better. Dad thought he'd be able to send for us quicker if both he and Tom were working."

"Six months should be long enough."

"We're doing fine," she said defiantly. "And it's better for dad to have a vacation away from us now and then. He loves children, but not the constant uproar that goes with them. We can be a very overwhelming family, you know."

Dan leaned against the wall, hands in his pockets. "You're trying to do too much. You take good care of the kids, but you ought to think about yourself once in a while."

"You didn't have such a good opinion of me yesterday," she said.

"I'm sorry about that," he said. "Look, I couldn't run a construction outfit if I didn't divide the labor. Why don't the kids help out?"

"They do help. They stay out of trouble, and that's enough."

"Except Jamie," Dan said; "and he's not very good at promises."

They smiled at each other, and for a long moment the kitchen was quiet.

Then she said, "I'm not going to make slaves out of them. They're too young, and none of this is their fault."

"They're never too young to learn to carry their own weight."

The smile faded out of her eyes. "You don't like children, do you?"

"I've never known many," he said, "but it's not exactly the same thing."

"Isn't it?"

Dan shrugged. "Have it your own way."

"If you don't mind, I think I will."

A moment before, she had been smiling at him; now they were only a step away from fighting over it. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "It's none of my business." He folded the dish towel and hung it up neatly. "Thanks for supper."

He went through the hall to the front door. The kids swarmed around him on the sidewalk, begging him not to leave.

"I'll be back," he said.

The four of them chanted eagerly, "Promise, promise!"

"On one condition," he said thoughtfully. "You'll have to promise me something in return."

This was familiar ground and they waited warily, four pairs of gentian-blue eyes turned upward in a silent circle.

"You kids aren't giving your sister a fair break," Dan said, keeping his face and voice stern. "In fact, you've been acting like greedy little goldbricks."

The blue eyes blinked, then widened with surprise.

"She works all day and then comes home to another full day's work. If the rest of you don't start helping out, she's going to collapse in a heap at your feet. And then Mrs. Albert will rush off to the Welfare and see what can be done about the Grahams."

The redheads turned slowly toward the house next door. Mrs. Albert was not in sight, but the mere mention of her name seemed to have a sinister effect.

"She never asks us," one of the twins said; and the other added, "She won't even let us make fudge, 'cause we mess up the kitchen."

Jamie smiled angelically. "I washed dishes one day while Gillian was gone," he said proudly, "and broke six plates."

Bruce looked at Dan squarely. "I didn't think about (*Continued on Page 56*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Roll dishpan drudgery out of Mom's life!

Give her G-E Mobile Maid® for Mother's Day!

Give the gift that frees Mom from one of her dreariest tasks. Give her precious hours to enjoy while this full-size dishwasher washes, rinses, and dries her dishes *automatically!*

No plumbing or wiring costs. Rolls easily from table to sink to storage. Vinyl-cushioned tub protects dishes. Textolite® top gives added work space. Built-in undercounter models also available.

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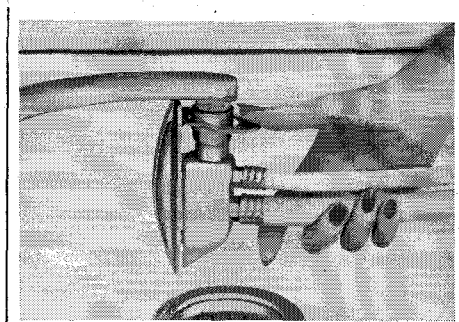

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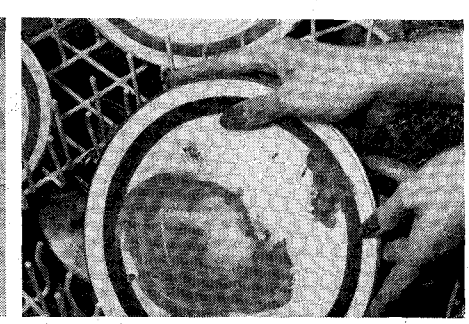

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► **Just follow the hood.** Wherever pleasure calls vacationing families, the great, new cars of 1959 take them in style, safety and comfort. New USS steels help make U. S. cars more drivable, more durable, more beautiful than ever before.

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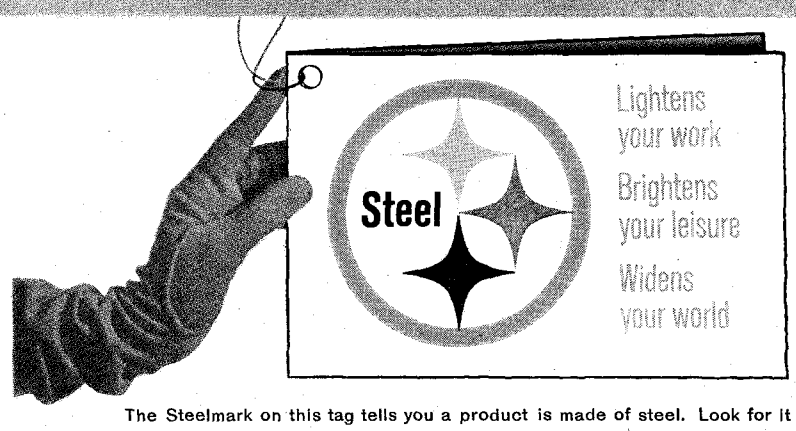

The Steelmark on this tag tells you a product is made of steel. Look for it when you buy.

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(*Continued from Page 53*) it that way," Bruce said slowly. "I guess I didn't think about it at all."

"Then start thinking. You can carry out the garbage and scrub the kitchen floor. Run errands. Carry the groceries home. Give Jamie his bath and put him to bed." He looked at the twins. "You can clean the house and wash dishes. Help with the washing, too, and maybe the ironing." Jamie was waiting his turn anxiously. "No more running away," Dan said, "or I'll turn you across my knee."

They were all plainly awed.

"Are you sure you never had any kids?" Bruce asked. "And you ain't married?"

"Aren't," Dan corrected automatically. "I'm used to giving orders, that's all. Is it a promise?"

"Sure," Bruce said, and the three others nodded.

"One other thing," Dan said casually. "There's no need to tell Gillian." The idea of a secret met with enthusiastic approval. "It's a deal, then. I'll drop around and see how you're doing."

He was careful not to be specific; to the Grahams a promise was a serious affair, meant to be kept. And by working until dark every day, pushing himself harder than any of his crew, then going back to the trailer to eat a hasty meal and fall into bed where he might, with any luck, sleep exhaustedly until morning, he managed to stay away for almost a week.

Then, late one afternoon, he happened to see the twins going into a grocery store. Coming up behind them at the meat counter, he said sternly, "You're a long way from home, girls."

They fell on him with shrieks of joy. Bruce had sent them to buy groceries, they explained, so they could surprise Gillian by having supper ready when she got home. Watching Dan's face anxiously, they produced a laboriously printed list for his approval.

On a reckless impulse he said, "Let me buy the groceries, and I'll help with the cooking."

They smiled at him, their eyes like stars. Dan, his face impassive, thought that each of them looked like a miniature Gillian with a dirty face; in the end, he gave it up and smiled back.

The boys greeted him with Indian yells. "Gee, we thought you weren't coming back at all," Bruce said happily. "We did everything you said. It went pretty well, except when the twins put a red sock in the wash by mistake."

"Does Gillian suspect anything?"

"Every now and then she gives us sort of a funny look. One night she took the twins' temperatures and made them go to bed early, like they were coming down sick or something."

They all seemed to find this exquisitely funny, and their laughter echoed up and down the street. Next door a rocker squeaked with outraged severity.

"Inside," Dan said. "We've got work to do."

In an hour everything was under control. The kids were clean and shining after a bath and a change of clothes, all the scattered toys had been put away, the table was set, and Dan's contribution to the occasion, a mouth-watering beef stew, was simmering on the stove.

But when Gillian finally came, she caught them unawares. They were making a great deal of noise, laughing at Dan's attempts to juggle three apples at once, one of which he had managed to catch in his mouth as it fell.

She stood in the door, staring at them. Dan, feeling like a cross between a stuffed pig and the world's biggest fool, finally remembered to take the apple out of his mouth. Then the kids, satisfied by her expression, exploded gleefully around Gillian. Over their heads she looked at Dan, her face faintly questioning.

"I ran into the twins," he said quickly, "and invited myself to supper again."

"He even cooked it," Bruce said. "Doesn't it smell good?"

When Gillian smiled she went all the way, holding nothing back. "I'm afraid you're letting them impose on you."

Supper was a hilarious affair. Even Gillian succumbed to the general gaiety; and Dan, seeing her laugh for the first time, felt something tense inside him let go at last. Later, with the twins doing the dishes and the boys chasing each other on the lawn, he sat on the porch railing in the dusk, looking at her.

"It's funny," Gillian said, "how the kids have practically adopted you. Cats are the same way, you know. Out of a roomful of people, they'll settle down in the lap of the only one who dislikes cats."

"I told you before," Dan said mildly, "I don't dislike children."

"They've got quite a thing about you. They've been working like beavers, just because you told them to help me."

Not surprised that she knew, Dan said nothing.

"I've tried to figure you out, but I can't," she said. "I don't know how you do it. Worse than that, I don't know why you're doing it."

He wished he could see her face more clearly. "Does it matter?"

"Yes," she said. Then, hesitantly, "Is it because of me?"

"Partly," Dan said evenly. "Would you like to go to the movies?"

Her voice wasn't quite steady. "I can't leave the children alone."

"We'll take them with us."

She shook her head. "Dan, you haven't really thought about it," she said carefully. "You can't make friends of them, and then expect them to disappear when they're in the way. You see, they'll always be around. Dad is wonderful and we love him, but he isn't really a family man. They don't have anybody but me, and as long as they need me, I'm going to take care of them."

"If you can hold out," Dan said.

"I'll have to hold out," she said.

"Then you'd better take care of yourself," he said gently. "Go to bed, Gillian. I'll take the twins to the movies."

The twins seemed to enjoy the movie. Dan, unable to forget that Gillian had preferred to stay at home, had somewhat grimmer thoughts to occupy his mind.

But Gillian was not at home when they got back. They walked into the kitchen to find a hard-faced Mrs. Albert sitting at the table; the twins, with audible gasps, clutched his hands tightly, and Dan felt something inside him lurch sickly.

"It's about time you got home," Mrs. Albert said, looking at Dan with cold suspicion. "Go to bed, girls. Gillian's at the hospital." She sounded almost smug. "I told her it'd happen sooner or later. Letting these kids run wild all day, growing up like hoodlums. It was bound to happen."

Dan's eyes narrowed. "What happened?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business," Mrs. Albert said, "but Bruce had an accident with his bike. He looked pretty bad when they put him in the ambulance."

Dan smiled at the twins. "Don't worry about it. I'll run down to the hospital and see what's going on." He watched them go off to bed, unnaturally quiet and pale.

Mrs. Albert studied him with hostile curiosity. "You a particular friend of Gillian's?" When he turned toward the door without answering she retorted, "Well, you're not the first and you won't be the last. I told Gillian there's not a man living who'll marry a houseful of noisy kids." She sniffed scornfully. "Some men don't even want their own. It's a disgrace to the neighborhood."

When Dan reached the hospital emergency room he was still cursing all malicious old ladies with a savage fluency that helped to ease his feelings. Gillian, waiting in the corridor, ran toward him with her hands outstretched.

"I'm so glad you came," she said, her voice breaking. "They won't let me go in, and I don't know what's happening."

He held her hands tightly, wanting to put his arms around her thin shoulders. "He'll be O.K.," he said quietly. "Was it very bad?"

"I don't know. He was riding down the street when the front wheel hit a rock and he went over the handlebars."

He made her sit down beside him. "It's sort of an occupational hazard, I guess, when you're a boy. I've got a dozen scars of my own."

It made her smile faintly, and they sat there together while the hospital hummed impersonally around them. Then, just as Dan decided he'd better investigate, the door to the emergency room opened and Bruce appeared, flanked by two solicitous nurses. He wore a large white bandage and the freckles stood out separately on his pale face, but he was standing on his own feet.

"I'll bet I've got a hundred stitches," he said. "They sewed me up just like an old ragged pair of pants."

"Did it hurt very much?" Gillian asked shakily.

Bruce's blue eyes were suspiciously bright. But he glanced at Dan and then said, very offhand, "Sure, it hurt. But you didn't hear me yell, did ya?"

"After leaving home in such a blaze of glory," Dan said, "it's too bad you have to go back with me. I'm afraid I don't have a siren and I'll have to stop for the red lights."

But Bruce seemed satisfied to sit quietly between them in the front seat, and when they got home it was somehow Bruce's hand that held Dan's tightly all the way up the walk.

The twins and Jamie were asleep, and Mrs. Albert finally went home when no one offered to satisfy her curiosity about Dan.

Dan knew he should leave, but he waited in the kitchen until Gillian came downstairs again.

"Thank you," she said, "for everything."

"I don't want thanks," he said, and smiled at her.

The kitchen was very quiet. "What do you want?" Gillian whispered.

"I'll tell you tomorrow. It's time you were in bed."

"No," she said clearly, "not tomorrow. I'm very grateful to you. You've been good to the children, and I appreciate it. But I'd rather you didn't come back again."

He just looked at her, caught off his guard so completely that there was nothing to say.

"I don't know what you're trying to do. Maybe you think we'll get to depend on you, since we can't seem to take care of ourselves." Her voice was very low and forced. "But we managed, before you came along, and we'll keep on managing without you."

"Gillian," he began, then stopped, defeated by the way she looked, tired to death, shaken, on the verge of tears.

"Please," she said. "Please go away."

He went. Afterwards he could never remember much about driving back to the trailer or the rest of that night. But because the next day was Sunday and he had an entire day to lie on his bunk, staring at the ceiling, he found that he remembered with painful clarity a great many things he wished he could forget.

Then, soon after dark, the telephone rang. "I don't like to break promises," Bruce said unhappily, "but I had to call you, no matter what Gillian says."

"What's wrong? Head giving you trouble?"

"I'm O.K. It's Jamie. We can't find him anywhere."

Dan's stomach cramped into a knot. "Any idea what was on his mind?"

Bruce hesitated. "This morning Gillian told us you weren't coming back any more."

"I'm sorry," Dan said levelly. "I don't like to break promises, either."

"Do you want to know what she said?"

After a brief struggle with his better nature Dan said flatly, "Yes."

"She said the longer you stayed around the worse it would be when you left, so we'd better not get to liking you too much." (*Continued on Page 58*)

"Take a second honeymoon? Why? What was wrong with the first?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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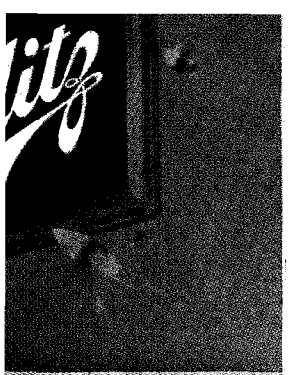

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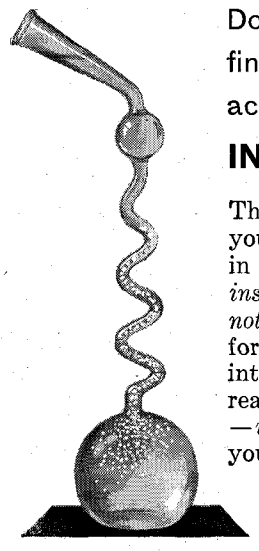

This medically designed beaker represents the area from your mouth to your stomach. It illustrates what doctors saw in a living person's stomach: that Bayer has an astonishing *instant flaking action*. A Bayer tablet enters the stomach—*not* whole—but in soft, tiny flakes. So, there's no waiting for relief until the tablet disintegrates. Bayer Aspirin is ready to go to work instantly—*without* delay—to make you feel better fast.

(*Continued from Page 56*) It was hard to speak for a moment. "What else did she say?"

"Nothing. She just cried." The line hummed silently, then Bruce said in a small voice, "It's like I told you that day. A lot of guys come around to see Gillian, but they don't want a bunch of kids. It's just that I thought you came to see us, maybe, and not Gillian at all."

"Go back to bed," Dan said. "I'll be right over."

He drove slowly, trying to regain some of his old impassivity. It was none of his business. They weren't his kids, and she had told him plainly to go away and leave them alone. But he could remember a dark night or two of his own when the world had seemed a frightening and dangerous place to those who walked it alone. *Whatever happens*, he thought, not calmly at all, *don't let him be afraid.*

Then he saw him, trudging wearily along the side of the road, his red head bent against the glare of headlights. When Dan stopped the car, Jamie looked up to give him a smile of incredible sweetness. There were tear stains on his cheeks and he was very dirty, but he looked more determined than frightened.

"I've been looking all over town for you," he explained simply. "I'm going to live with you."

Dan put him in the car. "Did you ask Gillian about it?"

"She has the others," Jamie said, "and you don't have anybody."

"Very unfair," Dan said, "but I think we'd better ask first."

Jamie was not too tired to be skeptical. "She'll say no," he said, "and then she'll make us promise a lot of awful things."

"You shouldn't have left without telling her."

"Well," Jamie said, unrepentent, "I knew I'd find you, and then everything would be O.K."

A little shaken, Dan drove on in silence. When he carried Jamie up the walk, almost asleep in his arms, the rest of the Grahams were waiting on the porch. Gillian, her face carefully blank, held out her arms for Jamie and said briefly, "Why is it always you?"

"He decided he wanted to move in with me," Dan said, and saw the warm color staining her face. But he didn't give Jamie to her. "Take him to bed," he said to Bruce. Then he looked at Gillian. "You stay here. I have something to say to you."

This time there were five pairs of astonished blue eyes to withstand. But Dan, without a tremor, stared them down ruthlessly, hands on his hips. "Go to bed," he said to the kids. "On the double."

They went hastily. Gillian, beyond speech, stared at him.

"It's time we got a few things straight," he said. "First of all, I haven't been using the kids to get at you. I never had a family that I could remember, but ever since I was a kid myself I've thought about how it would be. If I ever envied another man anything, it was because he had a family and kids, and I didn't."

He moved up to the next step. Gillian, her eyes on his, immediately stepped backward.

"If I had to choose between you, I'd be in a tough spot." He saw a movement behind the screen door. Without raising his voice he said, "If you're not upstairs in bed within two minutes, I'm coming in after you." He heard a wild scurrying, and grinned at Gillian.

She did not return it. "You have no right to speak to them like that."

"You're too easy with them. They need somebody to keep them in line. A man around the house; you said so yourself." As he reached the top step he added, "So do you, Gillian."

She was backed up against the house and could go no farther.

"But not quite as much as I need you," Dan said, very quietly. "With or without the kids, but I kept hoping I could prove to you that I'd fit in, maybe, with things just the way they are."

He didn't think she was going to speak at all. Then she whispered, "Dad called tonight. He and Tom are coming home."

"The more the merrier," Dan said calmly. "And when he gets tired of the noise and leaves again, I'll still be here."

In the glow from the street light he could see her mouth curve into a smile and he reached out for her, unable to stay away any longer.

"Promise?" she said softly.

Before he could answer, Dan heard a faint crunching sound from the roof overhead. He could also hear, like a relentless metronome, the unmistakable creaking of a rocker.

"Hold on to my feet, I'm not far enough out." Bruce's frantic whisper carried plainly. "I can see Mrs. Albert, so don't turn on the light."

"Has he asked her yet?" one of the twins asked breathlessly. "Did she say yes?"

"Pipe down. I can't hear a thing. Maybe he's kissing her now."

Dan grinned. "I've asked her," he said clearly, "and she might say yes. If you'll give me time, I'll get around to kissing her. Now get off the roof, Bruce, before you break your neck."

There was an interval of stunned silence. Then the ecstatic shrieks and thumpings from upstairs shook the house and reverberated down the street. A light came on in the house opposite, and next door the rocking chair squeaked alarmingly. Dan, kissing Gillian at last, thought that it was a little like making love in the middle of his incompleted shopping center.

Another man might have been unnerved. But Dan, who liked nothing better than the sound of his power shovels, tractors and bulldozers roaring in unison, found something blissfully satisfying in the prospect of acquiring, with one kiss, a houseful of red-headed Grahams.

THE END

• •

Apple-Blossom Vandal

By Frances Higginson Savage

I have no business
trespassing
Here among aisles of
flowering trees;
May is no time of
harvesting
Except for bees.

Yet, such the spirit's
appetite
For freshness still
unharmed by drought
And beauty free of inner
blight
Or flaw without,

Brashly one branch I bear
away,
Nor hazard fruit's uncertain
future;
The bees and I will feast
today
On unripe rapture.

• •

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Little Joe on the Spot (Continued from Page 37)

more grazing leases. It did not bother him in the least that most of his neighbors were driving new, or nearly new, cars. As it turned out, however, it was beginning to bother Babe and Little Joe.

He turned off the ignition and the motor died, after a single loud backfire that sounded like a pistol shot. In the ensuing silence nobody in the cab moved or spoke for a moment. Then, with his eyes on the yellow convertible, Little Joe murmured, "Brother!" in a sort of reverent voice.

"It must be nice to be rich," Babe said.

Joe was stung by the envious note in their voices. People were always kidding him about the old pickup, professing to be astonished that it did not fall apart someday on the road. But other people's ridicule had never affected him, because he knew that he was pursuing a sensible course in not splurging on a new car. Now, however, a sudden doubt assailed him.

"Listen, kids," he said. "A man don't have to be rich to drive a car like that. Maybe, if the truth was known, it ain't even half paid for. One o' these days I'll be able to pay cash for a car that will make all the neighbors sit up an' take notice."

"They take notice right now," Little Joe answered glumly.

The boy was getting tired of being put off with promises. Since their mom died, things had been tough for Joe and often he had tried to brighten the bleak present for the kids by painting rosy pictures of the things he was going to get for them in the future. They used to eat it up, and it made Joe himself feel good too. Because the one thing he lived for since Emmy died was to make a good life for Emmy's kids.

"Gimme just one more year," he said, "an' I'll buy us a car that will knock your eye out."

"Will it have a back seat, pop?" Babe asked. After riding in the pickup's cab, a car with a back seat was Babe's idea of real class.

"It sure will, Baby," Joe answered.

"And a radio, pop?"

"Damn tootin', Baby!" he declared, forgetting in his irritation that he ought not to swear in front of the kids. "It'll have everything," he said.

Babe seemed reassured. She was still at the credulous age, ready to believe everything her pop told her. But Little Joe looked skeptical. "Oh, yeah?" the look said.

It hurt Joe to realize that his son was losing confidence in him. Knowing himself for a rough, uncouth fellow, not refined like Emmy used to be, he was more sensitive than most parents about the way his kids regarded him. It had always been a comfort to him to know that Babe and Little Joe thought he was a big shot. He had been thrilled once when he overheard Babe asking her brother: "What's God like, Joe?" For, without hesitation, Little Joe had answered: "He's a great big man with a black mustache." So it came as a shock to him to perceive that the boy no longer regarded his pop as a godlike person whose every word was gospel-true.

Suddenly Uncle Pete, who never remembered to curb his language in the presence of the kids, cleared his throat loudly and said why in the aitch didn't they get out instead of "just settin'." So they all piled out. Uncle Pete slouched off down the street, heading for the hotel bar. His shabby cowboy boots were so badly run over at the heels that they made him look more bowlegged than he actually was. Kind of scrawny and wizened-up, Pete was—a sour and cantankerous old cowpoke who suffered from asthma and drank more than was good for him.

Joe lingered for a moment, watching the kids as they mooned over the yellow convertible. It made him think that maybe he had held too strictly and too long to his sensible, get-ahead policy. Kids cannot always get the long view on things, and he did not want Babe and Little Joe to develop a feeling of inferiority.

Little Joe was a fine, manly little guy and Joe was intensely proud of him. He was a bit too sober and serious, but he came by that honestly because Joe was that way himself. The boy had also inherited his pop's dark eyes and hair and rugged build. Babe was the happy and carefree member of the family. She was dainty and fair and blue-eyed, the way her mom used to be. And that, for her pop, made her something very special.

Joe was turning away when Paul Brinker called to him from the doorway of the Sanford Garage.

"I got somethin' inside I'd like to show you, Joe," Paul said.

"Oh, yeah?" Joe drawled. He knew what Paul was up to. The garageman was forever trying to break down Joe's stubborn sales resistance and sell him a car.

"You're a hangover from another age, Joe," Paul would say sometimes in a joshing voice. "You got old-fashioned ideas about not buyin' things until you got cash to pay for 'em. People don't behave that way these days."

Joe grinned as he followed Paul inside. He liked Paul Brinker. He admired the qualities in him which Joe himself lacked: the breezy manner and free-and-easy way of talking; the ability to come up with an apt and funny story. There were half a dozen new-model cars in the showroom, but Paul walked past them and stopped beside a maroon sedan at the back. It was about two years old, Joe figured, but it still looked pretty good.

"This car belongs to old Mr. Mattern who lived a few miles north of town," Paul said. "The old man has given up farmin' and gone to live with his son, Steve, who has some sort of government job in the city. The old man figures he won't need the car—he wouldn't dare drive in city traffic anyway—so he left it here for me to sell for him. There's only about nine thousand miles on it and it's in tiptop shape. Mr. Mattern put a cash price on it that makes it a real buy. I think you ought to grab it, Joe."

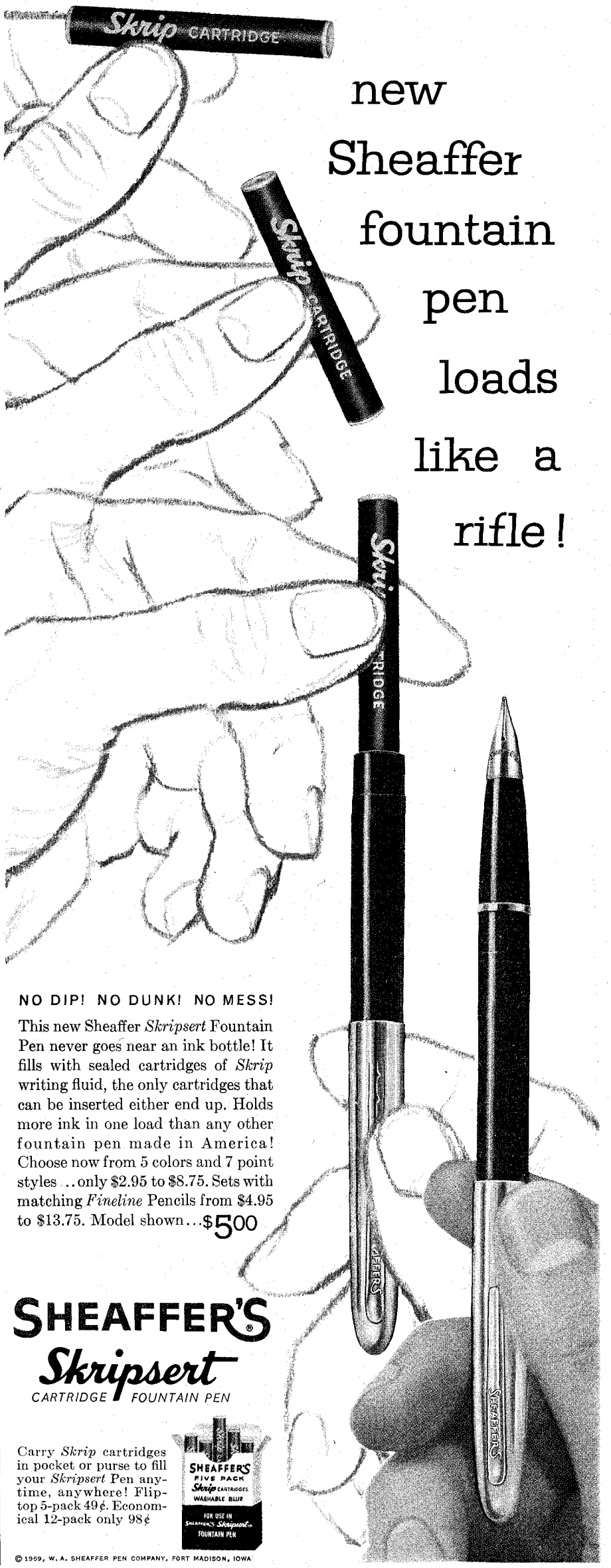
"I ain't got that much cash," Joe answered when Paul named the price. "An' you know how I am, Paul—I don't buy things on time."

"You got cattle, Joe. Sell a few steers, for cryin' out loud! You don't often get a chance like this."

"My steers ain't near ready for market," Joe answered in his slow, deliberate speech that matched his slow and deliberate way of thinking. "If I sold some of 'em now I'd lose more money than I'd save by buyin' the car, what with the weight they'll put on durin' the summer an' fall, an' the higher beef prices there'll be later on. If I had the cash, the car would be a bargain, sure enough. But for me, right now, it's no bargain a-tall."

"I s'pose you're right—for a guy with your peculiar ideas, anyway."

All the while, Joe had been looking the car over. It seemed almost as good as new, the tires and upholstery scarcely worn. It even had a radio, he noticed, thinking of Babe. It was two years old, of course, but it would look good to Babe and Little Joe after the old pickup. Joe kept thinking about the kids, out there on



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the sidewalk, drooling over the convertible. The memory of Little Joe's skeptical expression still rankled.

"I could maybe pay four or five hundred cash," he said thoughtfully, "if this Mr. Mattern would wait for the balance—without interest, mind you—until after wheat harvest."

"My instructions were to sell for cash," Paul Brinker answered. "Tell you what, though: This time of year, between seedin' and harvest, there's never much loose money around, so I've had no offers. You could write to Mr. Mattern and make him your proposition. He might go for it."

Joe went with Paul into the office and wrote the letter on garage stationery. He told Mr. Mattern about his situation and prospects: how many head of cattle he had, how many acres in crop, and how he should be able to finish paying for the car in the fall if Mattern would take a small down payment in cash. Then he mailed the letter at the post office without saying anything to the family about it. He did not want the kids to be disappointed if the deal did not go through.

But he had a hopeful feeling that, in the absence of better offers, Mr. Mattern might agree to the proposition. During the following week he kept chuckling to himself, picturing the kids' surprise if he got the car, picturing himself driving them home in it while Uncle Pete followed along behind in the clattering pickup.

Joe should have known better than to indulge in such wishful thinking. Over the years he had had so many disappointments that he had grown extremely cautious about counting his chickens ahead of time. It always seemed, for example, that if he had a good crop of wheat in prospect and permitted himself to gloat over it and start planning what he would do with the money the crop would bring, that was the very time that a bad hailstorm would come along and ruin the crop. But he felt such an urge to reestablish himself as the big shot his kids had always thought him that he allowed himself to dream. By the time the next Saturday arrived he had dreamed himself into an optimistic mood. He even dropped a hint on the way to town that the kids might have a surprise in store for them.

"What is it, pop? What's the surprise?" they demanded.

Joe grinned mysteriously. "If I told you," he said, "then it wouldn't be no surprise."

He parked the pickup in front of the Star Store and when Babe and Little Joe joined a group of other kids in front of the store he sneaked off to the post office.

There was one letter for him, but it was not from Mr. Mattern. It was from the income-tax regional office in the city. Joe scowled at the sight of it. Such letters as he occasionally received from the income-tax people usually brought bad news. He could not always tell at first just what the bad news was because the income-tax people used big words that took a lot of figuring out. This letter was no exception. Joe stood for a long time on the sidewalk in front of the post office, puzzling over it.

"We have had no reply to our letter of the 8th ult.," it began—and Joe wondered in passing what sort of thing an "ult" could be—"regarding the amount of $2442.00 claimed on your return as business expense under the heading, LIVESTOCK PURCHASED. We have no recourse, therefore, in order to finalize your return, but to reassess your taxable income in accordance with the attached statement, with a consequent additional tax payable of $387.35."

Joe could not remember getting a letter recently about his income tax. It was possible, of course, that one of his neighbors had picked up Joe's mail in town and forgotten to deliver it. That sort of thing sometimes happened. He gathered that the government was objecting to the amount of money he had spent for cattle, because the letter went on to explain that they could not allow as an expense the unusually large item for the purchase of cattle "without supporting vouchers." But one thing was abundantly clear: they were demanding an additional $387.35 in income tax. And that ruined any prospect Joe might have had of buying Mr. Mattern's car.

"Dad rat it!" he growled.

He shoved the letter into his pocket and sought out Uncle Pete in the hotel bar. In anything that pertained to cattle he always consulted Pete. For years Joe had tried stubbornly to grow wheat in a region of usually inadequate rainfall. Wheat growing was all he knew about, and he had kept at it until it broke him. Only then did he begin listening to Pete's advice. During the past few years, under Pete's guidance, he had been building up a herd of cattle as a bulwark against the uncertainties of straight wheat growing. And, say what you might about Pete—about his weakness for liquor, for example, and his scorn for the moral virtues which Joe kept trying to instill in Babe and Little Joe—Pete knew practically everything about cattle.

Joe entered the bar with the diffidence of a man who was never at home in such a place. He himself did not drink. He had promised Emmy. "For the children's sake," Emmy used to say, "don't get to be an old soak like Pete." The bar was crowded, but Pete was all by himself. He always drank alone unless somebody bought him a drink, and that did not often happen because Pete never bought drinks for other people.

Pete took the letter and held it out at arm's length, squinting at the typewritten words out of red and watery eyes. Like Joe himself, Pete had never had much schooling and the big words irritated him.

"I thought a voucher was a paper—a certificate, sort of," Joe said. "Would it be that steers gotta be purebred stock, with papers to prove it, before they let a man charge 'em to business expense?"

Pete shook his head slowly.

"It says here, 'supportin' vouchers,'" he pointed out. "Supportin' means holdin' somethin' up. Like a critter's laigs. It could maybe be some new type of beef animal—a stockier type with heavier laigs, see, that carry more meat. Write 'em a letter, Joe. Tell 'em the stock you bought is voucher-type. It ain't no sin to lie to gover'ment people. A man tells 'em the truth, they'll skin him alive."

"They'd send out an inspector," Joe objected. "One look at the stock would tell him they ain't what you call voucher-type. Anyway, I think you're wrong, Pete. A voucher is some kind of paper. I better go see Mr. Robbins."

Mr. Robbins was a Sanford insurance man. As a side line he handled income-tax matters for some of the more prosperous ranchers and farmers and he had built up a local reputation as a tax expert. Joe hoped that Mr. Robbins could think of some way of avoiding payment of the extra tax.

"You're hooked, Joe," Pete said. "You can't ever argue with the gover'ment about their crazy notions. You gotta lie out of it or they'll grab your last dollar."

Mr. Robbins was not in his office. He had driven out in the country, his stenographer said, and would not be back for several hours.

In a bitter and frustrated mood, Joe repaired to the Star Store to buy the weekly supplies. And since the additional tax would wipe out most of his ready cash, he proceeded to cut drastically the list of things he had planned to buy. Not only would there be no money for the Mattern car but the family would have to tighten their belts in the matter of food. And that would confirm Little Joe in his belief that his pop was a poor provider in comparison with the neighbors. Joe felt very low.

The kids were waiting for him in the cab when he carried the groceries out to the pickup.

"Where's the surprise, pop?" they inquired eagerly.

"Damn the surprise!" Joe muttered under his breath. He was the one who had got the surprise and it had been a most unpleasant one. He wished now that he had kept his big mouth shut. But he felt obliged to make good on his promise, so he stalked back into the store and searched for something that would serve as a surprise and yet would not cost very much. After long deliberation he chose a small plastic doll carriage for Babe and a two-bit water pistol for Little Joe. He was ashamed of their cheapness, but the kids did not seem to notice it. Little Joe found some water for the pistol and proceeded to chase Babe up and down the sidewalk, squirting water at her while she shrieked and giggled. Their high spirits served to accentuate Joe's despondent mood. He routed Uncle Pete out of the bar and sent him home with the kids.

"I'll ride home with Mark Parsons after I talk with Mr. Robbins," he said.

On the way home Uncle Pete bluntly punctured the kids' high spirits by explaining how the unexpected demand from the income-tax people was going to put a severe crimp in the family's operating budget. Babe and Little Joe were naturally shocked and sobered. Being kids, they would forget at times and break out in some hilarity or other. Then they would hush up suddenly, with apologetic glances at Uncle Pete's scowling face.

"There's somebody at the house!" Little Joe exclaimed as they neared the gate.

Sure enough, there was a car standing in the yard, and a tall, thin man was just turning away from the kitchen door as the pickup clattered into the yard.

"Oh-oh!" growled Uncle Pete. There was a Department of Agriculture sign on the door of the stranger's car. "The tax people sent him to check on the cattle," Pete explained to the kids. "Don't say a word, now. Leave me do the talkin'. Otherwise, your pop's goin' to have to pay four hundred bucks."

They climbed out of the cab as the government man approached. He had a dark face and very sharp black eyes and a nose like the beak of a hawk. Little Joe regarded him with active hostility. But all that Babe could achieve was a shy and frightened look that seemed, momentarily, to soften the sharpness in the stranger's dark eyes.

"Hi!" he said to Babe. "What's your name?"

"Babe," she answered. "My brother's name is Joe. We call him Little Joe because pop is Big Joe."

"Is your pop at home?"

"Joe ain't here," Uncle Pete said.

"I called to look at his cattle," the government man said. "According to Joe, he's got about three hundred head."

Uncle Pete gave the kids a warning scowl to keep them silent.

"Joe's always exaggeratin'," he said. "About forty head is all he's got." It was Pete's idea that if he painted a dark-enough picture of Joe's situation the man might not even look at the cattle and discover that they were not "voucher-type" and that Pete was lying about their numbers. And the government might decide it was hopeless to collect more taxes from Joe.

"The bank's got a lien on the cattle," Pete added. "Likely Joe didn't mention that."

"He certainly didn't!" the man answered, in an aggrieved tone.

"Joe's been havin' it tough," Pete went on. "What with drouth an' grasshoppers, it looks like his wheat crop won't amount to nothin'. An' with the mortgage payment comin' due ——"

"Mortgage!" interrupted the government man. "Is the place mortgaged?"

"Mortgaged to the hilt," Pete said. "Joe went to town to see could he borry a little more from the bank to tide him over."

He remembered too late that it was a Saturday so that the bank would be closed. But the (*Continued on Page 62*)

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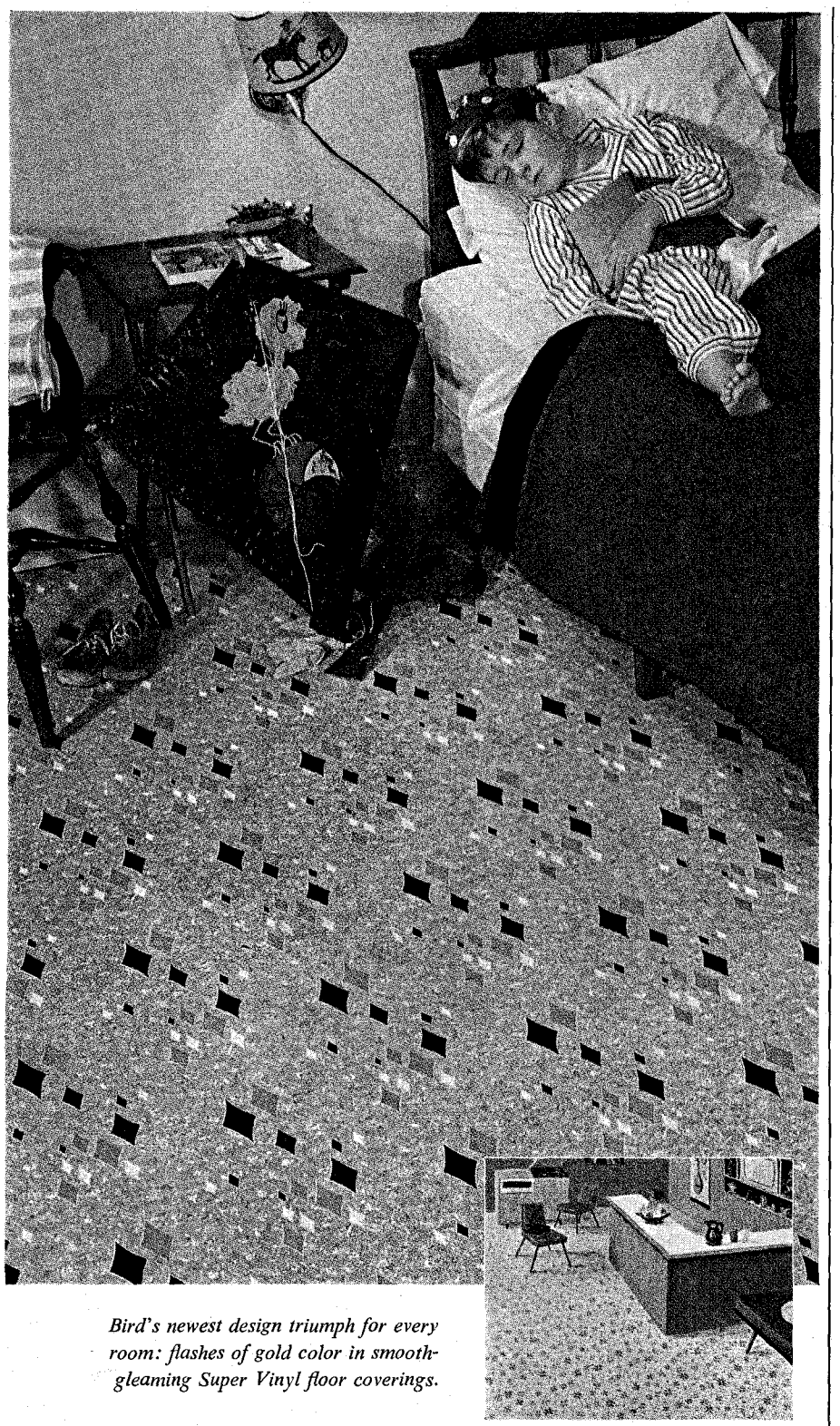

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THEY SING WITH BEAUTY

(*Continued from Page 60*)

inspector failed to notice this discrepancy in Pete's story. He looked at Pete with sudden aversion, as if Pete had smallpox or some other dreadful and contagious disease. Then he turned and stalked off to his car without another word.

Pete noticed the shocked look on the faces of Babe and Little Joe. Telling the truth was something their pop was always urging upon them. Look at George Washington, Big Joe would say. George Washington told the truth even when it was likely to cost him a licking.

"Go git the cows up, Joe," Uncle Pete ordered gruffly. He took Babe's hand and led her toward the house.

With a deeply troubled expression, Little Joe turned away. The inspector started his car and made a wide turn before heading for the gate. As he passed Little Joe he braked suddenly and stuck his head out the window.

"Your uncle wouldn't be pulling my leg, would he?" he asked.

Little Joe squirmed. He glanced over his shoulder and saw that Uncle Pete and Babe had disappeared into the house. It had been upsetting enough for the boy to listen to Uncle Pete's lies. But this was infinitely worse. He had to tell a lie himself or else his pop would have to pay four hundred dollars. It seemed to him a much tougher situation than the one George Washington had had to face.

"Well?" the man demanded impatiently.

"I guess Uncle Pete was kind of jokin'," Little Joe answered.

"How many cattle has your pop really got?"

"Over three hundred head," the boy managed to answer, after swallowing a couple of times.

"Does he owe money on them, or on the farm?"

"Unh-unh! Pop don't like to owe money. That's why he won't buy a car."

But his voice was so shaky and he kept squirming so guiltily as he spoke that the man looked at him with suspicion. Finally he drove away.

Little Joe got the milk cows in from the pasture and put them in the corral. He lingered there, feeling desperately sick at the thought of what he had done to pop. He heard Mark Parsons' car arrive with pop, then pull away again. Finally, he heard Babe calling him to supper.

Big Joe arrived home in a happy mood. After reading the letter from the income-tax office, Mr. Robbins had explained, "All they're asking for is proof that you actually did spend $2442.00 for the purchase of cattle. Haven't you a receipt? A bill of sale or something?"

"Sure I got a bill o' sale," Joe answered. "It's around somewhere. But what about them vouchers?"

"Voucher—receipt—bill of sale. It's the same thing," Mr. Robbins said. "If you can prove you bought the cattle, you won't have to pay the extra tax."

So, Joe had thought, all he had to do was to produce the bill of sale and he would be free to buy the Mattern car. He felt fine until Uncle Pete told him about the inspector's visit. Then his spirits fell. He had failed to answer the government's first letter and perhaps it was now too late to save himself by supplying the bill of sale for the cattle.

"Don't worry, Joe," Pete said. "I fixed it so they think you ain't got a spare dollar." He explained how he had fooled the inspector. "Time I got finished, he didn't even bother to look at the cattle," Pete chuckled.

"You shouldn't ought've lied about it," Joe scolded. But that was mostly for Babe's benefit, since Babe was listening anxiously. In his heart he could not help hoping that Pete's lies would cause the income-tax people to lay off. Then his attention was diverted by the entrance of Little Joe.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked quickly. "You look sick."

"I just ain't hungry," the boy answered. "I don't want no supper."

"You look real peaked," Big Joe said. "I better give you a shot of castor oil."

Before such a prospect Little Joe quailed. He decided that it was easier to confess.

"I told the man, pop," he blurted out. "He asked me, so I had to tell him."

"You told who which?"

"The tax man. He asked me was Uncle Pete lyin'. I had to say yes, pop."

Uncle Pete exploded angrily. He said that, dammit, a kid shouldn't oughta contradict a grownup. But Big Joe ordered Pete to pipe down.

"You done the right thing, son," he said. "I'm real proud of you."

He was not kidding, either, although Little Joe had ruined whatever chance there might have been of Pete's scheme working. But, even though it cost nearly four hundred dollars that he could ill afford, Joe thought it was worth it to know that his teaching had paid off. He was sure that Emmy would have been proud of the boy too.

Little Joe began to feel better. They had just taken their places at the supper table when they heard the sound of an approaching car.

> It's an adult Western, apparently, if the plot is more than twenty-one years old.
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"It's the gover'ment fellow!" Uncle Pete reported, peering from the window.

Big Joe braced himself for an argument. But he thumped Little Joe clumsily on the shoulder.

"You done right," he growled. "That's all you need to think about, whatever happens." Then he got up and strode outside.

"I'm sorry Pete told you a pack o' lies, mister," he said. "Pete had a crazy notion that ——"

"He really fooled me," the man said. "Then, after listening to the boy, I didn't know what to think. So I drove back to town and, though it's Saturday, I got hold of the banker at his house. I talked to Paul Brinker too. They both gave me good reports on you. So I decided to come back."

"If I gotta pay, I guess I gotta pay," Joe said thickly. "I s'pose it's too late now to show you the bill o' sale, Mr. ——"

"Mattern's the name. Steve Mattern."

"M-mattern!" Joe stammered.

"My father got your letter about the car. He asked me to call on you and check up, then close the deal if it seemed all right to me. And now I'm ready to go ahead without even looking at your crop and your cattle."

At first Joe was speechless. But presently he began to chuckle hoarsely.

"Pete thought you were checkin' up on me for the income-tax people," he explained. He noticed that Babe and Little Joe had come out on the kitchen porch. They were watching him anxiously.

"Hey, kids!" he called out. "Change your clothes quick. We're goin' to ride to town with Mr. Mattern. I got a surprise for you in town."

They darted back into the house. Joe grinned. He felt good. He felt like a big shot.

THE END

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The Case of the Mythical Monkeys

(Continued from Page 35)

to go home and find things all twisted around and ——"

Tragg shook his head slightly. "No call for you to say anything at all, Miss Street. I'm talking with your boss. We'd dislike very much to get you mixed up in any murder case or catch you suppressing evidence or anything of that sort. We know that anything you did, you did on instructions, so naturally we thought we'd like to find out what those instructions were. I think it would be a lot better for Perry Mason to tell us—you know, concealing evidence can be rather serious at times and ——"

"And neither Miss Street nor I would think of it," Mason interrupted. "Now, as I remember it, Tragg, in order for a person to become guilty of concealing evidence so that it's a crime, he has to know that it's evidence and has to conceal it.

"I'm quite certain that if the police found any clothing belonging to Gladys Doyle out at Della Street's apartment, they found that it hadn't been concealed at all, but was right out in the open. Now you say that the clothing is evidence in a murder case, but unless there are bloodstains or significant fibers on that clothing, it isn't evidence of anything—it's just clothing."

"That's what comes of having a trained legal mind," Tragg said, getting to his feet and shuffling toward the door. "I thought Perry could answer the questions for you, Della—just happened to be in the neighborhood, Mason, and thought I'd drop in."

He went out. Mason and Della Street exchanged glances.

"Well, chief," she said, "the fat seems to be in the fire."

"I'm afraid," Mason told her, "the fire's in the fat."

"Think we should take a run out to the Meade penthouse apartment and see if our client is available?" Della asked.

Mason shook his head. "We can find her just as quick sitting right here. She's undoubtedly in custody. They won't let her telephone for an attorney unless they charge her with something, and if they decide to let her telephone, we'll get a ring."

"And in the meantime?" Della Street asked.

"In the meantime," Mason said, "we get hold of the Drake Detective Agency and start Paul Drake looking around."

"Want me to give him a ring?" Della asked. Mason nodded.

Della Street put through the call and, after a moment, said, "Drake is on his way down."

The Drake Detective Agency, with offices on the same floor as Mason's offices, remained open twenty-four hours a day. Paul Drake, who did all of Mason's investigative work, sometimes shuttled back and forth between his office and Mason's as many as a dozen times a day.

Within a matter of seconds after Della Street had hung up the telephone, Drake's code knock sounded on the door of Perry Mason's private office, and Della Street let him in.

Paul Drake, tall, loose-jointed, easy-moving, contrived somehow to give the impression of being indifferent to his surroundings, yet managed to see everything.

"Hi, beautiful," he said to Della. Then, to Perry Mason, "What is it this time?"

"This one," Mason said, "has everything—sex, sophistication, mystery and melodrama."

"Shoot," Drake told him, draping himself in the big overstuffed leather chair

Mason said, "Mauvis Niles Meade, who wrote a novel, Chop the Man Down, has a secretary, Gladys Doyle. Police have picked up Gladys Doyle, at least for questioning, in connection with a murder which took place in Pine Glen last night."

"Where's Pine Glen?" Drake asked.

"Out on the slope of the mountain between Summit Inn and ——"

"Oh, yes, I know the place," Drake said. "A wild canyon that runs down the mountainside. There's a public camp and picnic ground called Pine Glen, which is where the canyon gets its name."

"There was a murder out there last night," Mason said. "I'd like for you to find out all you can about it, Paul—just pick up what the police are doing, and I'd like to get some background on Mauvis Niles Meade and find out where she is now."

"I can tell you a little stuff about Mauvis Meade right now," Drake said.

"What?"

"Her novel got pretty close to home, Perry. The rumor is that some big shot is pretty unhappy about some of the things in the book."

"What sort of a big shot, Paul?"

"A lawyer," Drake said.

"What could have been in the book to make a lawyer unhappy?" Mason asked.

"Have you read the book, Perry?"

"No. I understand generally it's the story of a woman who got around."

"It's all of that, and among the men the heroine knew was a lawyer. Now I understand this lawyer is a real character. He made a play for Mauvis Meade, and everything was hunky-dory for a while—and then Mauvis blossomed into a novelist, and that was bad."

"The lawyer talked too much?" Mason asked.

"To Mauvis, yes. At least some of his clients are reputed to think so."

"What was the specialty of this lawyer?"

"Investments."

"What sort of investments?"

"Suppose we call them razzle-dazzle investments. Suppose a lawyer has clients who make big money out of gambling, bookmaking, numbers and perhaps a little smuggling."

"Go on," Mason said.

"Well," Drake said, "I'll ask you a question. What does a man do with this dough after he's made it? He can only spend so much."

"The Government likes to have a big part of it," Mason said.

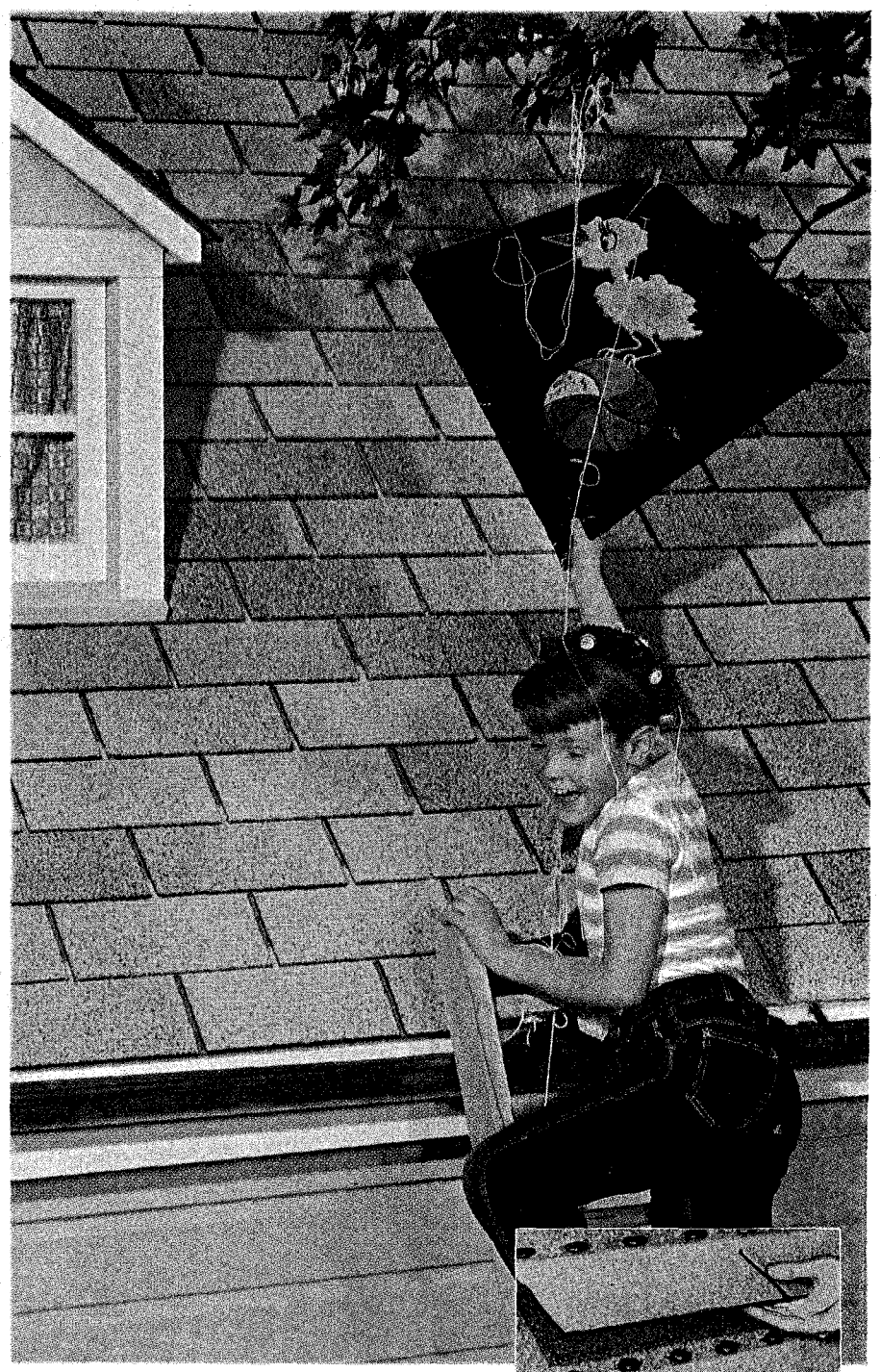
"That's the point, Perry. A man who makes a million out of doing something illegal doesn't intend to turn around and pay most of it to Uncle Sam in the form of taxes. Having violated one law to make a million, he'll violate another to save it."

"The Government usually considers its wants are paramount," Mason said dryly.

"That's right," Drake said, "provided the Government knows about the million, provided the Government can find the million and provided the Government can prove that there was a million in the first place. Now that's where a lot of this razzle-dazzle comes in. If you don't use banks, if you do business on a cash basis, and if you have enough people shuffling things around, it's sometimes rather difficult to prove anything. And if some of the dummies are good-looking babes who can put on an act in front of a jury, it sometimes becomes even more difficult to tell where the razzle begins and the dazzle leaves off."

Mason thought things over for a minute, then said, "Mauvis Meade shouldn't be too difficult to find."

(*Continued on Page 66*)



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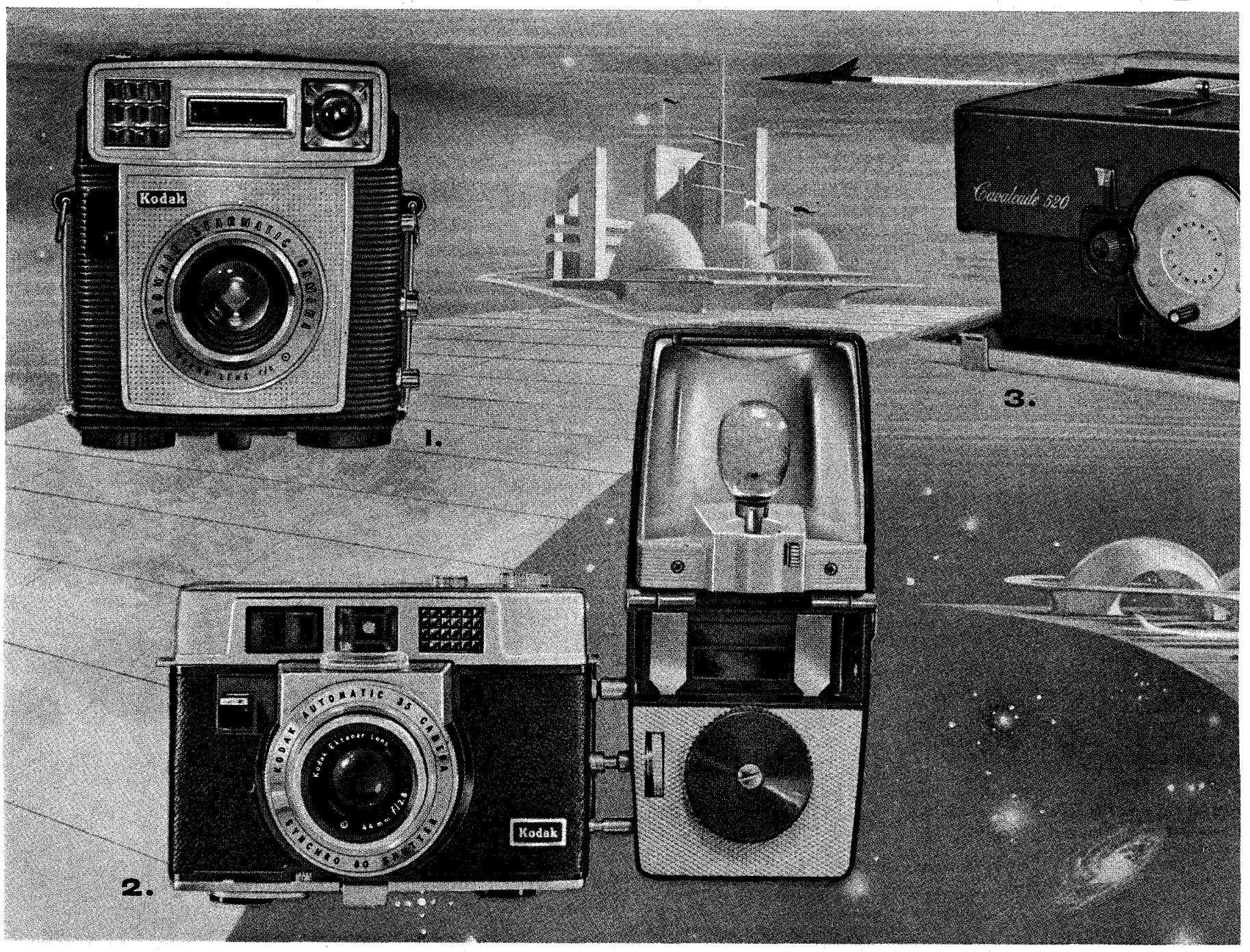

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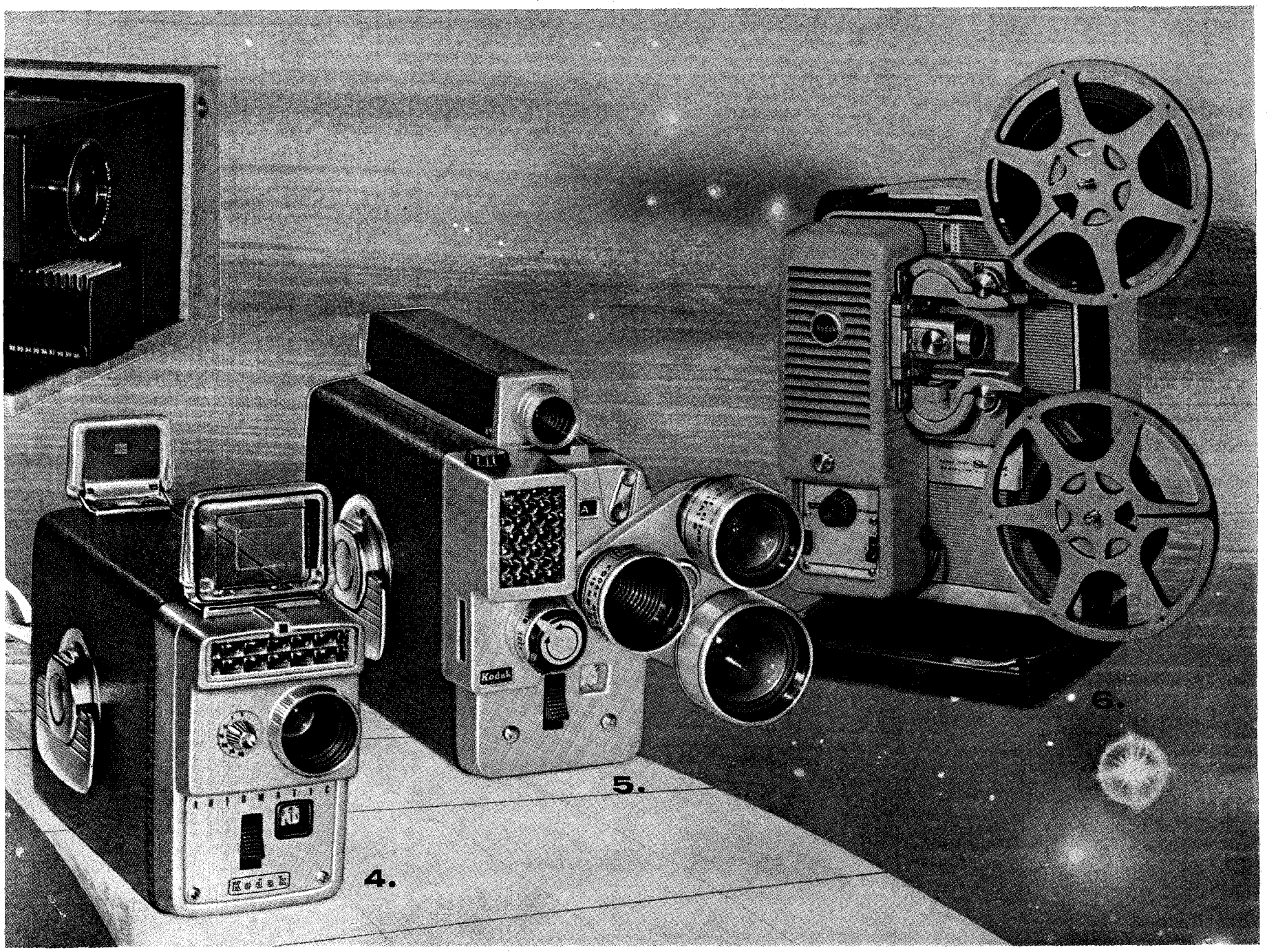

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(*Continued from Page 63*) "She shouldn't, for a fact," Drake said. "Have you tried the easy way, Perry?"

"What do you mean, the easy way?"

Drake pointed to the telephone.

Mason said, "She was missing shortly after noon, but it's an idea, Paul."

Drake said, "This Mauvis Meade has a penthouse apartment out at the Sitwell Arms. How long's your client been working for Mauvis Meade?"

"About a month, I think."

Drake said, "You know, Perry, your client could have been hand-picked."

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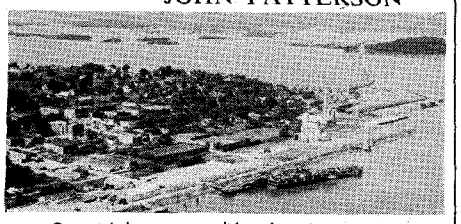

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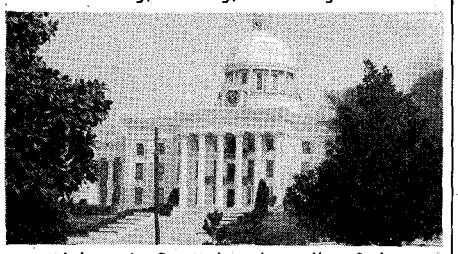

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"By whom, and for what?"

"As a patsy," Drake said, "and by some smart lawyer who wanted to get himself out of a jam with some unconventional clients."

"Then Mauvis Meade would have to be in on it," Mason said.

"Is there any definite assurance that she isn't?" Drake asked.

Mason thought the situation over for a few moments, then turned to Della Street. "Della," he said, "I think Paul Drake has a point. Ring up the Sitwell Arms Apartments, say that you're Mr. Mason's secretary, that Mr. Mason is very eager to get in touch with Miss Meade just as soon as she returns. Emphasize that I want to talk with her in person and at the earliest possible moment."

Della Street nodded and reached for the telephone. As her fingers flew over the spinning dial, Mason turned to Paul Drake. "In the meantime, Paul, find out all you can about the general setup and about the murder. If we could locate Mauvis Meade before the reporters get hold of her, it would ——"

Della Street's voice said excitedly, "Chief, she just came in! The switchboard operator says she went up to her apartment about five minutes ago. The operator's ringing the apartment now."

Mason reached for his telephone, and at that moment Della Street said, "Miss Meade, this is Perry Mason's office. Mr. Mason wants to talk with you. Will you hold the phone, please?"

Mason said, "Hello."

A throaty feminine voice said, "Well, well, Perry Mason. And how do you do, Mr. Mason?"

"Nicely, thank you," Mason replied. "I'd like very much to see you."

"And I'd like to see you."

"You're in your apartment now?"

"What's left of it, yes. My possessions are scattered to the four corners. The manager of the apartment is surveying the damage."

"He's there with you now?"

"Yes."

"Will you do this?" Mason asked. "Will you ask him not to notify anyone that you have returned until after I can come and talk with you? Your secretary, Gladys Doyle, is in trouble. I'm representing her. I am assuming that you'd like to co-operate."

"How long will it take you to get here?"

"I can get there pretty fast."

"Well. . . ." She hesitated.

Mason placed his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone, said to Della Street, "I'm not going to plead with her. We've made the suggestion. We'll let it germinate."

The silence on the telephone became embarrassing.

Suddenly Mauvis Meade's voice said, "Are you still there, Mr. Mason?"

"I'm waiting."

"All right," she said, "get out here right away. I'll tell the manager not to let anyone know I'm here. I'll talk with you first. The apartment is forty-six-A. Just come right up."

"And in the meantime," Mason asked, "will you ask the switchboard operator to disconnect all calls until I get there?"

"I'll think that one over," she said. "You'd better come right away."

"I'm coming," Mason promised.

The lawyer slammed down the telephone, glanced at his watch and said, "I'll have to fight traffic. You close up the office, Della. Paul, you'd better keep yourself personally available until I get back."

"I'll be in my office," Drake said.

"And I'll be right here," Della told him. "I'll close up the office, if you want, but I'll be waiting."

Mason patted her shoulder, said, "Good girl," grabbed his hat and shot out the door.

The elevator eased to a crawl for the last few feet of its climb, then came to a stop. The door slid back, and Mason entered a small vestibule. On one side was a door bearing the sign, ROOF. On the other side a door had the number 46 A.

Mason pressed the mother-of-pearl button and heard chimes on the inside of the apartment.

A moment later the door opened, and a dark-haired beauty, attired in black silk lounging pajamas, holding a cigarette in a carved ivory holder in her left hand, smiled up at Perry Mason with impudent eyes and said, "Well, you look just like your pictures—strong, rugged and intensely masculine. Come in, Mr. Mason. As you can see, the place is a wreck. Darn it, I wish I had Gladys here to help. How long are the police going to hold her?"

"That depends," Mason said, following Mauvis Meade into the apartment.

She led the way into a living room and indicated a chair. "Sit down, Mr. Mason. Want a drink?"

"Not right now. I'd prefer to cover as much ground as we can before we're interrupted."

She raised her eyebrows. "You think we'll be interrupted?"

"I'm afraid we may be." He lighted a cigarette and said, "How much do you know about the situation in which Miss Doyle finds herself?"

"Very little," she said. "I was scheduled to meet with an Edgar Carlisle, who's from the movie studio that bought movie rights to my book. He wanted some co-operation on publicity.

"I intended to be up at the Summit Inn this weekend, but then I decided not to go. I'd told Carlisle I'd meet him up there, and so I told Gladys to go up in my place. In case you hadn't noticed, Mr. Mason, Gladys is rather easy on the eyes, and I think she knows her way around. I gave her a rather generous expense allowance and told her to take the station wagon and go on up."

"You also told her about a short cut coming back?"

"That's right. That Sunday traffic can be deadly coming down the mountain, particularly when there are good skiing conditions. The short cut is a dirt road, but I've made it under all sorts of conditions."

"Do you know what happened?" Mason asked.

"Only generally. The manager tells me that Gladys got off the road, got stuck, spent the night in a cottage and found a body—at least that seems to be what the police claim."

"How did you happen to discover that short cut?" Mason asked.

Instead of answering the question, she said, "I thought I might need an attorney, so I mentioned to Gladys that if I ever got in any kind of trouble, Perry Mason was the man I wanted—so now Gladys is the one who gets in trouble and she ties you up."

"What do you mean, I'm tied up?"

"She's your client?"

Mason nodded.

"You're going to represent her?"

"If she's charged with anything, I am."

"And, of course, while you're representing her you couldn't represent any client who might have conflicting or adverse interests."

"That's right, generally speaking."

"What a sap I was," she exclaimed.

"Why?"

"To mention you to Gladys."

"Are you," Mason asked, "in a position where you're going to have any conflicting interests?"

"How do I know? My crystal ball is no bigger than yours, Mr. Mason—probably not as big."

"Just why did you think you might need an attorney?" Mason asked.

Her smile was arch as she elevated her left knee, interlaced her fingers around it and turned her head slightly to one side. "Aren't you being rather naïve, Mr. Mason?"

"Am I?"

"I think so, particularly under the circumstances."

"You feel there may be a conflict between your interests and those of Gladys Doyle?"

"I don't think I care to amplify my statement, Mr. Mason. I'll just say that I think you're being rather naïve and let it go at that."

"Very well," Mason said, "let's act on the assumption, then, that you're a witness and I'm interviewing you."

"All right. What do I know?"

"Let us begin at the beginning," Mason said. "You have written a highly successful novel?"

"That," she said, "is something that we can—let's see, I believe stipulate is the word you lawyers use."

"Would you care to tell me what figure you received for the movie rights, for instance?"

"The newspapers have insisted that I got two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars cash."

"And we may assume that the newspaper (*Continued on Page 68*)

"If you'll excuse me—I think I'll go tidy up a bit."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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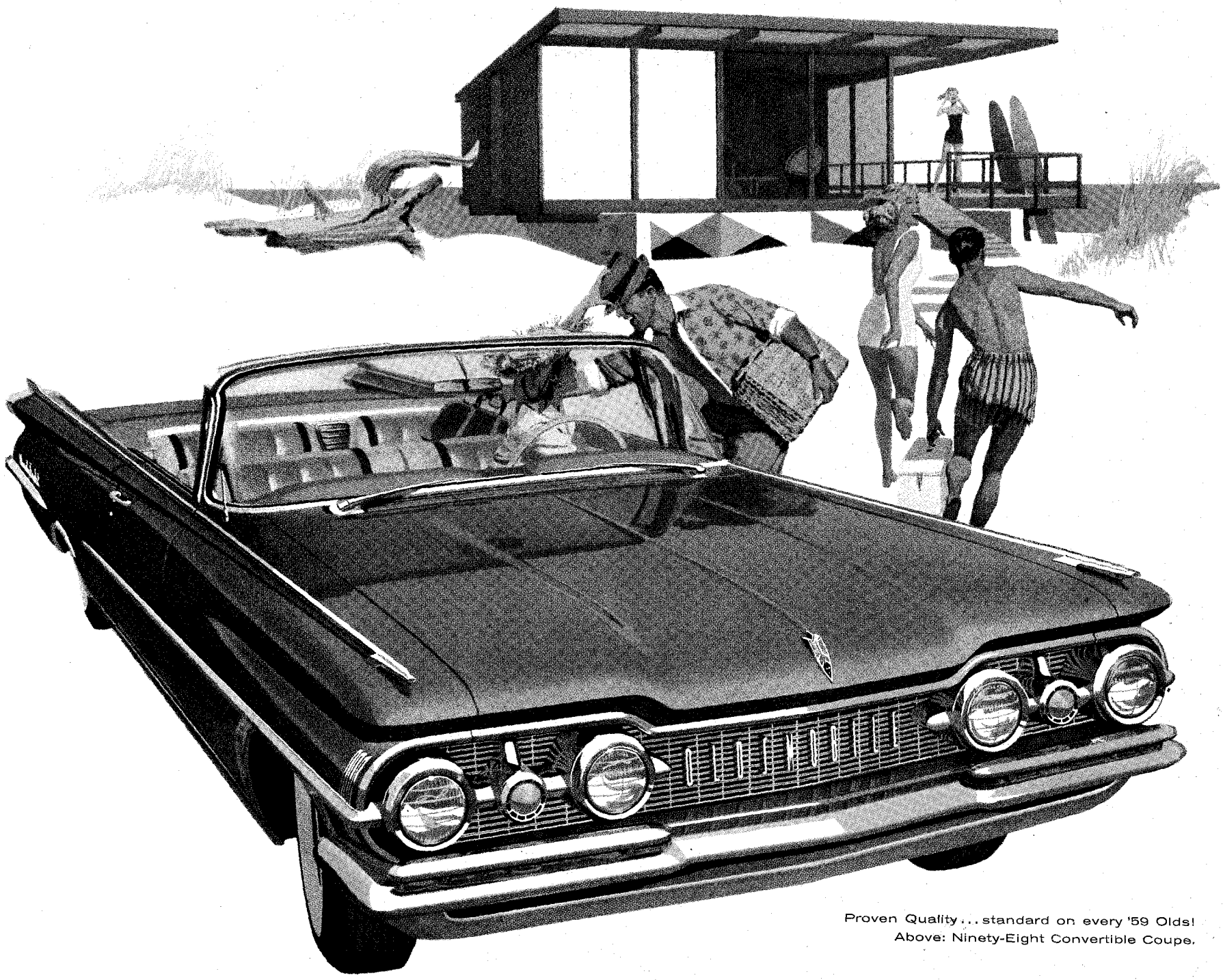

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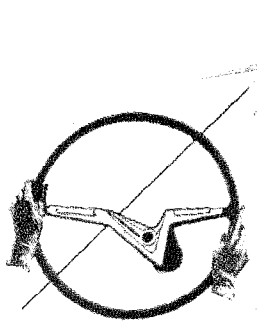

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(*Continued from Page 66*) accounts are not too far out of the way?"

"Newspapers try to be accurate."

"And your royalties?"

"Well," she said, "royalties from the hard-cover edition have been very satisfactory. However, the paperback edition which is coming out is going to be the main source of income. It's no secret, Mr. Mason, that I have been given a guaranteed royalty for a period of ten years, payable in ten annual installments."

"And, of course," Mason said, "you'll be writing other books."

"Well," she observed thoughtfully, "I'm not so certain."

"Surely," Mason said, "you'll follow up your success."

"After a while, perhaps, but you see, Mr. Mason, I'm under no illusions as to the literary quality of my book. You know, people essentially are hypocrites. They love to lecture about morality, but they love to read about immorality."

"You evidently have this all figured out," Mason said.

"I've figured it all out, Mr. Mason. I wrote the sort of book I did deliberately and carefully. I studied the market. I studied the books that have become runaway best sellers. I did a certain amount of research work, a certain amount of fieldwork in the subject of sex."

"All the time intending to write a novel?"

"All the time having this in the back of my mind. Of course, I had other things as well."

"I believe you described certain characters in your books," Mason said, "certain rather powerful, ruthless men."

"Powerful men are all ruthless," she said, "particularly where sexual conquests are concerned. They're accustomed to having what they want. They get it by one means or another. People like to read about that. People also like to read about the woman in the case, not a young woman who fumbles through the first adolescent adventures of life, but about a young woman who is demurely conscious of her charm, who attracts the attention of the strong, determined male who goes about getting what he wants in the world of romance with the same ruthless determination with which he batters down his rivals in the world of business.

"And then, of course, your girl has ultimately to acquire an ability to appraise the type of merchandise she has to offer and to capitalize on it at the end in a truly feminine way. If she can't have marriage, she intends to settle for material benefits. People like that."

Mason studied her with interest. "Why?" he asked.

"Probably," she said, "because every woman who is respectably married wonders just how much success she would have had if she had strayed from the straight and narrow path and become a courtesan—I think the temptation is more universal than perhaps we realize."

"That," Mason said, "is to my mind rather a sordid appraisal of literature and of life."

"It's a good appraisal of the literary market," she said, "regardless of what it is in literature or in life."

"And you went into it deliberately?"

"I went into it deliberately," she said mockingly. "Or you might say that I used the literary field of exploitation in order to get my financial returns for the manner in which my own charms had been exploited by the ruthless male."

"Is that true?" Mason asked.

"I said that you might assume that it's true."

"I'm interested," Mason told her, "because I think that the experiences Gladys Doyle had last night are perhaps tied in, in some way, with her employment with you."

Mauvis Meade shook her head, her smile mocking.

"You don't think so?" Mason asked.

Mauvis said, "Gladys Doyle is a young woman who knows her way around. She's attractive, poised and—well, let us say provocative."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Your advertisement asked for exactly that sort of a secretary."

"The answer is perfectly obvious," she said. "With the background that I had set up and the type of publicity I intended to use, I certainly didn't want to have some mousy little nincompoop tapping out correspondence on a typewriter, but not having the faintest idea of what actually went on in the world, what was beneath the surface."

"And," Mason said, "you directed Gladys Doyle down the mountain on a short cut."

"I did."

"And the directions were such that she was certain to blunder into this cabin on the Pine Glen road?"

"Now there, Mr. Mason, you're one hundred per cent wrong. You're ——"

The door chimes sounded once. Then, after a brief interval, twice. They were followed by the sound of knuckles.

"I was hoping we could finish this phase of the inquiry without interruption," Mason said.

"I know you were—and I'm not certain that I want to finish what you call this phase of the inquiry, Mr. Mason. I have been looking forward to meeting you, but I'm not certain the experience is exactly as I had planned it. I was hoping that you could protect me, and now, thanks to a stupid remark, I find that I have disqualified you from ——"

Again the chimes sounded, and again there was an insistent pounding on the door.

With a lithe motion, Mauvis got to her feet, snaked her hips past Mason to the entrance hallway, opened the door and said, "Well, you might at least follow the rules of the house and be announced on the telephone. There's no need to break the door down."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," Lieutenant Tragg's voice said, "but I'm Lieutenant Tragg of Homicide, and it's part of our policy not to be announced. I'm coming in if you don't mind. I want to talk to you."

"I'm not alone," Mauvis Meade said.

"So much the better," Tragg said, walking on in. And then, catching sight of Mason, "Well, well, well, Perry Mason! Well, this is indeed a surprise, Mr. Mason. I seem to keep running on to you."

"You do, for a fact," Mason said.

"Well, I won't be bothering you any more, Mason. There's no need to detain you."

Mason shook his head. "I'm sorry, Tragg, but this is one time I'm not leaving. I am at the moment engaged in getting some very essential information from Miss Meade. I have no objection to sharing that information with you, but you're not going to have an exclusive on it."

Lieutenant Tragg surveyed Mauvis Meade with thoughtful, appraising eyes, took in the manner in which she was dressed, the swelling curves so daringly displayed, the indolent, almost impudent manner in which she tilted her head slightly to one side, her chin up as she looked at him with a half smile. She lowered and raised her eyelids with exaggerated slowness.

Tragg said, "I think Miss Meade and I want to talk privately, Mason, and I don't have time to postpone my discussion until you and she are finished."

"Miss Meade," Mason said, "gave Gladys Doyle directions for taking a short cut down the mountain from Summit Inn. Those directions included taking the road which led down to Pine Glen."

"They did not," Mauvis Meade said with quiet, firm insistence.

Tragg grinned.

"And I say they did," Mason said. "Mauvis Meade had a sketch map which she showed to my client. I am stating to you, Lieutenant Tragg, officially, that this map showed that my client was to go down the Pine Glen road. In doing so she was following directions and instructions given her by her employer, Miss Meade.

"Now then, lieutenant, if you want to try and get rough about it and have me thrown out, and then Miss Meade should take the witness stand with any different story, I'll use this interview to show bias on her part."

Tragg, easing himself into a chair, looked at Mauvis Meade meditatively. "That true?" he asked at length.

"It is not true, Lieutenant Tragg."

"You told her about a short cut down the mountain?"

"I told her about a short cut down the mountain. The Pine Glen road turns to the left at the fork. I told her to take the right-hand fork at the Pine Glen turnoff."

"What about this sketch map?" Tragg asked.

"That is right. I gave her directions from the sketch map."

"And the sketch map shows that she was to take the right fork?"

"That is right."

Tragg grinned. "Let's just take a look at that map, Miss Meade. . . . Under the circumstances, Mason, sit down. Just stay right here. I think it will be a lot better for you to see the evidence right now than to claim it's been tampered with later on."

"The map is in the other room," she said. "It may take me a little time to find it. The place has been thoroughly ransacked."

"That's all right," Mason said, "we'll help you hunt."

"You will not!" she said with sudden vehemence. "There are some things on which a woman is entitled to privacy. You do not search my apartment—either of you."

"You go get the map," Tragg said. "We'll wait right here."

Tragg settled back in his chair and smiled at Mason. Mason watched Mauvis Meade glide from the room.

"Nice work, if you can get it," Tragg said.

"She seems to have been quite successful in getting it," Mason said.

"You misunderstand me," Tragg told him. "I was talking about your client and the map."

"My client," Mason said, "went to that cabin because she was directed to go down that road."

Tragg grinned. "Your client went to that cabin for reasons of her own—not that it makes a great deal of difference."

(*Continued on Page 70*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

An umpire must be wary of even a routine inspection of a ball. Here's a hypothetical instance of such a play that caused trouble.

Say the White Sox lead the Athletics, 4–3, as the A's bat in the bottom of the seventh. Bill Tuttle draws a base on balls and scoots home on Roger Maris' double against the right-field wall. Tuttle, however, fails to tag home plate. Unaware of this, the second-base umpire calls for the ball to inspect it. The Sox catcher waves for it excitedly, hoping to put out Tuttle before he reaches the dugout.

Tuttle's teammates, having noted his error, shoo him back to the plate. While the base umpire still clutches the ball, Tuttle tags up and the umpire-in-chief signals safe.

The Sox manager protests that Tuttle should be sent back to third base, as that was the last base touched before the umpire's handling of the ball created a time-out.

If you were chief umpire, how would you rule?

See page 71 for answer.

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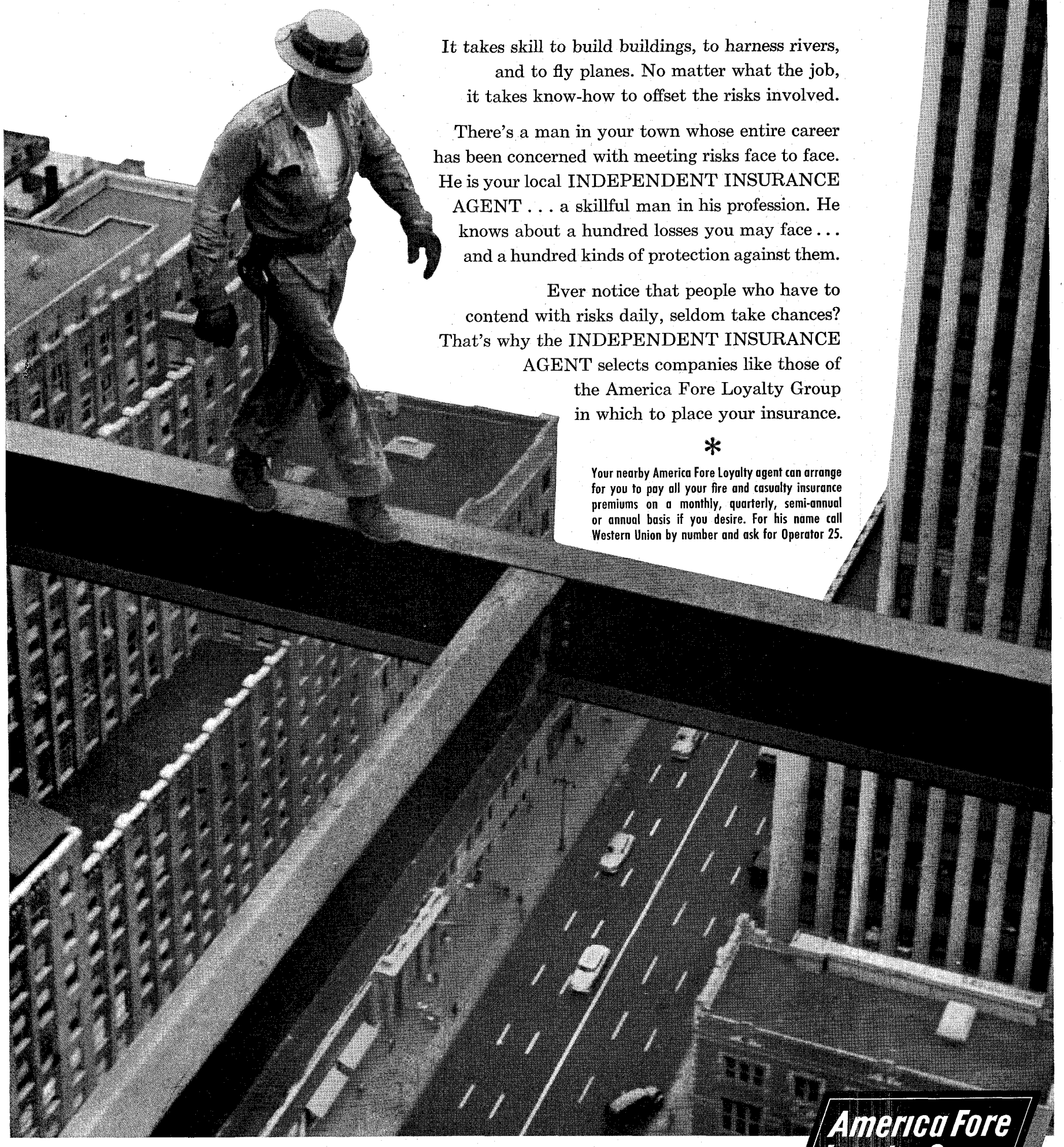

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(*Continued from Page 68*) "You'll be surprised how much difference it can make."

They were silent for a few moments, then Mason frowned and glanced toward the door through which Mauvis Meade had vanished. Abruptly he got to his feet. "I think," he told Lieutenant Tragg, "that, even at the risk of invading a young woman's privacy, we should assure ourselves that evidence is evidence. Let's take a look."

Tragg grinned. "You're out of line, Mason. We made our choice when she went through that door. You don't realize what can happen on a deal of this kind—think of newspaper headlines: AUTHORESS ACCUSES POLICE OFFICER OF BARGING INTO BEDROOM. Then there'll be a photograph and below that will be the caption: MAUVIS MEADE SHOWS NEWSMAN HOW SHE WAS STANDING POISED IN FRONT OF MIRROR WHEN POLICE LIEUTENANT TRAGG BURST INTO BEDROOM. Then it will say, 'The only difference between the picture and what Lieutenant Tragg saw is the amount of clothing I had on,' Miss Meade said.

"Then the chief reads those headlines, and the people read the headlines, and it makes a nice spicy story and ——"

"But it shouldn't take her that long to find a map," Mason said. "The heck with the headlines. I'm inviting you to come along, lieutenant."

Tragg simply crossed his legs and settled himself in the chair. Mason strode across to the closed door, had raised his right hand when the door was suddenly opened.

Mauvis Meade, standing face to face with Mason, smiled seductively. "Why, counselor," she said, "how impulsive!"

"The map," Mason said.

She started to hand him a paper, but Tragg was out of his chair and across the room with surprising agility. "Hold it," he said. "Keep that map in your possession, Miss Meade. We'll let Mason take a look at it, and then I'll take the map into my custody."

"Good heavens!" she said. "It isn't that important. It's just a sketch map showing the road down the mountain. Here, Mr. Mason, you look over this shoulder . . . and you, Lieutenant Tragg, can look over the other shoulder."

She sidled up close to Mason, pressing against his arm as she held out the map. Tragg looked over the other shoulder.

The map showed an oblong labeled SUMMIT INN, and then another rectangle showed the location of the post office. There were two intersecting streets past the post office, then an arrow showing a turn to the right, then five intersecting streets and an arrow showing a turn to the left. A series of winding curves went past the written figure five miles. A fork showed in the road with the figure, nine-point-seven miles, and an arrow indicating the right turn. Farther down the paper there was another fork in the road and the figure, fifteen-point-three miles. Again an arrow indicated the right-hand fork, then the road went on down to the extreme lower left-hand corner of the paper where diagonal parallel lines were labeled MAIN HIGHWAY. The arrow went straight across the highway.

"Well," Tragg said, "that's very interesting, very interesting indeed. Now just which is the Pine Glen road, Miss Meade?"

"You check your speedometer at the post office," she said. "The fork of the road here at fifteen and three tenths miles is where you turn left, I believe, to go down to Pine Glen. The road I always take is the right-hand fork."

Tragg extended his hand. "Now, Miss Meade," he said, "if you'll just put your name down in the corner of this map and the date and the time, I'll take the map, and in that way there won't be any chance of confusion."

"You'll have to loan me your pen," she said, laughing, "I don't keep pockets in these lounging pajamas."

Tragg reached for his fountain pen.

"Hold it," Mason said.

Tragg looked at him speculatively.

Mason's hand reached out, took possession of Mauvis Meade's right hand. He held up the middle finger, then the forefinger. "How does it happen you have these fresh inkstains in between these two fingers if you don't have a fountain pen available?"

"I don't know," she said shortly. "Those stains have probably been on there for some time. I didn't wear these lounging pajamas all day. Did you want to make a search for a fountain pen, Mr. Mason?"

Mason abruptly dropped her hand, walked to the door and pushed it open.

"You can't go in there," Mauvis Meade said angrily.

"I'm in," Mason told her.

The room was equipped as a study, with a writing desk in one corner of the room. The desk had been opened, papers from the various boxes had been thrown helter-skelter onto the top. The contents of the drawers had been dumped on the floor. The drawers themselves were lying bottom side up.

A fountain pen, with the screw cap removed, was lying on the part of desk used as a writing table, and a pad of paper was near the fountain pen.

"Don't you go near that desk! Don't you touch those papers!" Mauvis Meade shouted angrily.

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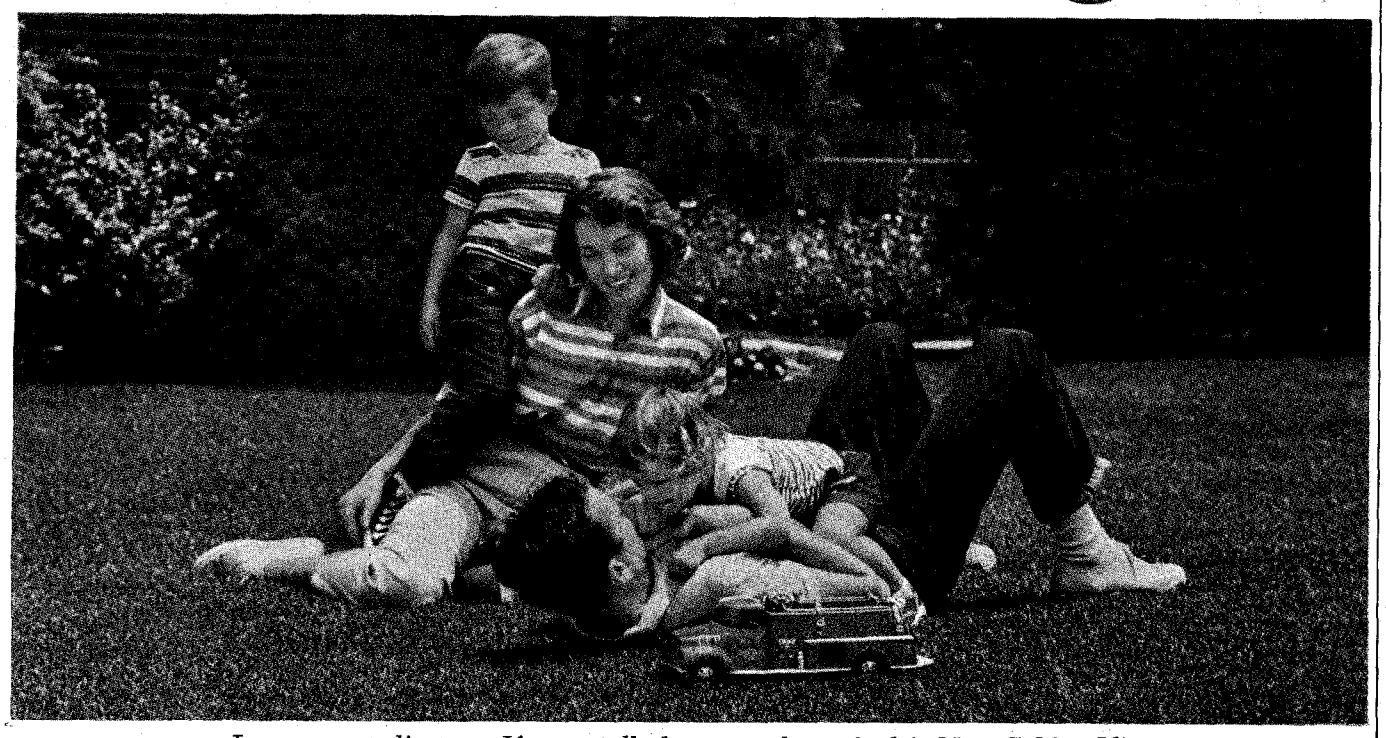

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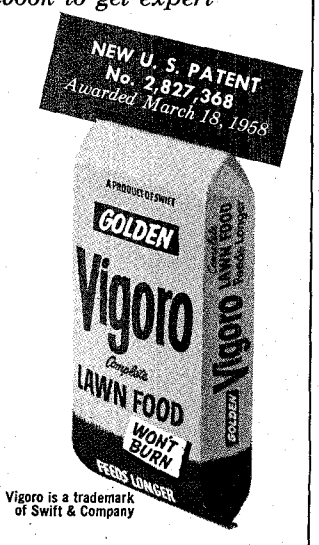

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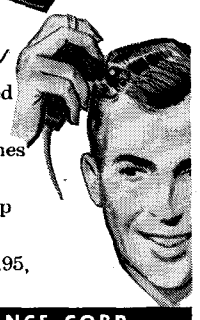

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"I'm taking a look," Mason said.

"You get out of here!" Mauvis Meade said angrily. "You can't do this to me."

Mason said, "Miss Meade, you drew that map just now. You either couldn't find the original map or you didn't want to find it, so you made this one. The map that you used in giving directions to my client showed that she was to turn left at the fork fifteen and three-tenths miles from the post office."

"What are you trying to do?" she asked angrily. "Are you trying to drag me into this?"

Tragg listened to every word of the conversation, watching every move made by Mauvis Meade and the lawyer, and said nothing. His face was twisted into a smile.

"I'm trying to get at the facts," Mason said, "and I want the facts. I'm warning you, Miss Meade, that you can't get away with this. You didn't have any ink on your fingers when you entered this room. When you came out with the map you had ink on your fingers. That pad of paper there on the desk is exactly the same size as this map which Lieutenant Tragg is holding. That pen had been knocked on the floor and left lying there. Some of the ink had leaked into the cap. You can see that there's ink on the barrel of the pen where it screws into the cap and that the ink is still moist. You picked it up to draw this map."

"You are trying to involve me," she said to Mason. "You are smart, you are deadly, you are dangerous. All right, Mr. Perry Mason, I'll tell you something. I, too, am smart. I, too, am deadly, and I, too, am dangerous."

Mason said, "I am calling on you here and now, in the presence of Lieutenant Tragg, to produce the original sketch map, the sketch map which you had in your hand when you told my client where to turn."

"Your client!" she said scornfully. "Your client is a fool! Where are the notes that your client made from the dictation that I gave her? Let her produce those notes. They will show that she was to turn right at the point in the mountain where the Pine Glen road turns off the main graveled highway."

"Those notes were torn out of her shorthand notebook," Mason said.

"Phooey!" Mauvis Meade exclaimed. "You are a lawyer. You are supposed to be smart. You are supposed to be skeptical, yet you fall for a story such as that—you men!"

"Perhaps," Mason said, "her shorthand notebook is here. Perhaps we should look for it."

"All right," she said, "a good idea. Let's look for it."

"Where is her room?" Mason asked.

"This way," Mauvis Meade said.

The exaggerated undulations of her walk were now no longer evident. She strode straight-backed across the room, jerked open a door and entered the bedroom of Gladys Doyle.

Here everything was in order.

"Well!" she said, standing in the doorway and letting her voice show such startled surprise that for the moment it seemed almost overdone. "Here," she said, "we have apple-pie order! The rest of the penthouse is torn up in a frantic search, but there was no search in this bedroom. It is almost as though the persons making the search knew that the thing they were searching for would not be in the bedroom of Gladys Doyle. Is that not so, lieutenant?"

"I'm here only as an observer at the moment," Tragg grinned. "Go right ahead. If you want to look for the shorthand notebook used by Gladys Doyle, it's all right with me. As yet, I haven't a search warrant. In view of Mr. Mason's activities, I'm going to see that the place is guarded until we do get a search warrant."

"Well," she said, "you don't need a search warrant. I'm giving you authority to search. There is the shorthand notebook."

She walked over to a stenographic desk on which there was a typewriter and paper, picked up an opened shorthand notebook, whipped it closed and handed it to Lieutenant Tragg.

"All right," Mason said, "show me where she made the notes."

Mauvis Meade opened the book, riffled through the pages. "This is correspondence we did last week," she said. "This is ——"

She paused as the neat shorthand notes terminated and the next page was blank.

"But this was the notebook she used," she said to Lieutenant Tragg. "I am certain of it. She had it in her hand."

"How does she take dictation?" Tragg asked, looking at the notebook speculatively. "With a pencil, a pen or ——"

"With a ballpoint pen," Mauvis Meade said.

Tragg reached out, took the notebook, tilted it slightly, inspecting the blank page. Then he said with sudden interest, "Come over here a minute."

Tragg turned on a piano light with a flexible spiral tube in the handle. He adjusted the light at just the right angle, said, "Miss Meade, would you mind turning off that main switch?"

She walked over to the door and clicked the main switch.

"Now, if you'll step over here, please," Tragg said.

She came over to stand by the two men.

Using the illumination from the single bulb in the piano light, Tragg tilted the notebook so that it was on one side and the light spread smoothly across the page.

"This is an old police trick," he said. "Quite frequently a person writing on one page leaves an indentation on the page directly beneath—there seems to be something here which I think we can bring out in the lab."

"Yes. You can see lines there," Mauvis Meade said. "There certainly are lines."

"There certainly are," Tragg said. And, abruptly snapping the shorthand notebook closed, slipped it into his side coat pocket.

TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 68

Tuttle's run counts.

To have put Tuttle out, the pitcher must get the ball, step on the rubber (at which the umpire must call "Play!") and throw to the catcher. The catcher must tag the plate and appeal to the umpire to call the runner out for failure to touch home. (Sec. 5.11.) If at any time before the appeal, the runner returns and touches the plate, the run counts.

No one rule covers the situation adequately, but in plays like this, the team at bat holds a big edge.

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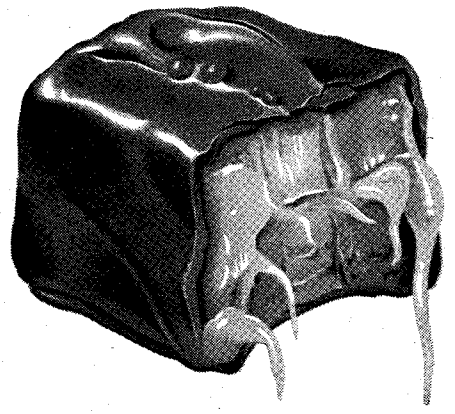

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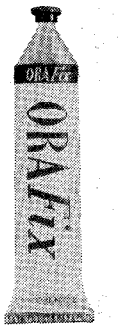

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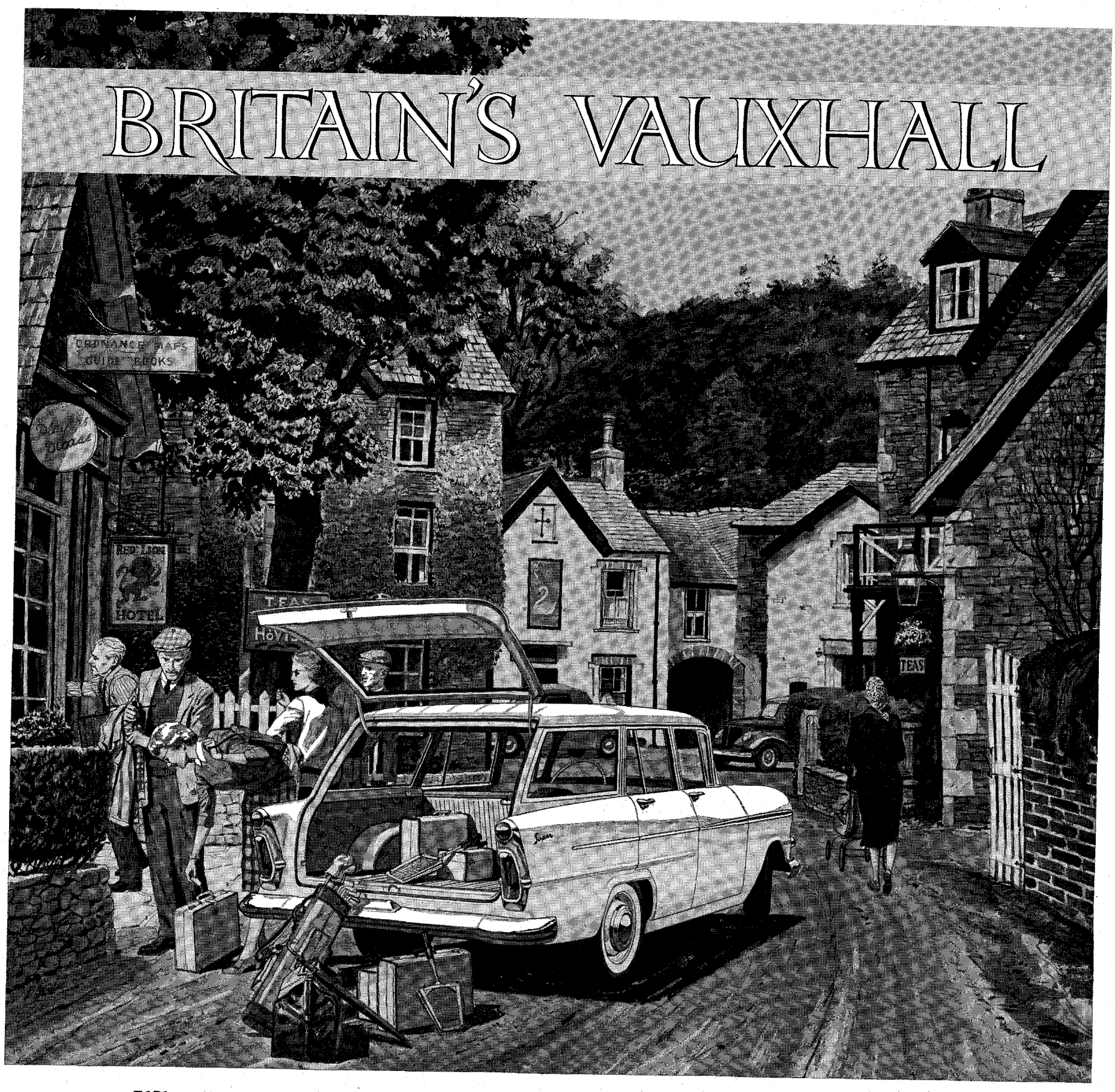

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The Panama Danger Zone

(Continued from Page 31)

We must not permit the creation of another Berlin at this artery of world commerce."

However, other members of Congress did ignore his warning. Not one of them publicly commented on his speech, and it did not get a single line in Washington and New York newspapers which specialize in foreign news. But on the same day that Congressman Flood addressed the House for thirty minutes, the State Department sent a note to the Government of Panama protesting the new law and expressing the hope that the republic would "find it possible to reconsider its action." Four days later Panama's National Assembly unanimously rejected this request for reconsideration, which meant that the matter was deadlocked unless and until some overt act occurred.

Now, minor crises between our Government and the Republic of Panama over issues connected with the Panama Canal are nothing new—there have been a good many of them through the years. But it is doubtful whether any crisis has been as acute as the current one. A potentially explosive situation has been set up which would compel a showdown between the United States and Panama if the latter government ever attempted to enforce its sovereignty to the waters in question. Representative Flood's Berlin analogy has dramatized the situation although, of course, the power factors are not comparable. Panama is not a military power and has virtually no navy.

Nevertheless, it has been demonstrated time and again recently that the actions of very small nations can have far-reaching effects upon great powers. So it is worth noting that the Republic of Panama's challenge to the United States, though generally ignored in this country, was treated as one of the major news events of the year in Panama. For days on end it was reported under banner headlines in both English- and Spanish-language newspapers there.

Last January thirteenth the fifty-odd members of Panama's assembly voted unanimously to give Congressman Flood the formal title of Panama's "Public Enemy Number One," although Representative Flood had pointed out in his January speech that he was not the first to compare the Panama Canal's present predicament with the Berlin situation. That comparison originated in a Panama City newspaper owned and edited by former President Harmodio Arias of Panama.

The situation in Panama will not evaporate merely because the American press generally has ignored it. The twelve-mile law was a planned move in a lengthy campaign by Panamanian nationalists to reinforce their claim to sovereignty in the ten-mile-wide Canal Zone through which the canal was cut. Panama's politicians are frankly interested in using the canal to get more revenue from the United States. Extreme nationalists have more far-reaching ambitions. They proclaim their intention eventually to nationalize it as Egypt did the Suez Canal.

This is the situation which worries Representative Flood, who has been fascinated by the Panama Canal since he first traversed it in 1918, when he was fifteen years old. He has followed its affairs closely ever since, and he recently urged The Saturday Evening Post to make an independent study of its present predicament. I was assigned to do that. After many weeks of research, I have reached conclusions somewhat different from Mr. Flood's, but I do not think he has exaggerated the potential dangers.

When I began research for this article, my information about the Panama Canal, like that of many Americans, was very sketchy and out of date. So I had to do a lot of reading as well as a lot of interviewing. Fortunately I got in touch at the outset with the canal's most eminent historian Capt. Miles P. Du Val, Jr., a retired naval officer who has worked for two decades upon a two-volume history of the canal which is considered the last word on the subject. By perusing Captain Du-Val's history and talking with him and other authorities he recommended, I had the best possible guidance in acquiring information.

A brief review of the canal's history is necessary to understand today's complications. The United States' role in the story divides rather sharply into two distinct parts, each dominated by a Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt looms large in the early part, while Franklin D. Roosevelt initiated the current part.

The American Government decided to construct the canal only after the French builders of the Suez Canal had tried and failed. The Frenchmen discovered to their sorrow that the Panama project was infinitely more difficult than Suez, and they lost fortunes before finally abandoning the attempt. President Theodore Roosevelt then became enthusiastic about the project in 1902. Although a majority in the Senate favored a route through Nicaragua, T.R. plumped for Panama. His administration first negotiated a liberal treaty with Colombia, which then governed the Isthmus of Panama as a province. But the treaty got mixed up with Colombia's domestic politics. Colombia's congress adjourned in 1903 without ratifying it, despite the repeated warning of the Colombian negotiator in Washington, Tomás Herrán, that the delay would mean either the loss of the canal to Nicaragua or would provoke T.R. into backing Panamanian revolutionaries, who had made several previous attempts to secede from Colombia.

Theodore Roosevelt wasted no time in making that prediction come true. Only a few days after the Colombian Congress adjourned, the Republic of Panama was proclaimed, and T.R.'s administration immediately recognized the new government and guaranteed its independence. In return the revolutionaries accepted a treaty which was much more favorable to the United States than the Colombian treaty had been. The envoy who represented the revolutionaries in negotiations for the 1903 treaty was not a Panamanian but a brilliant French engineer, Phillippe Bunau-Varilla, who was eager to salvage his large share of the defunct French New Panama Canal Company's stock, which the United States had agreed to buy if the canal went through Panama.

This highly irregular procedure more than half a century ago figures prominently in today's claims by Panamanian nationalists. It explains why some Panamanians are still grateful to Theodore Roosevelt and why many are not. The grateful ones recognize T.R. as one of the republic's founding fathers. They agree that if he had not acted as he did the canal almost certainly would have been built through Nicaragua, so that today's world shipping would bypass Panama. Ungrateful Panamanians argue that T.R. cheated Panama when, by underwriting Panama's independence, he obtained a more favorable treaty than he had previously offered Colombia. This is the basis of nationalist demands for sovereignty in the Canal Zone and an immediate split in the canal's receipts.

The Theodore Roosevelt period in United States-Panama relations lasted three decades. Then Franklin D. Roosevelt initiated drastic changes in 1933. During the T.R. period the Republic of Panama was an American protectorate, defended by American troops and profiting from business the canal brought. The 553 square miles of the Canal Zone became a strongly fortified American-style outpost, governed from Washington as an outfit wholly concerned with operating the canal efficiently. During these three decades Panamanians more or less gracefully consented to be beneficiaries of the canal tolls. But nationalist emotions were growing. During a visit to Washington in 1933 Panama's President Harmodio Arias persuaded Franklin D. Roosevelt that it was time to terminate the protectorate and relinquish special American treaty rights in Panama outside the Canal Zone. These included the authority to pre-empt land for military purposes, to control sanitation and public health and to conduct enterprises designed to make the canal more efficient.

F.D.R. gave up these treaty rights. When he did so, he underestimated the opposition of American military leaders and the Senate. The promises he made, although hailed with tremendous enthusiasm in Panama, were so vigorously resisted in Washington that six years of negotiation and debate followed before our Senate ratified a revised treaty in 1939. This lengthy delay between pledge and fulfillment caused much ill-feeling in Panama, and the revisions left American military leaders still unhappy about the canal's defenses. When World War II broke out, their misgivings were confirmed. By that time Panama had a president openly hostile to the United States, and not until Pearl Harbor did the Panama Government agree to lease land outside the Canal Zone for military bases—and then only for the duration. Immediately after World War II ended, agitation against the American bases became so intense that half of the leases were canceled in 1945, the rest in 1948. American armed forces were thereafter confined to the narrow confines of the Canal Zone.

Thus American hopes that concessions to the Republic of Panama would reduce friction over the canal have not been fulfilled. Since F.D.R. initiated major treaty revisions, many additional concessions have been made, but nationalist agitation for a greater voice in the canal's affairs has increased. Egypt's nationalization of the Suez Canal in 1956 added fuel to Panamanian flames. International Communism has not overlooked this opportunity to aggravate tensions in a vulnerable area. From the Communist viewpoint, it would be foolish not to make the most of unrest in Panama and the Canal Zone, which can simultaneously weaken American control of this strategically and commercially vital waterway and damage United States relations with Latin Americans.

But, in my opinion, Congressman Flood has overstressed Communist influence, which thus far has been more potential than real. A much more serious threat, I believe, lies in Washington's failure to make a sharp distinction between the two entities which are uneasy neighbors in the Isthmus of Panama—the Republic of Panama and the American-administered Canal Zone. For all practical purposes the Canal Zone and the republic resemble two separate countries. Yet ever since 1933 their affairs have been increasingly scrambled. This has come about because so many different segments of the American Government have had some kind of finger in the Panama Canal pie. These include the White House, both houses of Congress, all three branches of the armed services and at least a dozen other governmental departments and agencies. For a quarter of a century these multiple Washington authorities have been unable to reconcile their views about whether the Canal Zone and the canal are exclusively United States enterprises or whether the Republic of Panama has a joint interest in them.

For example, Presidents Truman and Eisenhower both have contributed personally to the existing uncertainty in Washington about the canal's status. In 1945 President Truman shocked almost everybody directly concerned with the canal when, at the Potsdam conference, he proposed that the Panama Canal be internationalized along with other waterways in world commerce. That proposal got nowhere only because Joseph Stalin flatly rejected it. Apparently Mr. Truman still does not realize that Stalin saved him from an embarrassing predicament, because his proposal would have been as bitterly opposed by almost all Panamanians as it would have been by United States armed forces and the Senate. Only last November thirtieth, Mr. Truman defended his Potsdam proposal on Edward R. Murrow's television program, Small World. The former British prime minister, Lord Attlee, also was on that program, and one interchange went as follows:

MURROW: "Lord Attlee seems to believe that some of the trouble spots,

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including Formosa, ought to be internationalized. How do you feel about that, Mr. President (Truman)? I seem to remember that you suggested as far back as 1945 at Potsdam that certain areas should be internationalized, including, I believe, the Suez Canal."

TRUMAN: "Yes, I did. And the Rhine-Danube Canal, the Kiel Canal, the Panama Canal. All those waterways and the Bosporus, too, ought to be internationally controlled, and then there wouldn't be any trouble over them."

ATTLEE: "Yes, I remember very well your putting that forward at Potsdam, and I agreed with you entirely."

TRUMAN: "You certainly did, and we tried our best to get some action on it, but the Russians wouldn't agree to it."

One illogical result of President Truman's proposal was to encourage Panamanian nationalists, although most of them are more vigorously opposed to internationalizing the canal than most Americans are. They proclaim, "The canal is ours," and cite Mr. Truman's lumping together of Panama and Suez to support their claims. However, the status of these two canals is wholly different. The Suez Canal was built by a private company on leased Egyptian territory, under a contract providing reversionary rights to the Egyptian Government. The Panama Canal was built by the United States Government in a Canal Zone which the United States was empowered to govern in perpetuity "as if it were the sovereign." But if an American President doesn't recognize any difference, Panamanians can hardly be blamed for equal misunderstanding.

Soon after President Eisenhower assumed office in 1953 he sought to improve our relations with Panama by personal diplomacy. Unfortunately this well-meant attempt has further scrambled the affairs of the Canal Zone and the Republic of Panama. In September, 1953, President José Remón of Panama paid a state visit to Washington, getting red-carpet treatment. When he went home President Remón, who was later assassinated, told cheering crowds in Panama City about his visit. He said that Mr. Eisenhower greeted him as a friend, and the two presidents quickly agreed to issue a joint statement approving a principle eagerly supported by Panamanian nationalists. This was the principle that "the two nations which made possible the construction of the canal" should benefit equally from it.

According to Panamanian newspaper reports at the time, President Remón declared that just before a state dinner given for him by Secretary Dulles "a little bureaucrat from the State Department brought over a joint statement which was not the same thing at all" as the visitor wanted. "So before the dinner," Remón told his cheering supporters, "I told Mr. Eisenhower that I could not drink with him until we signed the right statement. He read the one that had been sent me and agreed it was not right. So in a corner of the banquet room the President dictated to Secretary Dulles—who used his knee for a desk"—the communiqué which was made public. The generalized principle thus proclaimed is the basis for the current nationalist campaign demanding a 50-50 split in the canal's gross revenues, which amounted in fiscal 1958 to $83,100,000. Of course, any such split would mean that the Panama Canal Company would be compelled either to increase tolls already considered high or operate at a heavy loss.

With so many points of friction unresolved, the Panama Canal is approaching one of the most critical periods in its history. The canal is partially obsolescent, and costly changes will be required to bring it up to date. So the American Government must soon make both technical and political decisions about the canal. The technical problems are being studied by a group of experts who were appointed in November, 1957, by Congress to investigate the future of transisthmian waterways, not only in Panama but also in "alternate locations in the isthmus." The group will report some time this summer. The results of their studies will not be revealed before they are submitted to the Congress, but two of their conclusions can be confidently predicted:

1. The Panama Canal can be modernized at a fraction of the cost of any new transisthmian canal, and can have the capacity to handle probable traffic increases at least until the end of this century. According to an estimate by the Stanford Research Institute, increase in cargo volume will not exceed 73 per cent by 1975, and 136 per cent by the year 2000. So no new canal is technically necessary.

2. The Panama Canal's approaching obsolescence is due to the fact that ships have become much larger than its builders anticipated, so that many are handled with difficulty, and some huge tankers and warships cannot get through at all. Two schemes have been proposed to solve this deficiency. One is a sea-level canal; the other is the so-called locks-terminal lake system. The latter would adapt the present canal, in which ships are lifted in three steps to a fresh-water lake eighty-five feet above sea level. The proposed modification would widen some cuts and build a terminal lake on the Pacific side. A sea-level canal admittedly would cost several times the terminal-lake scheme—as much as $10,000,000,000—and the chief argument in its favor has been that it offers greater protection from attack. But that argument has lost much of its force because almost all experts now agree that any kind of waterway could not be locally defended in a nuclear war. Today the only real importance of local defenses in the Canal Zone is against sabotage. So the technical consultants are almost certain to recommend the locks-terminal lake system.

To sum up, this means the Panama Canal can be modernized to meet the needs of world shipping at least to the end of this century at reasonable cost to the United States and at no cost to Panama. There is just one major obstacle to this project, and that is the political uncertainty in United States-Panama relations.

An illustration of the potential danger occurred last February, when an accidental coincidence brought Panama briefly into the news. The United States conducted long-planned maneuvers designed to show that the Panama Canal can be best defended by bringing paratroopers from distant bases. About 2000 Americans from Carolina bases were dropped at Río Hato, the only maneuvering ground in the isthmus which Americans still have treaty rights to use. Almost at the same moment riots broke out in Panama City, the republic's capital, which adjoins the Canal Zone. These riots were wholly concerned with domestic politics, but a few nationalist agitators did their best to connect them with demands for more power in the zone and with the American maneuvers—fortunately with little success. But this episode underlined the need to determine unmistakably the Canal Zone's political status before the American Government commits further large-scale expenditure on the canal.

There are several alternative routes for a transisthmian canal, and Panama's neighboring countries have offered attractive terms to Washington for building a new, modern canal in some other isthmian nation. Of course, such a canal would probably take almost all of the present Panama Canal's traffic, because the Republic of Panama lacks the means to maintain the canal properly. But what are the prospects of making an arrangement with the Republic of Panama which would remove the existing uncertainty and sources of friction? I have asked that question of a score of specialists—military and civilian—and the consensus may be summarized as follows:

The people of Panama are basically friendly to the United States, and most of them realize that the canal is essential to their well-being. Past and present friction between the two governments has been caused by failure to recognize and accept the fact that there are two distinct entities in the Isthmus of Panama. One is the canal enterprise, based upon the autonomous Canal Zone. The other is the Republic of Panama. When United States-Panama relations have been scrambled with the affairs of the canal enterprise, as they often have been in the past, they create inevitable friction and complications. So it is to the interests of Americans and Panamanians alike to unscramble, so far as possible, future plans for the canal and for United States-Panama relations. This can be done if the United States Government acknowledges one obligation and the Republic of Panama, in return, acknowledges another.

The obligation which Washington can recognize as a matter of self-interest is the same concern for Panama's economy as it has shown for two-score countries in Asia, Africa and Europe. Of all the billions poured out abroad since World War II, Panama has received only a few millions for technical aid. Although the little republic's natural resources are extremely limited, it has received no "foreign aid" proper. Nationalist emotions have been stimulated in Panama by Washington's much-advertised subsidies to countries which seem less essential to American security and which do not offer the commercial and strategic advantages of the canal. So Panama's opportunistic politicians and earnest nationalists alike have turned their attention to the canal as a means of forcing from Washington economic aid comparable to that given voluntarily elsewhere.

A moderate foreign-aid agreement with Panama would be a reasonable price for a definite settlement of the Canal Zone's status. Such a foreign-aid program, unlike some of those undertaken elsewhere, would not have to be spent on soldiers and weapons, which Panama does not need or want. The expenditures could be wholly nonmilitary, and they could be all the more readily justified because the canal is a profitable enterprise. This may be a surprise to many Americans. By act of Congress a businesslike, Government-owned corporation known as the Panama Canal Company has operated the canal since 1951. This company is obligated by law to fix tolls high enough to cover not only operating costs but also the entire costs of the Canal Zone Government plus interest on the United States Government's total investment in the canal since 1903. During the first seven years after the canal's reorganization in 1951, the company paid $134,000,000 into the United States Treasury. Of this total, $72,000,000 was the net cost of the Canal Zone Government, $59,000,000 was interest on Washington's investment, and only $3,000,000 went to the Republic of Panama as annuities.

Every year, when the canal company's annual report appears, deputies in Panama's National Assembly renew their protests. Why, they ask, should the United States Government demand profits from the Isthmus of Panama while offering subsidies almost everywhere outside the Western Hemisphere? It seems to be a good question. (Although Congress has approved an increased annuity, it did not apply during this period.)

The Panama Canal's future is as important to us as it is to the people of Panama. Its future cannot be assured unless the Republic of Panama, which surrounds the canal, has a sound economy. Surely the Isthmus of Panama is one place where the mutual benefits of Washington's foreign-aid program are self-evident. THE END

"Do two pairs of ones beat anything?"

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Baseball's Mister Mischief

(Continued from Page 36)

A man likes his family to see him once in a while."

This may read like just a stock item out of baseball's storehouse of fictitious anecdotes, but the incident actually happened. It was one of Murtaugh's many irreverent departures from orthodox managerial behavior last year as he nursed a relaxed crew of Pirates through a most astonishing upsurge. He guided a club that had finished last or next to last for eight straight years to a second-place finish in the National League. Among other honors, this brought him the major-league Manager-of-the-Year award in an Associated Press poll of baseball experts.

Overnight Murtaugh became a personage of importance in the sports world, but nothing else about him has changed. He is still the same tobacco-chewing, cigar-chomping Black Irishman from the Seventh Ward of Chester who scrapped and wisecracked his way through a career filled with disappointments and failures.

In the pursuit of a living, Danny Murtaugh has had hot rivets flung inside his shirt, and been pinned by metal plate dropped off a crane. He has worked in a cereal factory as a wheat puffer, shooting wheat kernels from a cannonlike machine until his nerves jangled.

As a volunteer fireman, Murtaugh has entered burning rooms. Once he became violently ill when he found that a woman in his arms was already burned to death. He has been ambushed by German snipers and beaten up by a Gargantuan baseball fan. As a ballplayer, he has bounced back and forth between the major and minor leagues. As a manager, he has been booed out of one town, and dropped from the payroll in another when the club ran out of money in midseason.

These are but a few of the events which preceded Murtaugh's sudden taste of fame. It was entirely fitting that following a testimonial dinner for Danny in his home town after the season, his close friends and relatives adjourned to the Murtaugh home and staged an impromptu skit titled, This Is Your Miserable Life, Danny Murtaugh.

At forty-one, Murtaugh looks like the prototype of the dogface in Bill Mauldin's famous World War II cartoons—a stocky gent with two black mops for eyebrows, and a beard that produces five-o'clock shadow by noon. During his years as a ballplayer, Murtaugh annually selected an all-ugly team of National League players you wouldn't want to introduce to your sister, and chose himself as second baseman every year.

Picture Murtaugh in infantryman's gear, with a large chaw in his face, and you have a Mauldin drawing. Indeed, when Danny went into World War II, the Army slapped him in the infantry.

One day in Czechoslovakia he found a dozen eggs in an abandoned farmhouse. He stacked them snugly under his helmet and set off down a country road. German snipers opened up on him. From a distance his buddies witnessed the scene. As they described it, Danny carefully removed the eggs and helmet from his head. He set them down on the road without cracking a single shell. Then, like a runner caught off base, he dived headlong into a ditch. While German bullets zinged at the ditch, Danny's buddies saw his hand slowly emerge and grope for the eggs. One by one he recovered them.

Through much of his life, Danny Murtaugh has been down in a ditch groping for eggs. But last year, under his management, the Pittsburgh baseball club was reincarnated and, as this season opened, his team was reckoned a pennant contender. This is surely the triumph of a dogface.

It is, moreover, a deserved triumph, for Murtaugh has not plodded gloomily through life. He is a firehouse wit in the best tradition. As a master of dead-pan double-talk, he has utterly confused waitresses, hotel clerks and cub reporters in every city in the National League.

Once, coming east on a train from a California spring-training camp, he lured into conversation a porter who was making up his berth. Using double-talk, he gave the porter the impression he had lost something. Soon the poor fellow had torn down every berth in the car, and was on his hands and knees searching the floor, when one of Danny's teammates happened by.

"What'cha looking for, chief?" the ballplayer asked.

"Bless my soul," said the porter. "I don't rightly know."

Murtaugh lies awake nights planning schemes to dupe the unwary. Inasmuch as he smokes eight to ten cigars a day, most of his schemes are sucker bets devised to bring him a box of his favorite smokes. Only once in recent times has he failed to win one of these bets, and that was a fluke.

It happens that this writer was the man who stopped The Great Murtaugh's streak. One evening last August I was sitting in the Pirate dugout before a game when Murtaugh sauntered down the steps, one eye cocked on the grandstands. "I guess we'll have thirty to thirty-five thousand fans tonight," he casually remarked to no one in particular—or so it seemed.

I bit. "Thirty to thirty-five thousand? Don't be silly." This obviously was one of those nights when a crowd of ten thousand would be high.

"Who's being silly?" shot back Murtaugh. "I was in the front office today. I know what the advance is. I say thirty to thirty-five thousand paid admissions, and I'll bet a box of cigars on it."

"You're on," I said. But when Frank Oceak, a Pirate coach standing nearby, asked hungrily if I'd put him on for a box, too, I suspected a trick. Finally it dawned on me. Murtaugh had said "*thirty* to thirty-five thousand paid admissions"—not *thirty thousand* to thirty-five thousand. A gathering of only thirty-one fans would win him the cigars, with one fan to spare.

I'd been taken. And now Murtaugh stood there with a big grin, slurping his tobacco juice and spitting it on the dugout steps with a twang that said, "You're hooked, mister."

As luck would have it—my luck—the sunny evening sky suddenly blackened. By starting time the summer's worst storm had struck Forbes Field. The game was rained out. There were no paid admissions whatsoever.

Murtaugh is a stubborn Irishman. He has not paid off the bet. He insists that under some ridiculous system of National League bookkeeping, rain checks are entered as paid admissions for the date of the original ticket.

There is another man who, although he lost the same bet, got the better of Murtaugh. After Danny had duped pitcher Ron Blackburn, a helpless rookie, Blackburn merely went to the manager's office, took one of Danny's own boxes of cigars and used it to settle the wager. "Nice kid," remarked Murtaugh. "Pays off fast."

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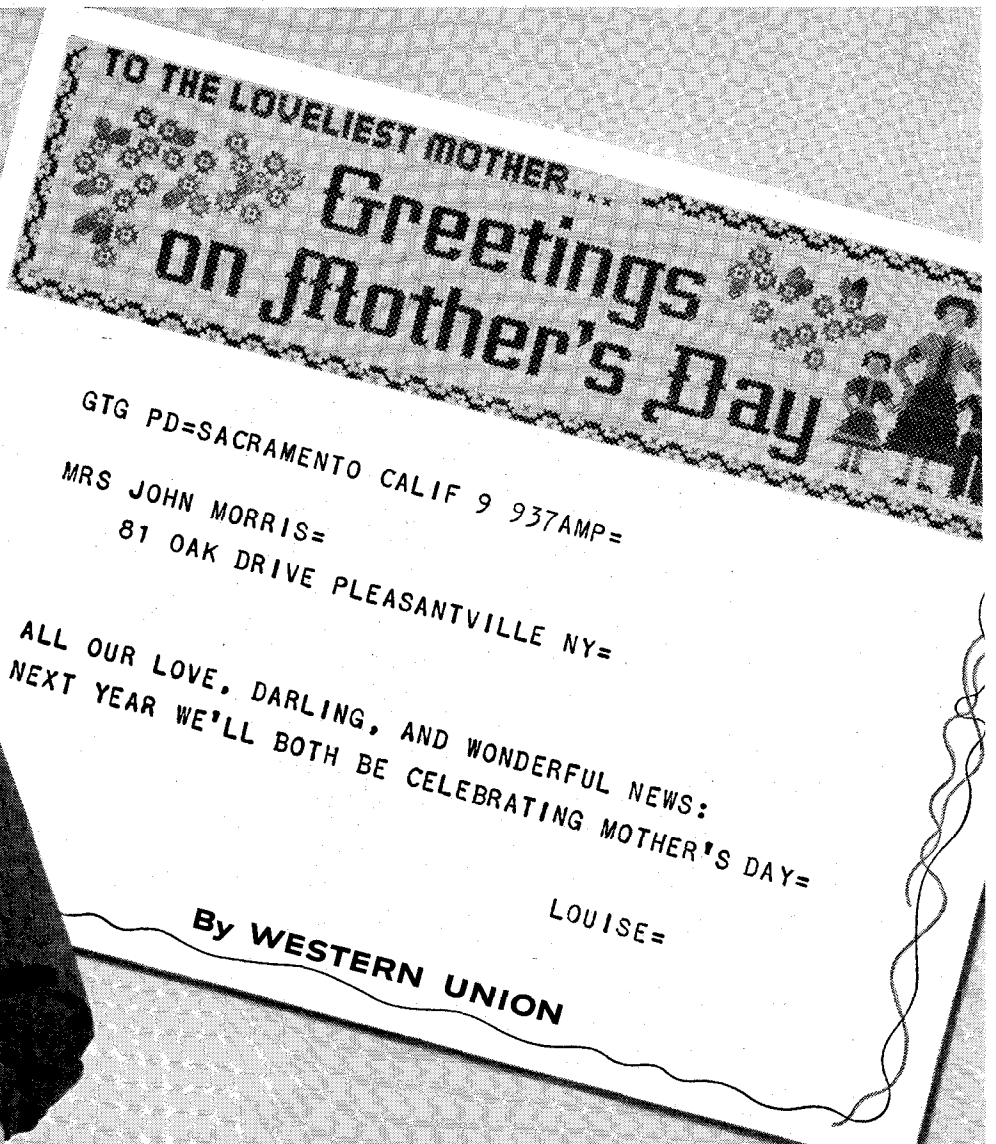
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This was life with Murtaugh as the Pirates made their almost incredible dash over the prostrate forms of other National League clubs last season.

Passing through the front office one day, he spotted a sweet young secretary named Milene Ruth Nicholson. Forthwith he demanded her phone number.

A week or so later the Pirates reported to the park for a night game, but were rained out. Danny handed the secretary's phone number to Bill Mazeroski, his shy, twenty-one-year-old second baseman, and said, "Call the girl up."

"Ah, shucks, Skip," replied Maz.

"I said call the girl up. That's an order."

When the season ended, Maz married the girl.

Danny Murtaugh always has had a way of making his presence felt in the lives of other people. Take the boys at the Franklin Fire Company in Chester, in which he was admitted to membership at the age of twenty-one. The fire-truck drivers slept with their trousers and boots lying ready at their feet, so they could scamper into them at the sound of the fire alarm. Young Danny used to steal in and quietly turn their trousers inside out and switch their boots. The language those drivers used after the alarm rang!

"That Murtaugh boy was ornery, make no mistake about it," an old-timer said recently when I visited the firehouse.

Garry E. Boden, Chester's director of public safety, remembers watching Danny playing corner-lot baseball as a boy. "One day I saw him start an argument in the first inning," says Boden. "Then he moved back like he always did to enjoy the fight that broke out. They never finished the first inning.

"Some people are referred to as arbitrators, some as peacemakers," Boden goes on. "But Danny doesn't deserve either of those handles. He's the starter. Don't let anybody kid you, he's ornery."

Although Chester is a thriving industrial city of almost 70,000, one gets the impression, walking down a main street with Murtaugh, that there are few Chester citizens who are not on a "Hi, Danny!" basis with him. Murtaugh is just plain folks. As a matter of fact, the Manager of the Year spent the last Christmas season working as an extra in Jack McGovern's haberdashery on Market Street.

"When we Chester boys had hard times," Danny explained, "Jack had work for us. Why should I let him down now when he can use me?"

One winter when Murtaugh was helping out at McGovern's, he casually told customers to drop by his house on a holiday and say hello. More than two hundred showed up. "We had to send out five times for fresh beer," says Danny.

He is a ginger-ale drinker himself. He has never so much as tasted beer or whisky. "When I was thirty-four," says Murtaugh, "the doctor ordered me to take a glass of wine to build up my blood pressure. Now I have one glass of wine a year, on New Year's Day.

"The funny thing is, when I was playing for the Pirates and I'd go into a slump, the front office would get letters from fans saying they'd seen me out drunk."

Joe L. Brown, the Pirates' forty-year-old general manager, was previously Murtaugh's boss when the two ran the New Orleans ball club for three years in the same capacities they now fill in Pittsburgh. Brown, a clean-cut, fashionable type, is the son of comedian Joe E. Brown. He regards Murtaugh as an authentic American success story.

"When Danny was a kid," says Brown, "he slept in a room that had practically no roof. When he went to bed he used to put up an umbrella to keep the snow off him. Part of the floor was missing in his house, and when you entered you had to walk across a plank to get to the kitchen. A relative they called the 'rich aunt' once fell through into the cellar.

"Why, when Danny went to school," Brown continues, "he took potato sandwiches for lunch. You know—potatoes between two slices of bread.

"I've known him since 1952, and he's not just my manager, he's my friend. He's going to make some money now, but until he got this job managing he never made much money."

Daniel Edward Murtaugh is the son of a shipyard worker. He grew up with his four sisters in a neighborhood where, as he puts it, "You could go down any street and see a fight."

To say that Danny grew up requires qualification. "Until he was sixteen," recalls Tony Cresta, a policeman who once managed Danny in sand-lot ball, "I thought he was gonna be a midget. But he was a hustling fool."

Thanks to an elderly ex-minor-leaguer named George Noblitt, the hustling fool developed into an infielder for whom Chester's fiercely competitive semipro teams battled. As a rule Noblitt paid little attention to the town's youngsters, but in Danny Murtaugh he detected a special spark. Painstakingly he taught Danny to play "inside baseball," to make every move with a purpose.

Nevertheless, when Danny was graduated from Chester High he had no offers from professional baseball. He went to work in the shipyards as a passer boy in a rivet gang for thirty-four cents an hour. He caught hot rivets in a cup—and sometimes missed with the cup and caught them inside his shirt. All told, he worked at half a dozen jobs in the shipyards, several times narrowly escaping injuries that might have destroyed his baseball career before it had begun.

Once two co-workers were killed by a gas explosion fifty yards from where Murtaugh was working. On another day he was at the bottom of a tanker when a fellow worker dropped a twenty-foot plank, four inches thick, that hit two yards from Murtaugh. Still another time, he was below deck when a large piece of metal plate being lowered on a crane came loose and pinned him against the bulkhead.

"I was lucky," he says. "I got my hand up just in time to ward it off. All I got was a bruised hand."

Murtaugh might still be working in the shipyards had not a St. Louis Cardinals scout named Fritz Lucas passed through town offering tryouts. As a result, in 1937—two years after he had finished high school—Danny found himself in Cambridge, Massachusetts, making his start in professional baseball.

One day at Cambridge a fan rode him unmercifully from the stands. "We'll challenge the mug to come down," said Joe Davis, the Cambridge manager. "I'll take care of him for you."

When the fan unfolded from his seat, he looked as big as Primo Carnera. Davis took one look at him marching down the aisle two steps at a time and yelled, "Here he is, Danny. I got him for you."

What happened to Murtaugh then—he got clobbered—was worse than being hit with hot rivets or falling metal.

Danny survived this and other trials to fashion a so-so playing career that spanned fifteen years, including stretches in the majors with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. His clubhouse humor had a nice, light touch, but unfortunately his bat did too. He was a timely hitter, though, achieving averages as high as .290 and .294 with the Pirates. However, he wound up with a lifetime figure of .254.

Still and all, Danny had the intangibles of leadership and the ability to whistle while he worked. Whistle? From the first inning to the ninth he sounded like a convention of hotel doormen. In 1948 he helped prod the Pirates, then mostly a collection of retreads, to a fourth-place finish that won the Manager of the Year award for Bill Meyer.

No matter whether he was in the minors or the majors, Danny Murtaugh was always a hungry player. One day at Houston, in the Texas League, umpire Art Passarella called him out on strikes, which made him so mad that he flung his bat high into the air.

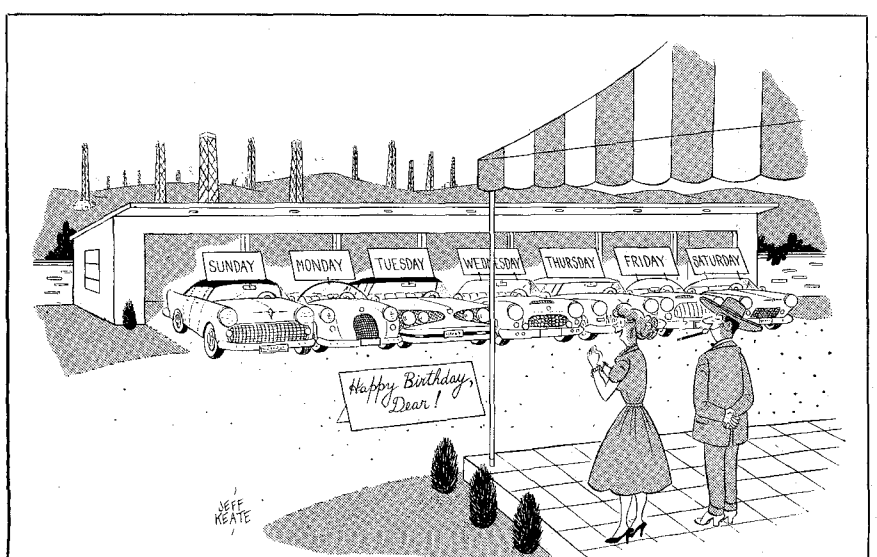
"As soon as that bat hits the ground," barked Passarella, "I'll fine you fifty dollars, Murtaugh!"

Murtaugh didn't have fifty to spare. He dived desperately, and caught the bat six inches from the ground.

This story has since been appropriated by numerous players in need of after-dinner stories about themselves, but Danny Murtaugh is the guy who actually made that fifty-dollar dive in real life.

Danny was almost at the end of the line by the time he finally came into a respectable salary. After he had hit .294 for the Pirates in 1950, general manager Branch Rickey, thought by many to be a closefisted man, handed Danny a blank contract and said, "Fill it in. Put down what you think you deserve."

It is believed Danny wrote in $15,000—the most money he ever made as a player. He then proceeded to hit a skinny .199 in 1951, and when the season ended he asked Rickey for a minor-league managing job.



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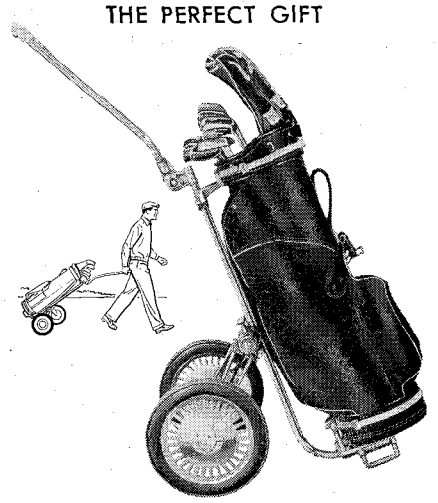

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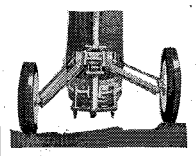

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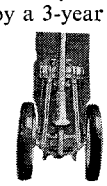

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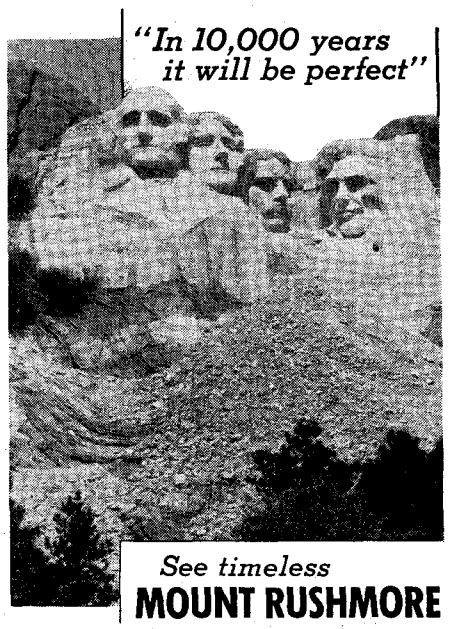

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Rickey dispatched him to New Orleans in the Southern Association to work for an ambitious young general manager named Joe L. Brown.

His team finished fifth, after a hard-luck loss in a play-off to break a fourth-place tie with Memphis. Joe Brown says, though, "It took only that one season for me to find out what kind of stuff Murtaugh was made of. He started the season as a playing manager, and while he played we had the best club in the league. Then he pulled a muscle in his thigh, and his leg turned green and purple and yellow—just a mass of hemorrhages. The doc told him he'd be bothered for life if he kept playing, but Danny strapped up the leg and stayed right in there as long as he could hobble. As a result, today he has a leg that sometimes gives way when he stands up."

The Pelicans again finished fifth the next year, but in Murtaugh's third season they placed second, only two games out of first. To the fans' way of thinking, second place was not good enough. They booed Murtaugh repeatedly. He was unpopular, and he finally resigned.

"I quit," he insists today, "merely because I thought I'd gone as high as I could in the Pittsburgh organization." But Danny's confidants say he pulled out because the discomfort to his family was more than he could put up with.

Murtaugh knocks neither fans nor employers in any city, for this is a guy who is just plain grateful to be working at baseball. He did not even beef when, the year after he left New Orleans, he was dropped as manager at Charleston, West Virginia, in mid-July, and replaced by a young second-string catcher, Vernon Rapp, at a saving of approximately $1000 per month to a club that was broke and in last place.

This was in the summer of 1955. By winter he was still without a baseball job. "It looked like I was going to have to leave the game I'd spent all my life in," he recalls. Then Joe Brown, who had become general manager of the Pirates, hired Danny to manage a farm team in Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Before the Williamsport season even started in 1956, Murtaugh moved up to a coaching berth with the Pirates. Bobby Bragan, then the Pirates' manager, took on Murtaugh as a coach only after his first choice, Tommy Tatum, turned down the job to remain in business.

In August of 1957, Brown fired Bragan and looked around for a stop-gap manager to finish out the season. He chose Clyde Sukeforth, the elder of the coaching staff, but Sukeforth said no, thanks. So Murtaugh, after playing second fiddle again, got the post.

The Pirates' subsequent performance—they won Danny a new contract by playing .509 ball in the remaining seven weeks of the 1957 season, and then did even better in 1958—is the kind of form reversal which, when it occurs in horse racing, causes stewards to check for amphetamine. Murtaugh thinks, however, the Pirates merely began to get the breaks that had been overdue, and—most importantly—the club came of age.

Fred Haney, now manager of the Milwaukee Braves, can say, "I told you so." Back in July 1955, when Haney was managing the lowly Pirates at considerable threat to his sanity, he wrote in The Saturday Evening Post: "Perhaps the Pirate dream team of the future has not yet made its mark in the league standings, but I can detect progress, even in losing games. . . . The seven other teams are growing older. The Pirates are just growing up."

Looking back on last year's wondrous march to second place, whom would you expect Murtaugh to single out for major credit? Frank Thomas—since traded—who hit thirty-five home runs? Bob Friend, whose twenty-two victories were as many as any other pitcher in the league had? Roy Face, the 145-pound shrimp of a relief pitcher, who had the endurance to work in no less than fifty-seven games? No, it was none of these men. The man to whom Murtaugh paid special tribute was Ray Welsh.

And who might Ray Welsh be? Well, Ray Welsh is a stocky, beet-faced man who lives in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, and scouts the eastern states for the Pirates. More to the point, he is a former track coach. Murtaugh asked Welsh to lay out a running program for the Pirates to use in spring training last year, and Welsh came up with a formula for accelerated running which drove the Pirates to cover more laps in spring training than probably any other team in baseball. The program was repeated this year.

"We operated," Murtaugh explains, "on the theory that if you get your legs in condition, the rest of your body will follow. As it turned out, we went through the entire season without any serious injuries to key players. You need an awful lot of luck to do that, but we also owe a lot to Ray Welsh."

Murtaugh is sufficiently fatalistic to realize the Pirates may run out of luck at any time, and that last season's Manager of the Year may become this year's bum. He even has gone out of his way to groom a new man for his job—shortstop Dick Groat.

By the next-to-last day of the 1958 season, all positions in the league standings had been secured. Nothing was at stake in Pittsburgh's game with Philadelphia. So Murtaugh told Groat, his captain, to manage the team. The Phils won, 7 to 3.

"I wanted Groat to get the feel of the job," says Danny. "I thought it would be a great experience for him. In fact, I think someday he may manage the Pirates."

And when that day comes, what will Danny Murtaugh do?

"Go fishin'. If you have a bad season, you're gone, so why worry?"

Danny not only made Groat manager for a day, but also did him another good turn. He ordered the earnest, sometimes-brooding shortstop to bench himself for the last two games of 1958. The day before, Groat had rapped three hits and finally hauled his batting average up to an even .300 after a long struggle. By forcing Groat to the bench, Murtaugh relieved him of the risk that his average might drop back below .300 for the year.

Personal favors of this sort were among the psychological strokes with which Murtaugh built self-confidence and a sense of loyalty in the young Pirates. He cracks down on individuals only for derelictions that are too flagrant to be ignored.

"We pitchers would break our necks for Danny," says Bob Friend, who then proceeds to give one good reason why. It seems that in another late-season game which had no effect on the standings, Murtaugh plunged baseball purists into a state of near-apoplexy by letting Friend, a typically weak-hitting pitcher, go to bat in the seventh inning with the bases loaded and two out, even though the Pirates were trailing by three runs. Friend already had won twenty-two games, and another victory would break his deadlock with Milwaukee's Warren Spahn and give him more wins for the year than any other pitcher in baseball. Danny let him stay in just on the chance that the Pirates might yet pull the game out.

Friend struck out and the Pirates lost, but probably no player will work harder for Murtaugh this year than Bob Friend.

Such considerate actions are in line with Murtaugh's belief that the handling of men is the most vital phase of managing. Yet he is the last to admit that he uses psychology. "Me practice psychology?" he grumbles. "I only graduated from high school. Don't you have to have a college degree to practice that?"

Accredited psychologist or not, Danny Murtaugh has banged around enough to qualify for a doctorate in the school of hard knocks. Now at last his path has smoothed. He has a ball club with pennant possibilities, and a new, if modest, house for his wife, Kate, and three children.

The Murtaughs now live in Woodlyn, a pleasant suburb of Chester. Last winter Danny rocked for hours at a time in his favorite rocking chair, chewing a cigar to shreds and listening to hi-fi music like a contented squire. He had only one nagging worry: Will Pittsburgh, like New Orleans, come to feel that even second place is not good enough?

Pittsburghers are hungry for a pennant—they haven't had one since 1927. They at least can rest assured they have a manager who shares their desire to finish first.

This is an urge Murtaugh has displayed ever since he ran with the Franklin Fire Company. In those days, when the alarm rang, the first volunteer fireman to reach the firehouse was entitled to grab the assistant foreman's coat and act in that capacity. One morning at three A.M. Danny heard the fire bell, jumped out of bed, scrambled into his clothes, tore out the back door, raced up a maze of back alleys, got to the assistant foreman's coat first and jumped on the truck. Having left home by the back door, he was ignorant of one fact. The fire was across the street from his own home.

The point is, though, that he got to the firehouse first. Neither Milwaukee nor any other team in the National League can afford to sell the dogface and his boys short. THE END

NEXT WEEK

OUR GAMBLE WITH DESTINY
By Stewart Alsop

WARNING TO YOUNG MEN
A Famous Newscaster's Advice
By Eric Sevareid

IN COLOR:
I SAILED THE EIGHTH SEA TO EUROPE
The St. Lawrence Seaway Opens a New Era

ALBIE PEARSON OF THE WASHINGTON SENATORS

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 27:
EINSTEIN'S BIG IDEA
By James R. Newman

THE OKLAHOMA KID
J. Howard Edmondson:
The Nation's Youngest Governor

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Captain's Decision (Continued from Page 30)

chuckling sound. "The trouble with Davy is that Susan's his only daughter and she's all wound up about some one-stripe youngster. Dave, what the hell do you expect? A honey doll like Susie! Didn't most of us get married ourselves when we were ensigns?"

"Times were different, Bert." Times were always different when you yourself were young, but Commander Gendall was too utterly weary to reason anything out. "I don't even know who the young squirt is! If she told my wife," he growled, "Bess didn't tell me. She knows exactly how I feel. Susie is starry-eyed. She just floats around on a cloud."

"Davy, you better relax. Don't you know that down in Fiddler's Green, the happy heaven where all good sailors go when they die, the Navy League has got a special hell rigged out for surly four-stripers and old-fogy flags who wouldn't let their daughters marry ensigns?"

David Gendall frowned at that dog-eared fable. And he was still in the rank of commander, wearing only three stripes. He was about to snap an angry correction, but Harry Blair was drawling softly, "That's a fact. I heard all about it on my first midshipman cruise from a six-hash-mark bosun's mate and you know as well as I do, Dave, the chiefs don't ever lie." Harry's grin was broad. "They run the show down there, you know. The chiefs, I mean." Then Harry sighed. "I'm bushed. Squads right," he began to intone. "Squads left by divisions. Execute! . . . Corpen two eight zero. . . . Posit five. . . . Squadron come to screen formation Xray Bravo four. Execute! . . . I can still see those flag hoists bouncing up and down. What's the matter with that commodore?" wailed Harry. "Even at night he keeps squawking at you over the T.B.S.! Don't he think a tin-can skipper ever needs some sleep?"

Laughter rippled round the table. Bert was chuckling, "Commodores, Harry, are all like that. Time you knew."

"Heavens to Betsy!" drawled Harry Blair. "You mean when Davy here makes captain and they give him a squadron of cans, he'll drive us crazy too? I was sure when Dave made his fourth stripe he'd remember ——"

"Stow it!" Commander Gendall's voice cracked like a whip. He was on the edge of exhaustion, when worries nag their worst. "Can't you birds stop jawing about four-stripers? You know damn well I'm in promotion zone! The selection board is sitting. Not in Fiddler's Green! Or maybe ——" His anger splintered. "I'm sorry," he said. "But after that wingding I got into over against the China Coast a couple of months ago, I feel I'm steaming flank speed behind the eight ball. They'll pass me over sure." His voice was gray with distress. "Maybe a second time too. Then I'm bilged. Come then, I'll be hunting a long-term lease on a peanut-and-hot-dog stand."

They understood him perfectly. By the time you achieve combatant command in commander's rank, you've traveled a rough and rugged road. The jump from commander to captain is really the biggest hump of all. Either you make it—or you don't. Nothing can help you but the record of your service. Closely examined. Coldly judged. The remainder of your career hangs teetering in balance.

"—— so I transferred him out of the ship in Pearl and got me this cook from Texas," a voice was saying loudly across the table, picking up a casual yarn to break a brother's tension. "Now everybody's happy again. Mario never heard of Fiddler's Green, but I hope when they pipe me aboard down there I find him frying the chicken for the officers' mess!"

Gendall wasn't really listening. If only he had himself forty winks, things might not seem so dismal. He took a swallow of his drink. Looking up, he was just in time to see a big, red-headed chief come in through the door of Timano's. He looked familiar, though Commander Gendall wasn't seeing things too clearly. Not the drinks. He was just so blasted tired! Then he recognized the big man, the sternly competent Navy face, the crinkled eyes as ready to bubble laughter as snap at the sloppy work of a third-class rate. It was Tipton, his own six-hash-mark bosun's mate. If he was looking for his skipper, something was foul on the Picking. Commander Gendall groaned. Not that.

... ...

Five P. M.

By Patricia Duff McGinley

Time to put food on to cook
And see the house is tidy,
To change my clothes and
try to look
Gay, glamorous, and bridey;

Time to call the children,
then
To wash the little dears ——
Yes, night is falling once
again,
Right around my ears.

... ...

Maybe if he turned his head old Tip wouldn't see him and go away.

The big chief didn't go away. He stood there a moment, cap in hand, paying no attention to the noisy crowd at the bar. He knew there'd just be ensigns and jaygees there. His calm eyes swept the tables, looking for the tired men, certain when he saw a group with haggard, sleepless eyes they'd be the tin-can skippers and that's where his own commanding officer would be. When Commander Gendall stole another glance, he groaned again. The red-headed chief was coming straight toward him. Grinning. And the closer he came the larger he grew. Gendall, fascinated, watched his stature increase. Then everything got fuzzed up.

"All right, commander," Tipton was saying in his slow deep bass. "Starboard gangway here. Better get on board."

Gendall looked up. The gangway stretched halfway to heaven along a ship's steel hull. Destroyer! He recognized the type at once. But she was enormous. He couldn't even see her fo'c'sle head, it was so far away. The radars topping her masts were swallowed in hazy gloom a mile and a half aloft. Dave had seen fleet destroyers grow from the thousand-ton four-pipers. But this was ridiculous. Naval design was going nuts! Who could handle a ship like this? Then all of a sudden, with awful shock, he knew exactly where he was. Why, this was Fiddler's Green!

And overhead, halfway to a murky sky, they were flying a Union Jack two-blocked to the signal yard. Gendall tried hard not to tremble. Was it for him? He spun around.

"What the devil!" he snapped. "Who's taking a general court aboard here, chief?"

"Just you step along, commander." The redheaded C.P.O. was stern. "Selection boards are pretty busy. We haven't got all day, you know!"

Dave knew right away there wasn't a bit of use complaining about such disrespect. The chiefs ran the show down here. Selection board! He felt pretty humble as he climbed the sky-high gangway, facing aft to salute the ensign he couldn't see before he stepped aboard. He was up for promotion to captain, and that's why he was here. All the blunders he'd ever made began to tumble through his frightened mind. How about that grounding on a reef in Leyte Gulf, navigator of the Baldwin? How about that wingding over near the China Coast just a couple of months ago? That's what gnawed at him the most. He hadn't heard a thing—commendation or reprimand. Well, they'd roast him sure!

"All right, messenger!" The voice of the chief behind him had a booming, hollow sound. "You can take the commander in tow."

A robust, gray-headed man in undress blues, white gloves and sword, was advancing to greet him on the quarter deck. Messenger? Good Lord! It was a rear admiral! Dave blinked. It was Admiral Denton, all right. How could you miss those twinkling, deep-blue eyes? Exactly like Bess' eyes. Well, why not? The admiral was his wife's father. But he'd been dead eight years. Of course! That's how things were in Fiddler's Green.

"Happy to see you, sir," Dave said, considering it best to act as if everything was as natural as could be. "The kids are all fine. Susan, though, has got me worried. She's nineteen now, you know, and our only girl. She's all wound up like crazy about some young squirt I don't even ——"

"Stop blabbering nonsense, son!" the admiral barked. "Don't you think I know all about it? We have marvelous lookouts here." Then his eyes sparkled. The familiar chuckle sounded in his throat. "You remember, Dave, the night you came out to see me in Punahou stammering you wanted to marry my Bess?"

"Sir, I sure do. I was scared to death." Dave couldn't help but grin. "I was in my first destroyer duty after the Academy, based on Pearl. It was before the big war. I had dinner with Bess in Honolulu, and then we drove out to beard the bear in his den. You growled like hell."

"Did I indeed!"

"Admiral, you certainly did. You blasted a full salvo about how a pretty Navy girl who married any young toad while he was still a snotnose ensign had rocks in her silly head. I almost turned tail and ran. I would have, too, if it hadn't been for Bess. She stopped you cold. She tipped back that proud, blond head and told you flat out she wasn't marrying an ensign at all, but a man who'd one day be an admiral and fly his flag. Bess was wonderful. I guess for me, she always will be. I can see her yet."

"So can I, son; so can I." The admiral chuckled softly, eyes clouding with happy memory. "Well, we better get along. You can't keep gold chiefs waiting."

They started aft toward the fantail a couple of miles away where the haze seemed drenched in a pale and luminous glow. Passing the midship house, Dave heard a terrible wailing and a gnashing of many teeth. Were there men in there in horrible pain? He was about to ask the messenger about it, but he suddenly remembered. That must be the Navy League's Gehenna, the special hell for surly four-stripers and old-fogy flags who hadn't let their daughters marry ensigns! Their awful wailing curdled his blood. He winced, looking sidewise at the admiral who had barely missed that horrible fate himself. He didn't dare say a word about it. It faded slowly. A chanting in monotone took its place as they advanced. Till slowly the voices took on a startling clarity. Dave Gendall went pale. All his fears began to gnaw again and the inner trembling started. He looked quickly across the deck. A great crowd of youngsters were pointing his way, cavorting in the faraway gloom.

"Passed over!" they were gleefully chanting as he went by. "Passed over! . . . passed over . . . passed over. . . ."

Dave squirmed. It didn't help to hear the admiral's merry chuckle beside him. "Those ensigns! It's all the fun they get. They do that all the time." Then he drew himself erect, adjusting his gloves, the tilt of his sword correctly. "Well," he said, cheerfully, "here we are. There's not much more help I can give you. The chiefs run the show down here, you know. It's best to remember how jealous they are of their dignity and authority. They were always the backbone of the Navy, and they don't like what's going on today at all. They're always trying to get their status returned to the way it used to be. Personally," the admiral said in a quick whisper, leaning close, "I think they're absolutely right." Then he came stiffly erect again, his deep voice booming, "David Farragut Gendall, commander United States Navy! In due form to be examined for promotion to the grade of captain!"

Dave heard a swooshing sound. It made him look quickly round. The admiral just wasn't there any more. How odd! The admirals fade away and disappear, but the chiefs go on forever. Because here they were. Bathed in an eerie light, on the fantail of this enormous fleet destroyer, they were sitting indolently in easy chairs, drinking their coffee and spinning yarns, each one with a yeoman third class in web belt and side arms at attention a pace behind him to tend his wants. Most of them, Dave saw, were Medal of Honor men. But no one seemed to pay the slightest attention to him. Except Tipton, the redheaded bosun's mate, who was suddenly back again, sternly staring at him. He was in dress blues now, rate crow and six hash marks all in gold on his sleeve, medals across his barrel chest. Dave was worried, all right. They'd roast him here for sure!

"Relax, commander," Tip was saying. "Just relax. Any questions? This is your only chance."

"Well, chief," Dave said with the greatest humility, "I was wondering who that fellow is. The one with the flashing teeth, the walrus mustache and the pince-nez glasses. Sure looks like Roosevelt to me. Teddy, I mean. He keeps running around in circles."

"Certainly he runs around in circles. He's our Public Information Officer."

"Oh," Dave murmured, "I see. And that gray-headed officer all by himself under the five-inch rifles of the after mount. Isn't that a four-star admiral?"

"That's right. Some old Chief of Naval Operations. I can't remember his name. Our PIO says it gives the place more dignity. You know the screwy ideas Public Information Officers are always dreaming up. So it's regulation allowance to have a CNO in attendance. He's got nothing to do with the proceedings, though. He just keeps mumbling about how it used to be in Old Navy. As if six- and seven-hash-mark chiefs wouldn't know! Don't you pay him no heed at all, commander. Nobody does."

"Oh," Dave murmured, knowing by now there wasn't any use to be surprised at anything. But his inward fears were gnawing dreadfully. He understood that his whole career was teetering in balance. Up for

(*Continued on Page 82*)

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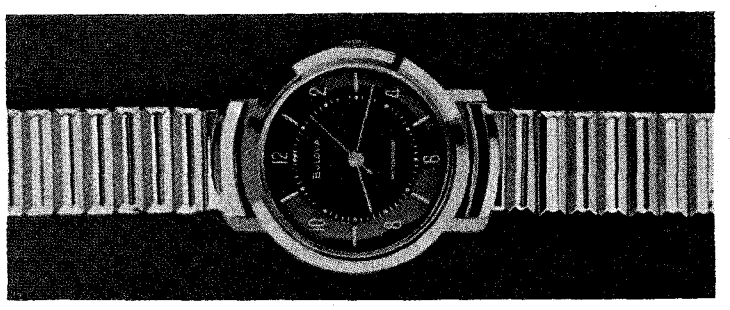

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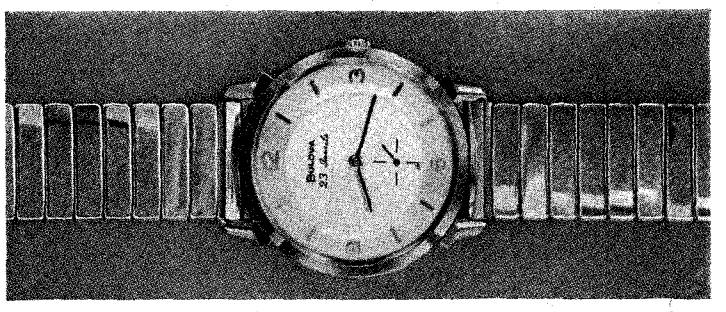

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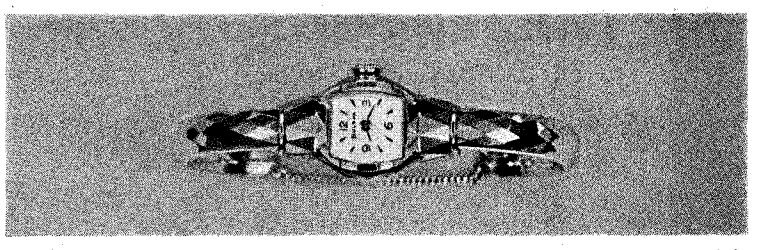

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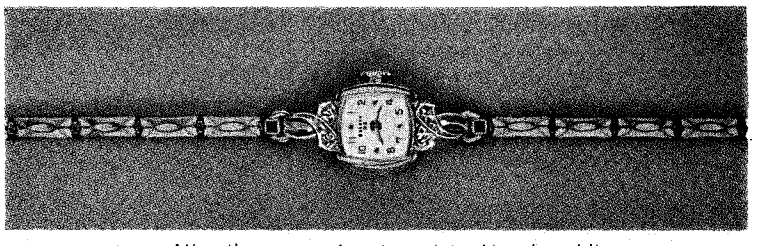

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(*Continued from Page 80*) promotion to Captain! And he still thought he heard those ensigns in the distance, gleefully chanting he was bound to be passed over. What worried him the most was that action near the China Coast a couple of months ago. Was that what the ensigns meant? These chiefs of the selection board would certainly ask him about it. Why didn't they get it over with? So he murmured, as respectfully as he could, "Chief, this is quite a strain, you know. Can't we begin the examination so I ——"

"Commander, the examination began long ago." Tipton's hollow voice rang with dignified authority. "No one will ask you questions here. You just remember your record. The minute you think about a thing, we know it. But you better think it truthfully. The minute you don't—we know that too! That's how we sit. I'll leave you now. You're strictly on your own down here."

All of a sudden, saying that, the big chief's eyes grew sad. Maybe he thought it a bitter thing to condemn a man to self-judgment. When Gendall looked again, he wasn't there. Dave was standing by himself in front of those Medal of Honor chiefs who paid no attention to him at all. Commander Gendall had never felt so desolately all alone before. And the very first thing to cross his mind was the thing he was worried about the most.

As soon as he thought it, the luminous glow all around him began to fade. The next thing he knew he was on the familiar bridge of his own command. The USS Paul Picking was slashing south and west at twenty-five knots across Tung Hai, the Eastern Sea, toward the northern mouth of Formosa Strait. There wasn't a bit of doubt about it. This was exactly how it had been. Because Ensign Johnny Baintree, who had the watch, was coming to him out of the pilothouse, braced against the lurching deck underfoot as the Picking buried her bows, crashing white water across her fo'c'sle head.

"Sir," the ensign said to his skipper after the sprays stopped rattling against the splinter shield, "if you want to make contact with that sub an hour before sunset, I submit we'll have to make twenty-eight knots and haul the ship ten more degrees to the south."

"Do you indeed!" Commander Gendall shot a piercing look at that bright, young face. Eager beaver, for an ensign. But the confident eyes never wavered from his own. The captain considered for half an instant whether to cut him down. "Mr. Baintree," he said dryly, "my navigator worked out course and speed for a closest position approach."

"Yes, sir. But I think he's wrong." The ensign blinked. "I spoke to Lieutenant Harding first in Combat Information Center. He told me to tell you about it while he checked again."

"Very well."

The skipper turned away, eyes twinkling. His navigator was teaching the youngster a lesson of his own! Then he heard his talker telling him crisply, "CIC, sir. Lieutenant Harding. He's afraid Ensign Baintree's suggestion is correct."

"Very well." Commander Gendall sighed, glancing quickly at the youngster. He expected to see a look of triumph, at the least. He was wrong. Johnny's eyes were as steady as before. "Well, Mr. Baintree," the captain sighed again, "you can bring her left to course two five zero. Add turns for twenty-eight knots."

Commander Gendall went into the pilothouse, climbed wearily into the captain's chair. Eyes half closed, watching the ship's head plunge and rise, he sadly considered his lot. He was dog-tired. The whole ship was tired. They should have been heading for the stable, the comfort of mooring buoys after a hectic two-week exercise. And here they were instead, detached and steaming independently for contact with Commander Bushnell's fleet submarine the USS Grumpy to escort her safely home. She couldn't submerge. What a time Bush picked to take that sort of casualty to his boat! The commodore had to choose Commander Gendall for the mission. His was the only tin can with her fuel tanks topped off.

The Picking's skipper heard the wind whine louder in the signal halyards as the extra turns took hold. Johnny Baintree was pretty sharp. And a good OD. Dave scowled. It hurt him to admit that much about any ensign fresh from the hopper. They were all alike as peas in a pod. First tin-can cruise for this one too. He was standing quietly beside his skipper now. Dave scowled again.

"It isn't often you'll catch Lieutenant Harding in a navigational boo-boo. Very neat, Mr. Baintree." Dave cleared his throat to give the grudging compliment. "How do you like destroyer duty?"

"Fine, sir." The youngster braced himself against a sudden shudder and plunge as the ship took a green one over the bows. "I like it fine."

"You'll never have better training!" the skipper told him firmly. "I'm glad you aren't married."

"No, sir, I'm not. Not yet."

A boy becomes a man when he stops asking his father for money and requests a loan.

A. W. STINSON

"Not yet?" Gendall shot him a piercing glance from under bushy brows. Johnny was suddenly transformed, staring blankly off across the marching hills of sea, seeing some vision of loveliness. He had an exalted look. The symptoms were very plain. It made the skipper growl, "I hope to hell she isn't Navy!"

"Oh, she is, sir. She ——" All at once the youngster winced. He looked uncomfortable. "I'm sorry, sir," he mumbled.

"Any well-made Navy girl," Commander Gendall grunted, "who'll marry an officer while he's still an ensign must have large rocks in her head! There ought to be a Reg. against it." The skipper climbed down off his chair. "Call me as soon as there's radar contact. And I'll want to speak to the Grumpy's captain as soon as we can read him on TBS. Let me know," he added, turning away, "if you think we ought to alter course and speed again." His voice was acidly wry. "I'll be in the sea room."

But the ensign's suggested position approach required no alteration. Johnny's projection was accurate. The Picking made her contact as predicted. But it wasn't clean. On the air-search radarscope, there were bogies. Three. Unidentified aircraft. They had to be presumed unfriendly. Bandits. In the dim-lit CIC room, Commander Gendall watched them with each sweep on the green-and-amber screen. He frowned, knowing for sure they were circling aloft above the Grumpy. Right away, he felt the familiar fluttering in his belly. That's how it always was, whenever he knew he would face decision. He always had to suppress all outward indication of his self-doubt sternly. In that place of eerie light, men peered at consoles with an air almost of reverence, calling out ranges, bearings, altitudes to the plotting table. The squawk box crackled incessantly.

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"I have the Grumpy here, captain," the officer at the mike of the TBS was telling him. "Her skipper is standing by."

"Thank you." Commander Gendall's voice was singularly quiet. He took the microphone. "Birdseed, this is Goldfinch. We have you on the scope here. This is Gendall speaking, Bushnell. What the devil have you got there overhead, Bush? Over."

"Goldfinch, this is Birdseed. Welcome to the party, Dave!" The response came through the crackling static in the speaker in an Alabama twang. "We got company. MIG-17's. Three. They keep making practice diving runs. I don't like that kind of fun. I wish I could pull the cork. I can't. I got trouble. Can't blow tanks. I take her down, that's where we stay. I'm flying the largest ensign I've got in the boat. They come in low enough to see it. You're SOP, Dave. Suppose those trigger-happy bandits start in shooting? They do, I request permission to return the fire. Over."

"Negative!" It sounded as if the Picking's skipper had snapped that decision at once. He hadn't, really. Knowing he was senior officer present, the fluttering inside him became intense. "Negative. We'll have you in visual contact in maybe ten minutes. Can you make fifteen knots—one five knots—on the surface?"

The slow Alabama voice asked instantly with the driest humor, "Ahead, Dave, or astern?"

"Ahead, you clown! And you are only to open fire if, and after, I am forced to do so myself. Acknowledge."

"Roger. Over and out."

That's how the decisive moment hurtled to meet Cmdr. David Gendall. Long and narrow and gray, USS Paul Picking, at general quarters, came knifing through the blue-green seas. Six main-battery gun snouts nosing aloft at a cloudy sky. Tremblingly locked on target. There was the Grumpy over there, silhouette sharp and black against the sunset horizon. Contact on the button! Navigator's dream. But the skipper was thinking of other things. From behind the splinter shield of the bridge, he was holding three ominous specks aloft in the field of his binoculars. His crinkled eyes were fast on their deadly menace. What, if it came to it, should correct decision be?

The jets banked steeply, flattened out far away in the north. The Picking's skipper deeply hoped they'd go away. Every pair of topside eyes was following the flight. Fingers of advancing darkness began to touch the hollows of the sea, but brilliance glinted still on that tight little wedge of aircraft soaring aloft across the pure bright vault of heaven. The flight was coming back. From the east. Scornful of the shelter of the blinding eye of the setting sun. Loafing along. Till, in unbelievable grace, they peeled off in shallow dives.

The men of the Picking held their breath. So did Commander Gendall. He was the first to see the winking crimson eyes, to hear the remembered thumping of aircraft cannon fire. Spouts of water erupted ahead of the Grumpy's bows. No hits. There was that much anyhow. The flight wagged insolent wings, banked off to the north to reform again.

Commander Gendall felt the gnawing, fierce in his belly now. Every eye was on him. He could feel the topside tension. It pressed its unbearable weight upon him. What would the skipper do? He didn't have much time. His orders were clear, their intention plain. To give safe and protective escort to a damaged fleet submarine. Commander Gendall wasn't a statesman. He was Navy. He'd given it half his life, wanting to give it the rest. The diplomats were far away. The flight of deadly aircraft wasn't. And if a skipper's decision happened to be inexpedient, he was a handy diplomatic goat to lead to professional slaughter. The commander's mind raced wildly. Play it safe! Keep your finger on your number. Evade till darkness. Hope for the best. Send an urgent message for further orders. Duck from under the weight of responsibility. You could lose a submarine like that! You could see good men killed. Or held, the way men had been held before, for diplomatic blackmail. A most amazing thing for any commanding officer to realize. Unheard of since the days of the Barbary pirates! The war was cold.

Commander Gendall was trembling inwardly, riddled by doubt and anxiety; but the hands holding his binoculars were steady as the flight came roaring back. The glasses dropped against his chest.

"Left full rudder," he said. His voice had a quiet sound, as though he had merely been calmly awaiting the proper moment to give the order that would fully unmask his battery. The ship heeled over, slicing a tall bow wave as she swung. "Rudder amidships.... Meet her now.... Steady as you go."

His eyes remained glued on the leading jet. There it was! The deadly crimson eyes were winking again. Gouts of water spouted. The skipper's head turned slowly. "On the director." His voice was gentle. There was no hint of indecision. He accepted the total responsibility. Medal or court martial for the captain. "Open fire," he said.

That's how it was. The guns slammed flame and thunder, the ear-splitting crack of five-inch rifle fire. The stench of cordite drenched the bridge. Shellbursts blossomed in the sky. Aloft, one plane showed a sudden crimson bubble. It went streaking westward, trailing jet-black smoke. The others quickly formed around it. For some moments they showed dark specks against a sunset sky. Then they vanished. Only a dissipating trail of tattered smoke remained.

That's how David Gendall remembered it. He remembered, too, the glow of admiration in Ensign Johnny Baintree's eyes: the respectful murmur of his exec, who understood the implications of lonely command decision more fully than a youngster could. He remembered all of it, down here in Fiddler's Green where the six and seven hash-mark Medal of Honor chiefs were drinking their coffee and spinning yarns. Because that, of course, was where Commander Gendall was. Under examination for promotion to the grade of captain. What a curious way for a selection board to sit! No one was paying him the slightest attention. How the devil was he ever to learn whether his mission was considered correctly accomplished or not? Didn't they know? Even Tipton, the chief bosun's mate, who suddenly appeared beside him again, gave not the slightest sign. Only the gray-headed admiral, sitting all by himself beneath the enormous rifles of the after mount, gave voice.

"I approve!" the old Chief of Naval Operations suddenly bellowed. "Perhaps the Path of Power leads always to decay. By the record of history, it is more than likely. But a choice to influence national political ends by power makes it imperative that it be positively known you will use the power if you must. Elementary! Otherwise, keep your damn diplomatic trap tight shut. You cannot ride both ends of a donkey. I approve! I want a commendation written at once. Orderly! Blast it, where's my chief of staff?"

His voice made a hollow booming. No one paid the slightest attention. Not a

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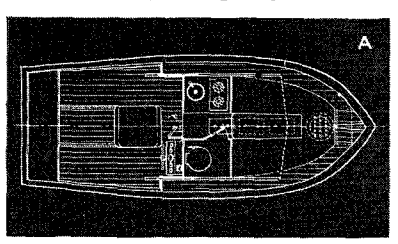

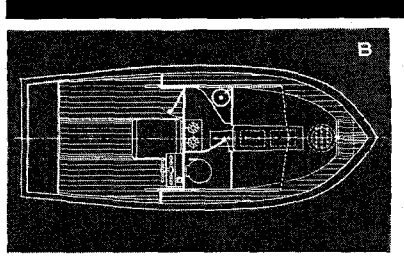

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single chief looked up, and that flag-deck roar died slowly away to a plaintive mumble. Dave Gendall was too astonished to feel any better at all. But he knew it wouldn't do to get angry. He just kept squirming inwardly. He couldn't stand it any longer. He had to know.

"Look, chief," he murmured respectfully, "this is an awful strain, you know. What's the verdict? When do I hear?"

Tipton didn't say a word. Tip had spent his life in destroyers. He ought to understand, if anyone did. But he just stood there, grinning. Then he began to sway a little, the way he did on a rolling tin can's deck. He was coming toward the commander, growing larger, growing huge. And off in the distance, louder now and very clear, Dave Gendall heard all those snotnose ensigns giving their diabolical chant.

"Passed over!" they were gleefully crying. "Passed over . . . passed over . . . passed over. . . ."

It was simply too much. Gendall was furious. So that was the judgment! From a pack of squirts? By heaven, he'd tell them a thing or two! Throwing all caution to the wind, that was precisely what he meant to do. In fact, he thought he was snarling at them in a proper tin-can quarterdeck voice. But just then things got pretty hazy and began to fade away. Suddenly he gave a great start. He very nearly fell off his chair. In an instant, he was wide awake, astounded to find he was still sitting in Timano's place with other haggard-eyed skippers of Destroyer Squadron Ten. They were chattering as if nothing at all had happened.

The commander had never done a thing like that before. He felt a little shamed to have dozed so long. So long? Impossible! The last he remembered before he dropped off, old Tipton was coming toward him. And now the redheaded chief was only just past the bar where the ensigns stood blabbering. Tip was striding with resolution, eyes atwinkle, wearing a happy grin. Amazing! Dave Gendall knew it meant he had really slept only a few seconds.

"Had a hunch you'd be here, skipper," Tipton was saying through the din. He shifted his cap from one big paw to the other. "Sparks just copied an Alnav message, sir," he went on with an air of gay secrecy. "Selection-board list of promotions to captain. I figure the devil only knows when the commodore will get to read it and let you know officially. So I hustled ashore right away to tell you." The chief's grin nearly split his homely face. "You're in the first group, Captain Gendall." Tip put a heavy emphasis on the newer title of rank. "You're to take your promotion physical right away *chop-chop*. Congratulations, sir! The whole ship is proud."

The commander—who would soon be Captain Gendall—just sat there staring at him. He could hardly believe such news. What about those snotnose ensigns? What about the Medal of Honor chiefs? Then he began to grin himself. And he must have muttered his proper thanks to the redheaded bosun's mate. The tin-can skippers were thumping him on the back. Bert's chuckle was louder than the rest. He kept calling for Suzuki to set up a special round. On the brand-new four-striper's chit, of course! Not Harry Blair. Harry looked pretty sad.

"Heavens to Betsy!" he groaned with a ludicrous, mournful air. "Probably soon they'll give Davy a squadron of cans. Oh, my blessed aunt! He'll ride the hell out of us. You wait an' see!"

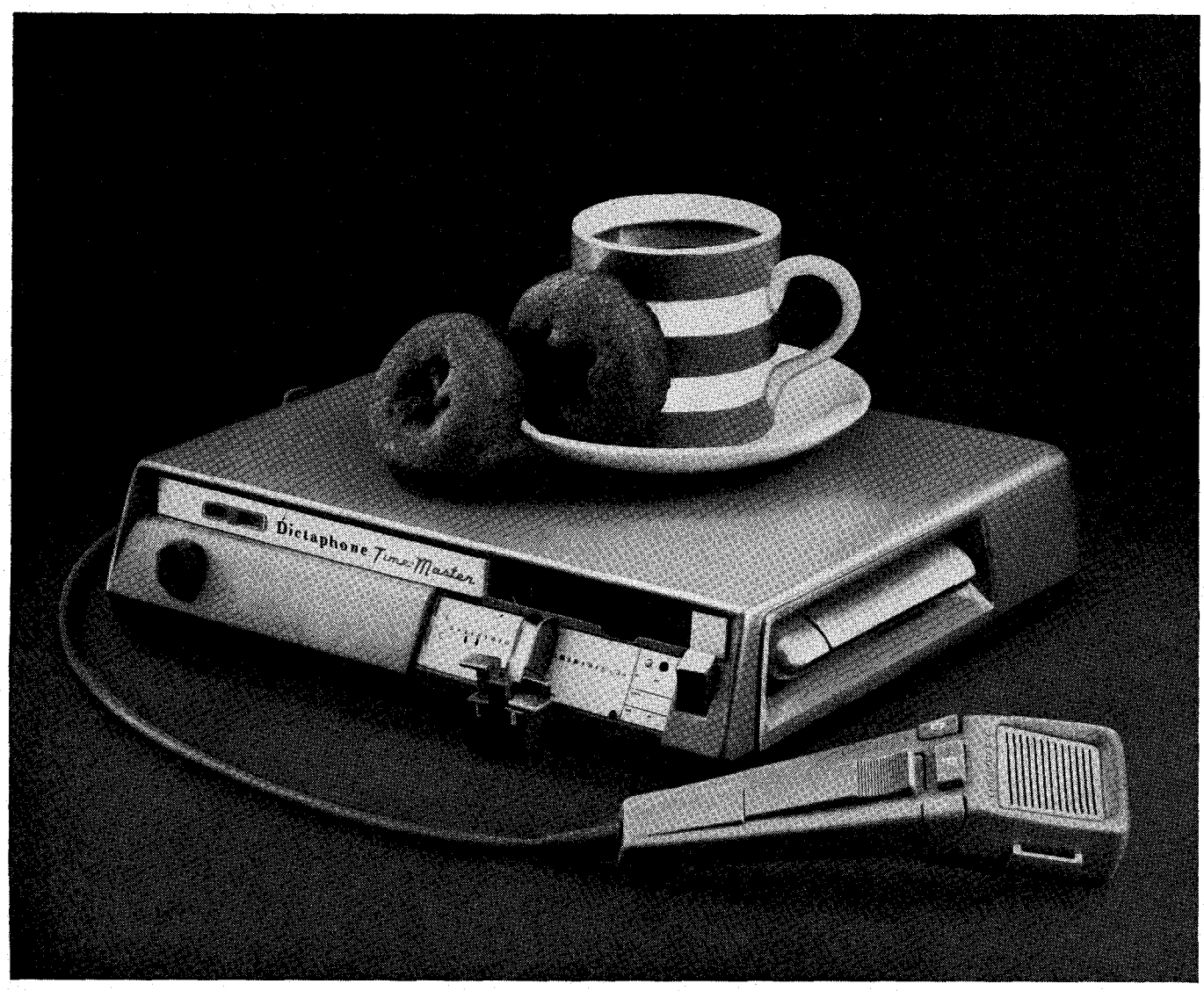
Gendall kept grinning, he felt so fine. He didn't see young Johnny Baintree till the ensign stood in front of him, saying with genuine respect, "Congratulations, sir! I just now heard." The youngster looked pretty uncomfortable though, which was most unusual. Plainly, there was something else he had to say, feeling if he didn't say it now he'd never again have the courage. Which was even more unusual. "I've just been talking to Susan, sir," he blurted. "On the transpacific phone. We both think —— Well, sir, what I mean is I want to ask ——"

"You!" Dave Gendall's voice was near a roar. Commanding officers, of course, were always the last to hear about anything. "You mean to say it's about *you* my Susie's been floating around on a cloud?"

"Well, sir, I ——" The lad's voice broke completely. He was red in the face by now. He rushed on. "I know what you think about Navy girls marrying ensigns, sir. But we're very much in love." Johnny straightened up. "Susan told me," he said with sudden firmness, "to be sure to tell you that she wasn't marrying just an ensign, but an officer who'd one day be an admiral and fly his flag."

Gendall stared at him, sinking slowly back in his chair. Susan had spoken to Bess, his wife. That was certain. Where else would she have learned to tell Johnny a thing like that? Women! They ganged up on you. You didn't have a chance. All in a flash, he remembered the wailing down in Fiddler's Green from the special hell for surly four-stripers and old-fogy flags who hadn't let their daughters marry ensigns. All of a sudden, his grin returned.

"Well!" he said. "I expect you're a little early for a flag. But I'll tell you this. In case you don't make it—it won't be Susie's fault!" He stood up. He was smiling. "Suppose you and me go back on board together, son." THE END



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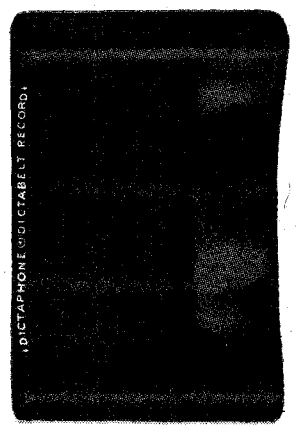

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Colonel Bowie's Gamble (Continued from Page 22)

to enjoy his wine. It was remarkable to the boy from Kentucky that this old man, Mr. Nathan Shrapnel, by the mere fact of his appearance in a new hat, a crisp shirt and a diamond, had driven out of the heads of the assembled jubilant company the news of the Confederate triumph at Bull Run. Also, he was irritated because, having read the major campaigns of history, he had been quite ready to prophesy in detail a series of converging victories from Bull Run onward until the Confederacy held a limp Union in its gentle but ruthless jaws as a hound holds a dead bird. It annoyed him that these elderly, languid barroom strategists, floating on clouds of cigar smoke in lakes of liquor, chewing like unastonishable oxen upon their cuds of tobacco, should be so shocked into silence.

There was nothing in the presence of Nathan Shrapnel to arrest the attention of a boy in a haze of glory, nurtured on tales of the heroes. These were the days when legend had interchangeable parts, and it took less than half a lifetime to assemble a history. Therefore, being young, he chafed while someone told him that Nathan Shrapnel had for a great many years been the cleverest gambler on the river between New Orleans and Cincinnati, and the most miserly. More than seventy-five years old, he would be playing to this day if his left hand had not been smashed by a loser's bullet after a ninety-two-hour game of marathon poker that ended in St. Louis with Shrapnel $35,000 to the good and a sucker ruined.

His informant added, "That was in the year 1836, sir—the same year Colonel James Bowie met his death at the Alamo. Colonel Bowie and Mr. Shrapnel were close friends, sir."

The young soldier cried, "What! That fellow knew Colonel Bowie?"

Someone nudged him in admonition, but it was too late; Nathan Shrapnel's high-set ears could select required sounds from any *brouhaha* in any company; and his wide-set pale eyes, as auxiliaries, could lip-read. So, his left hand hanging limp and useless in a black silk glove, he turned his glass by the stem in his right and asked, in a small melodious voice, "Bowie? What pup calls me a fellow and talks of Bowie?"

"I do, sir, and I am not a pup," said the young officer.

"I honor your uniform, sir," said Nathan Shrapnel in a smooth, hollow-ground voice that might shave you clean or cut your throat; sitting at his ease but taking in a hundred and eighty degrees of ambient detail. "Forgive me, sir; if I had not inadvertently interrupted your plan of campaign, general, you might already have cut your bloodless way to the other side of the Potomac. Pardon a decrepit old cripple. When I was your age I, too, knew everything. Now I'm old and know nothing. I mean to say, that the more I know I know, the less I know I know. But knowledge comes high, it costs dear, sir —— You were talking of James Bowie who died in his bed on feather pillows?"

The young officer said stiffly, "I was referring, sir, to Colonel James Bowie who died like a hero with his hot rifle in his hand at the Battle of Alamo."

"To be sure, the one who originated that clumsy weapon the Bowie knife—James the nonpareil, the one and only. Died in bed, I'll wager—poor James!"

Now, perhaps because he had responded to too many toasts, the young officer, ignoring his companion's warning never to play against Nathan Shrapnel, took out fifty dollars and put them down, saying, "Taken!"

Having covered the stakes, Nathan Shrapnel said, "What you say, sir, is just and true. James Bowie died valiantly, rifle in hand, in the San Antonio mission, Alamo, 1836. He had been wounded in the stomach, you see, and when the enemy broke into the mission, he was lying on pillows in a cot, rifle in hand. Thus, by the terms of the wager, Bowie died in bed—so I will pick up these stakes, fairly won and graciously lost. I would gladly offer you a glass of wine, but upon principle I never treat and am seldom treated. Likewise, humanitarianism tempts me to offer you your money back; but stern reason stays my hand, for a lesson gotten free of charge is a lesson unlearned. You'll thank me for it and bless my memory if and when you grow older.

"However, I could not help overhearing certain ill-bred comments upon a gentleman's change of headgear." Nathan Shrapnel touched the brim of his brand-new sombrero. "True, this blessed day the Mississippi River lost a landmark. Overcome with joy on hearing the glorious news of Bull Run I tossed my hat in the air, but it rebounded from an awning and fell under the wheels of a passing carriage. So I went to Lelièvre's and purchased this fine new hat: change hats, change luck, they say. Fortunately I no longer play."

"Because of your unfortunate accident, sir?"

"It was not an accident. The shot was fired with intent to kill, but only my hand was broken by the ball ——" Nathan Shrapnel did not want to pursue this subject.

"I play only certainties," he said. "How can I be certain unless I deal? And how can I deal to my satisfaction with only one hand? But you were speaking of Colonel James Bowie. Sir, all the world was afraid of Jim Bowie and his knife, but Bowie himself was afraid of Nathan Shrapnel and his Arkansas Toothpick! I often told him, 'Jim, you have the presence and the manner, and you can take a man's arm off with one stroke. But see here; before you had your fifteen-inch dirk out of its scabbard my Arkansas Toothpick would be used, wiped, folded and up my sleeve again—for the point must always be quicker than the edge.'

"And what is an Arkansas Toothpick? I'll show you," said the old man, making a spasmodic gesture involving only the muscles of his right arm. Seemingly by magic there appeared in his hand a knife covered with shaggy piebald calfhide. Shrapnel touched a spring and—all this in a quarter of a second—with a sickening snick! nine inches of blade shot out, a gray murderer's blade honed bright at both edges and ground to a deadly point.

"There's your Arkansas Toothpick," Nathan Shrapnel said. "Even Bowie respected this instrument. Observe, having shut it, I send the knife back into my sleeve with a snap of the fingers. The hair on the handle holds it in position against the cloth of my coat until a twitch dislodges it. Yet I have seen Colonel Bowie frighten a dangerous company by drawing that old hammered blacksmith's file of his—and mostly on account of a woman who was supposed to be beautiful. The story has already become a legend since Bowie died. But I will repeat it, with its real ending, to correct any lingering impression that my old friend was a complete fool."

Gallantry is a luxury in which I have never indulged (said Nathan Shrapnel). Bowie was gallant, but he generally knew how to pick up the paying end of that folly by the skillful application of psychology; for Bowie, being a clever gambler, was an astute judge of men.

This happened aboard the Claire Carling, coming down the Mississippi. A certain George Evelyne, it would appear, was recently married, and his wife Anne Louise was a belle famed for her beauty. I do not set myself up as a judge in these matters; but she had a mouth of the shape and color of the ace of hearts, a white face of corresponding form with a widow's peak, and silky golden hair, sir—and she was evidently deeply in love with her husband. He was a personable fellow enough, with black hair and blue eyes, and a voice that sounded as if he were talking into a golden bowl—assured, reverberant with expression, romantic.

And he was the greatest fool that ever set foot even on the deck of a Mississippi steamboat—a lamb to be eaten before breakfast, sir. He was carrying fifty thousand dollars in his pocket, in good paper and specie, which his father-in-law, who was a man of affairs, had entrusted him to collect up North so that he might combine business with bliss on his honeymoon. But others got wind of this before

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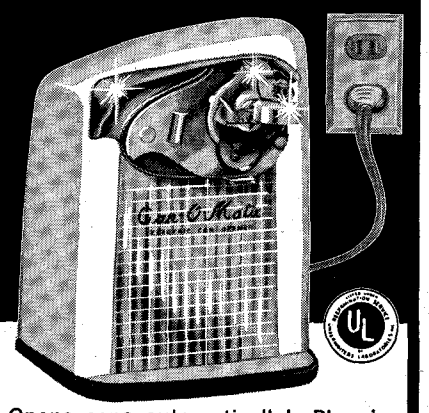

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Bowie and me, and very bad men they were.

I might have learned of this sooner, if Bowie had not his own reasons for cutting off his mustache and playing it meek and mild. He had been with La Fitte in Galveston and then for a while he had been lying low in the North for the sake of experience, so that he was familiar with the rivers up there and those that infested them, and had personally avoided contamination with this scum. Bear in mind, then, that by this date he was only vaguely recollected on the Mississippi, and nobody aboard the Claire Carling recognized him, especially since he was using the name of James Baynard. Only I knew Baynard to be Bowie, and only he knew anything about the three who had slunk at Evelyne's heels from Pittsburgh.

There was the Canadian called "The Wolverine," and his partner "The Priest" O'Horan—and there was a saying in Pennsylvania, then, that him into whom The Wolverine and The Priest got their teeth, God forgot. They had a species of militia general with them, whose name escapes me, but his sobriquet was "The Dummy." He pretended to be an absolute fool; always misdealt, called his hands wrong, and appeared to lose money like a sack without a bottom. The Wolverine was so-called because of his resemblance to that savage and cunning little animal, and he was said to be one of the best second-dealers afloat—I mean, that in dealing you the card next to the top card out of a stacked pack he was almost unrivaled. The Dummy could break a man's back over his knee; but the worst of them all was The Priest O'Horan, with his hollow eyes and his blue jaws, for he was a killer by vocation, and a man of education too. Believe me, sir, when I assure you that this was a most unholy trinity.

So Colonel James Bowie—calling himself Baynard—said to me, "I fear, Nathan, that we are somewhat late. The Wolverine and The Priest O'Horan have gotten their fangs into that unlucky young man. A pity. I would have left him with at least something, for his wife's sake, because she has a face like an angel."

I said, "Jim, I hope I have a good while yet to go before I see an angel face to face; but it is a pity if, as I understand it, there goes fifty thousand dollars down the drain, and nothing to do about it."

"Nathan," said Colonel James Bowie, "there is nothing to do except stand by, because you are too notorious, sir. Tangle with these fellows, and there will be blood—mostly your blood. And the sucker won't thank you; it would be like coming between husband and wife to intervene between a fool and his folly. Now, I am at present unknown to these Northern sharks out of Pittsburgh, so bide your time while I bide mine; and when I give you the signal, be ready to hand with your Arkansas Toothpick when I reach for Bowie's back-scratcher. Well?"

"That's well," I said. "Romance, sir, is very nice to read about; but when it involves fifty thousand dollars in hard cash passing into the wrong hands—why, then I declare romance is immoral!"

Then Jim Bowie laughed and said to me, "Nathan, you are a long-headed and farsighted man. But at close quarters farsightedness is more of a handicap than an advantage. As often as not the knife is master of the saber. Listen to me, because I can tell you the process of the coming game as surely as if I were playing it myself with a cold deck.

"Mr. and Mrs. Evelyne have been North for their honeymoon and are returning to Natchez. The Priest O'Horan is the brain of this syndicate of rogues, and I have been told how he works. He must start the game small, let the sucker Evelyne win, say, five hundred dollars—and then with an air of grudging admiration congratulate him on his skill, and hope for revenge. Then the sucker struts away in high feather, ready for the plucking. Between this point and Natchez then, O'Horan, The Wolverine and The Dummy take him for the last cent he has.

"But before this boat docks, call me a liar if this young man's money together with every penny O'Horan and Company have besides, is not in my pocket! Only in case of trouble, Nathan, be present but inconspicuous with your Arkansas Toothpick. Cool-quiet is the watchword. Follow my lead." So I did, and what followed was pitiful to watch.

You may have seen a smart dealer taking trouble to force a losing hand upon a sucker. Ah, but have you seen the slickest operator on the river trying to make that same sucker win? That is far heavier work if it is to be done convincingly. It almost broke my heart to see it. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that the fool Evelyne split a full house drawing to three nines and, when The Wolverine dealt him a fourth nine, threw in his hand because The Dummy raised him five dollars! I have never seen three men work so hard to lose four hundred seventy-five dollars.

And what Jim Bowie prophesied came to pass. Two days later the game was resumed. This was part of their stage play: The Wolverine swore that he would have his revenge upon Evelyne, whom he called the best poker player between Memphis and Cincinnati, not for the money but for the honor; The Dummy said so too; and O'Horan pretended to try to restrain them, but seemed to let himself be talked into the game.

And in eight hours by the clock, young Evelyne had lost fifty-two thousand dollars—fifty thousand dollars of which were not his own. "I am ruined," says he.

"Luck of the game," says O'Horan coolly; "you would have ruined me, I dare say, if you could." For he was the big winner, his two partners having pretended to lose.

So now Mr. Evelyne, tearing his hair, kissing a locket containing a miniature of his wife, and calling himself all kinds of a villain, went to the rail to throw himself overboard. But Bowie was there to catch him by the coattails and to assure him that drowning in the Mississippi was a muddy and ignominious death. He was a reader of men, my old friend Bowie.

He said, "Consider your wife's feelings, sir. If you are caught by the paddles, you will be handed back to the sweet lady in a pail. If not, they will float you in like a balloon, nibbled by catfish. Be calm, and it may be that I can help you."

Then Bowie, looking not unlike a clergyman himself with his coat buttoned, went to the saloon where The Priest O'Horan and his gang were treating themselves to a magnum of good wine. He went to the bar and ordered a brandy smash.

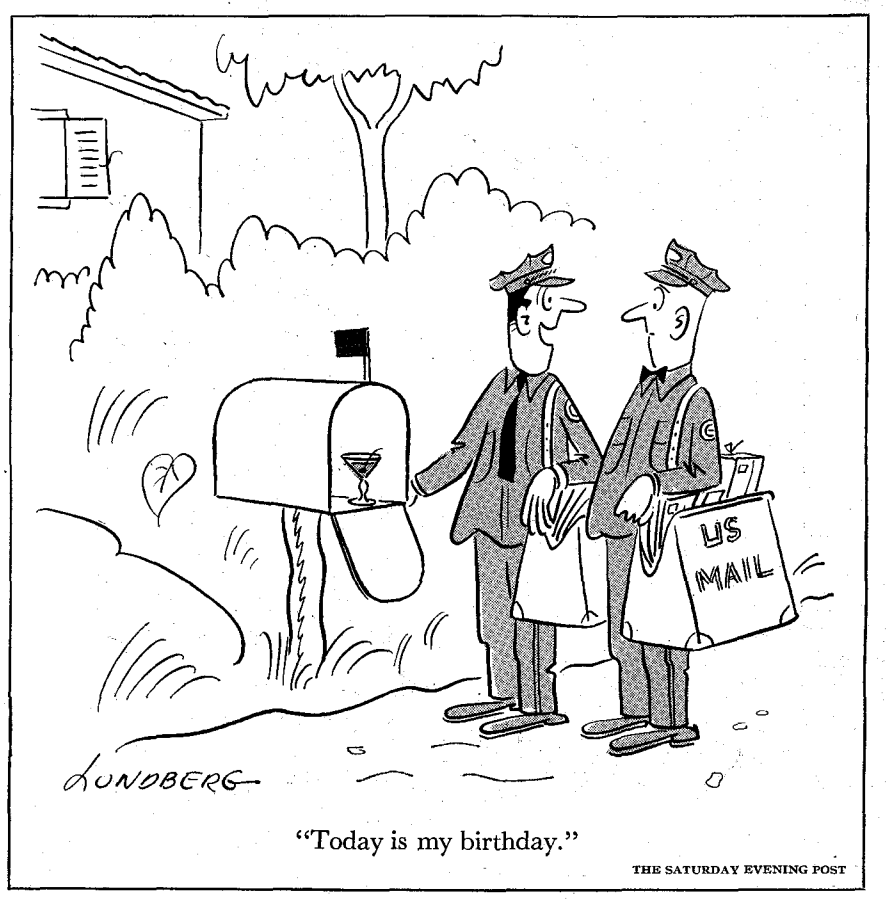
But when it came to paying he declared that he had no small money, upon which the bartender looked grave. "Unless you can give me change," says Bowie, taking out a fat notecase and extracting a hundred-dollar bill. "I am afraid this is the smallest I have." The bartender had not sufficient change and said he would send for it.

Then up jumps The Wolverine only too anxious to oblige, with a handful of gold and silver. Bowie said, "You are extremely civil, sir. This is good paper, I assure you, for it is part of a sum drawn upon Rothschild's of France. Only a few hundred dollars of it are mine, sir. The other ten thousand dollars is charitably devoted to the projected French Hospital in New Orleans."

In something less than twenty minutes, The Priest O'Horan had played his opening move—that is to say, he talked from hospitals to sickness, from sickness to expectation of life, from accident to divine will, and so into theological mysteries; from which it was but a step to his little tiny demonstration game, only for pennies. The pennies were to lend zest to what might otherwise seem purely academic.

And Bowie lost. He let O'Horan and his colleagues have their way with him, knowing that they were building up for the big kill.

They were no fools, the Unholy Three; they kept a sort of balance of power, while Bowie trembled and perspired so convincingly that even I was almost taken



"Today is my birthday."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in. I was drawn, as by a magnet from my place in the half-shadow at the last hand. Lord, but O'Horan could deal! Even my eye could scarcely follow his manipulations.

And at last when he dealt Jim Bowie four kings and a jack, and high hands to The Wolverine and The Dummy, and the betting went mad until forty thousand dollars lay on the table, I knew that the time had come. Although Bowie knew what had been happening and what was to come, he was a slave to the spirit of the game while the cards were in his hand. He watched like an eagle, and I did too.

Bowie, the opener, drew no cards. O'Horan, the dealer, drew two. Bowie sat like a statue bidding against the raise until there were eighty thousand dollars on the table, while O'Horan—although he thought he knew what he was doing—loosened his white cravat and went brick-red in the face, and his voice was husky as corn shucks as he said, "I'll call you."

"So be it," said Bowie, putting his cards on the table.

As I said, he had four kings and a jack. But as he laid his cards down he reached over with his long left arm and grasped O'Horan by the wrist in a grip to break iron while, with his free hand, he drew that fifteen-inch blade he had hammered out of a blacksmith's file.

"Now, you dog," says he, "if you have more than five cards in your hand I'll cut you into thin slices!"

O'Horan was forced to open his fist, and down fell six cards—four aces and a queen and a deuce. "Who are you, anyway?" he asked, aghast.

"I am Colonel James Bowie, sir, traveling incognito, and the gentleman at my back is Mr. Nathan Shrapnel, the man with the Arkansas Toothpick. I have a legitimate hand of four kings against your false hand of six cards. Count the odds, you fools! Shrapnel is worth any two of you, and I am worth four. Don't you see that you are only three to our six?"

Thereupon, Bowie swept the money into his hat, slammed it on his head and strode out. I covered him, walking backwards; but O'Horan and his fellows were demoralized.

On the deck I said to Bowie, "That was a gamble, Jim, and I do not mean for money."

"Not a bit of it," said he. "None of those three are fools. But they are so clever that they cannot act as a team—each waits for the other to move and so, hesitating, they are lost. Like you, friend Nathan, they see too far ahead; or so they think. Their three pair of pistols drawn fast would have accounted for at least one of us, probably both. But they were counting the odds on our knives, and threw in when I uncovered my hole-card—I mean, my identity. For James Bowie could walk the length of the Natchez Trace with a pot of gold on his head, and no man would dare to lift a hand against him."

This was true. Then he gave me four thousand dollars for my share, saying, "For the sake of that fine young lady I am going to return to her foolish husband the fifty thousand dollars of which he has been robbed."

I said, "My share is more than plenty for the little I have done, but I think that you are a born fool, Jim. No sooner will that hobbledehoy have the money back than he will lose it again; because there is no vanity like the vanity of a bad poker player—unless it be the vanity of a fool who fancies himself as a lady-killer. Button up your cash, Jim Bowie, and let the pup go to the devil."

"Nathan," said he, "there is a time to be hard and a time to be soft. She reminds me of a girl I used to know when I was a boy in Logan County, Kentucky."

So I went with him to Evelyne's stateroom, where—Colonel James Bowie dearly loved a dramatic gesture—he swept off his hat and, counting out handfuls of money, said, "Mr. Evelyne, sir. Here are your fifty thousand dollars safe and sound, for your lady wife's sake. Pay this money where it belongs, and swear to me by all you hold sacred that you will never play cards for money again as long as you live. Swear it on your knees, young man!"

"You have saved my life and my honor!" cried Mr. Evelyne, falling on his knees and bursting into tears. "I swear I will never so much as handle a pack of cards as long as I live."

Jim Bowie swelled himself up like a politician, and began, I believe, to make a high-sounding speech. But he only got as far as "And now, sir ——" when the heart-faced young lady came in like a spotted panther, screaming, "You are the beast in human guise that hoodwinked my poor husband into vicious ways!" And she struck Bowie on the head with a water pitcher.

"Ma'am!" said Bowie; but she was counting the money.

"You scoundrel!" she cried. "Here are only fifty thousand dollars, and Mr. Evelyne had fifty-two thousand dollars!"

Always gallant, even with the fragments of a pitcher in his hair and his linen limp with water, Bowie handed over another two thousand dollars and bowed low, saying, "Here are the other two thousand dollars, Mr. Evelyne. And remember, you have sworn to me on your knees that you will never play cards for money again. Keep this vow for your own sake, because you cannot play poker worth a damn. Excuse my language, dear lady, but a person who splits a full house to draw to three nines would cause a saint to swear. Ma'am, if the gentleman you have just married is as good a husband as he is a bad poker player, you are the luckiest bride alive. Adieu!"

I can command myself tolerably well, but as soon as the door closed behind us I burst into a roar of laughter that must have sounded the length and breadth of the Claire Carling.

Bowie, dabbing his bruised head with a handkerchief, said, "Oh, all the same, I still show a profit—and she *is* devilishly like that girl from Logan County." And he laughed too. "Come to the saloon," he said, "and I will buy a bottle of wine, for I know you never stand treat, Nathan."

"Seeing it's you," I said.

Well, then, we had not drunk half the bottle when young Evelyne came into the saloon, pale but composed. He came straight up to Bowie and said, with a certain stiffness, "Sir, I am profoundly in your debt."

"Not at all," said Bowie; "pray don't mention it."

"I apologize, sir, for Mrs. Evelyne's impulsive behavior."

"A sign of wifely devotion and a high spirit, sir."

"You are very good, sir. But will you have the kindness to explain to me exactly what you meant when you said that I could not play poker worth a damn?" His feelings were hurt; the pride of a bad poker player had the upper hand.

Bowie became a little impatient then, as I could see by the restlessness of his fingers. But in his slow and gentle voice he entered into a masterly analysis of Evelyne's game. Sir, if only I had a literary gift I would write that lecture down in the form of a small book of duodecimo size, and make fame and fortune by it! It went on for the better part of an hour, and a small

(*Continued on Page 89*)

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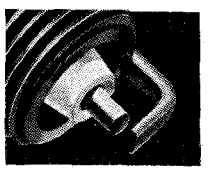

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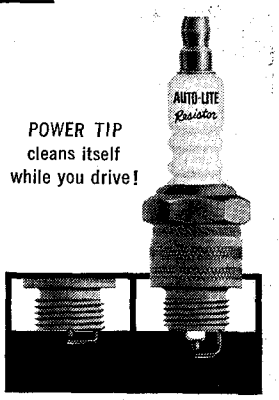

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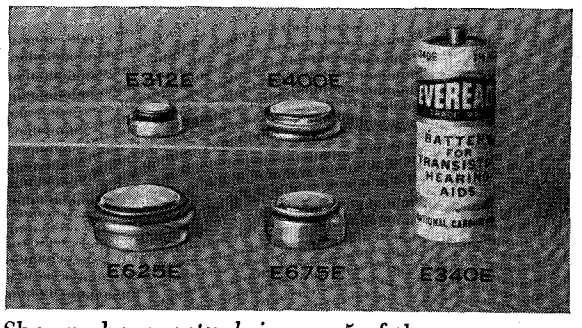

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(*Continued from Page 87*) crowd listened, spellbound by Bowie's learning and his oratory. He concluded:

"But words are not enough. One cannot convey, say, the science of poker in words, any more than one can tell a person how to ride a horse, to do geometry, to swim, to fence, or ——"

"I am familiar with the game of poker, sir," protested Evelyne, red as fire with shame, "and can hold my own in an *honest* game, I flatter myself."

"A good saving clause, that last," said Bowie. "The fact remains to be demonstrated. But you have given up cards, I think."

"As a game, yes!" cried Evelyne. "But for the purpose of demonstration—that is another matter, sir."

Now Bowie looked at him with bitter contempt, and something very like disappointment. "We will play for pennies," he said, calling for new cards and more wine. I made a third.

It was an honest game; we played draw poker. Four hours later, Evelyne was sitting with his hot head in his hands, and Jim Bowie was sweeping into his hat forty-seven thousand dollars. I was five thousand dollars ahead.

"You swore on your knees," said Bowie with scorn. "But what was your oath and your honor worth when your conceit was in question? Go away."

Evelyne turned to me and asked in a broken voice if I would lend him two hundred dollars on his watch. It was a French repeater, worth five hundred dollars.

"I will not lend," I said, "because I do not want to lose your friendship. But I will buy the watch for one hundred dollars, with the chain thrown in." He sold.

"The more I see of man, the more I love my dog," said Bowie sadly, when Evelyne was gone.

"I did not know you had a dog, Jim," I said.

"No," said he, "but I had a fine hound dog when I was a boy in Logan County, Kentucky."

He went ashore in Baton Rouge, and that was the last I ever saw of James Bowie. The next I heard of him was when he died at the Alamo.

He died quite poor, compared with me. I retired from the river with a fortune of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars—and I'll treble it, I will, before I die!

The young officer, looking at Nathan Shrapnel with a mixed expression of awe and dislike, asked, "And what happened to this man Evelyne?"

"Oh, his wife's father covered his losses for the girl's sake, and he settled down in business. Went into politics. Abolish Gambling was the main plank in his platform!"

The man asked, "And how do you propose to triple your capital, sir?"

"Sir," said Nathan Shrapnel, "I only invest in reasonable certainties, having calculated all the odds. I have been classified as a gambler. This is incorrect; I was a prudent and practiced player who could always tell you the irrefragable mathematics of the odds on a hand of cards or a throw of dice at an instant's notice. Wise men play, only fools gamble.

"The glorious news of this blessed day is but a hint of greater victories to come, and confirms me in my judgment. So I do not begrudge this new hat, or the extravagance of this pint of wine, in celebration of Bull Run. I have, after the most careful inquiry and upon the advice of the best-informed authorities, invested my savings in Confederate bonds."

So saying, Nathan Shrapnel bade the company good day, and walked out into the brilliant sunshine of a fine forenoon.

The Dark Road (Continued from Page 42)

"They ate on the train, and again in the station. They are going to sleep—'twelve hours straight,' that is what they said."

The hotel was a little way outside of town, on the banks of the river. Harry Benton and Magda went down to the dining room on the terrace by the water. It was very hot outside still, but the terrace was shaded, and cooled occasionally by a breeze off the river. Benton ordered cold salmon and cucumbers and chilled white wine.

"I have never had wine," Magda said. "They do not make it on the other side, and before that I was too young." She held up her glass and looked through it. "Like sunlight," she said. "Cold sunlight."

She looked around the pleasant, light-colored room, with its slow, heavy-footed, fatherly waiters, and the white-covered tables with the solid, middle-class families or the parties of university students, and the small corner tables with the young lovers.

"Like a new world," she said; "a fine new world. And the people in it, so clean and happy."

"It's new to you," Harry Benton replied, but he said it softly, smiling as he said it, and took her hand.

They sat there on the terrace, drinking the cool wine and watching the sun set.

"I have to leave now," Benton told her. "Just for a little while. I have to telephone the man I told you about, and I may have to go and talk with him. It won't take long. I'll be back soon."

"Harry," she said, "when you find the man, what will happen to us all?"

"I don't know," he said slowly, "but it'll be all right. We'll be together."

He walked a few hundred yards along the river until he found a phone booth. He got the number Major Feldman had given him, the open one, the one in the directories. He heard the ring at the other end. He waited until it had rung fifteen times, enough time for anyone to answer. Then he hung up slowly and began walking toward Feldman's house.

It was not far, and Harry Benton was there in fifteen minutes. He walked briskly past the house, looking for lights, but there was nothing he could see. The street was empty. There was only a parked car a few houses down across the street from Feldman's house. He moved on quickly and turned the corner. When he reached the alley in back of the house, he ducked in swiftly and moved up to where he could examine the house from the rear. He could smell charred wood, as though there had been a fire, but there was nothing but darkness.

He stood for a minute with his hand on the gate, but then turned back the way he had come. It was too late to try again that night. Maybe Lou Feldman was working late outside, maybe he was out of town. He would try tomorrow. He walked slowly back by a roundabout route. It was late when he entered the hotel again.

When he got back to his room, the lights were out; but the window was open, the shades had been drawn and the room was blue-white with moonlight. The connecting door to Magda's room was open. Benton went to the door quietly and peered inside. Then he entered the room silently. Magda was asleep, curled up peacefully. She looked very young and small in the big double bed. She was lying on her right side, with the scarred left side of her face showing. The light was kind to it; it seemed only a shadow across her face. Benton leaned over and touched it gently with his fingers; she stirred in her sleep, but did not wake.

He went to the bathroom and undressed quickly. His eye caught the shelves and he smiled. He had given her some money at the Heidelberg station, so that while he was phoning the hotel she could buy a few things they would all need—a bright lipstick, some powder and cleansing cream, a tiny bottle of perfume. She was all right now, he thought, whatever they did to her.

He had left a call for eight, and the sun had already made the room bright when the stout, cheerful maid knocked at the door and entered to his call with the tray of hot rolls and the steaming jugs of coffee and milk and the strawberry preserves. The maid smiled at him and he noticed that she had brought breakfast for two. When she had left, he knocked on the connecting door to Magda's room. She was awake and sitting in front of a mirror combing her hair. She had put on lipstick for the first time, and the little pile of red-stained cleansing tissues in the waste basket indicated that she had been practicing to get it right.

Benton smiled at her. "Breakfast," he said.

She ate neatly but almost ravenously. "White bread," she said, breaking a roll. "Butter," she said, spreading it with a knife. "Real strawberries," she said, putting the jam on the piece of roll. "Coffee," she said. "I had seen pictures of these things, I had imagined them. Pastor Daubigny told me how it was in the old days, and sometimes I could almost remember a little of how it was. When I was a little girl."

She turned to him and smiled. "I'm not a little girl any more, Harry."

It was a declaration of independence and a promise at the same time.

"No," he said. "No, darling, you're not. You're grown up now, and you're free. You don't owe anything. You can be what you want, go where you like."

"I know it," she said. "I am where I like."

There was a hand mirror on the table next to the bed, and she picked it up and looked at herself gravely in the glass, turning first the clear profile and then the scarred one. She let the glass reflect the scar for a moment, then she tried covering the scar with her hand.

"It doesn't bother me any more," she said; "it's just a scar."

"It can be fixed," Benton said. "Quite easily."

"I used to think it was there to punish me," she said. "For something I had done. But it's just a scar. They can take it off. For you, Harry. The very best."

Harry Benton thought, *We get more than we deserve*. He reached over and stroked her hair. She leaned over him and bit his ear very gently, then rubbed her cheek against his.

Then the phone rang, and Stumpf's voice at the other end was edgy and impatient.

"When are we going?" Stumpf asked. "It is late."

"We'll be down in a little while. In the lobby." (*Continued on Page 91*)

"Of course, I'd be more impressed with Dickie's proposal if he hadn't sent the telegram 'collect.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 89*) They met in the lobby and went to an isolated table in the garden near the river where they could talk without being overheard.

"Well," Stumpf said, "where is this famous friend of yours?"

"Not far from here," Harry Benton replied. "Fifteen minutes' walk. He was away last night. I am going again. Right now."

"I will go with you," Stumpf said harshly. "I would like to meet this wealthy friend."

A showdown, Harry Benton thought; there was going to have to be one very soon with this guy. He would have to dump him on Lou Feldman fast. He nodded his head.

"All right. We'll all go."

When they had reached the house and stood in front of the closed door, he rang the bell many times, hearing the sound echo through the house. When the door was opened, it was by a woman in a dark cleaning apron, with a mop in her hand, gaunt and sour-faced.

"Major Feldman," Harry Benton asked, "is he at home?"

"He is not here any more," the woman said shortly; then as if in afterthought, "He is dead."

Harry Benton stood there half-stunned. *Lou Feldman*, he thought; his friend. And then, what could they do now? He turned to the woman who by then was closing the door.

"Wait," he said. "Wait. What was it? When did it happen?"

"I don't know. I am not the regular maid here. I am just the cleaning woman. Ask at the police station."

The door slammed in his face. The others had heard it all and there was nothing to tell.

"Where do we go now?" Stumpf asked fiercely. "What are your plans now, Counselor Benton?"

"Back to the hotel," Benton said. "Maybe we can figure something out there."

But as he spoke, he had no hope. Who knew about it, but Feldman? If he went to the wrong people, he might very well be hanged or imprisoned for life. And there were the others, too, the people he didn't even want to think about. Suddenly the pleasant, shaded street seemed full of enemies and terror.

He glanced at the house across the street. There was a face peering from below a half-drawn shade, an old woman's face, purse-lipped and disapproving. There was a car across the street. It looked like the same one which had been there the night before. A big boxy old car. But this time there were two men in it. They were not glancing at Harry Benton, but for a minute their unconcern seemed too elaborate. *I'm panicking*, he thought, and even as he thought it, led the others briskly up the street back toward the hotel.

As they went round the corner, he led the way up an alley, the first turning in the detour he had taken the night before. When they had nearly reached the far end of the alley, the big car pulled across its mouth, blocking their exit, and two men got out. They were small, dark men with flat, expressionless faces. Benton could see the bulges on the left side of their coats, the bulges that hid the shoulder holsters. And as if to make it certain, one of the men drew out an automatic.

Benton glanced behind him. He felt for the Vopo's gun in his hip pocket. *If I jumped them*, he thought, *the others might get away*. But at the other end of the alley, there was a similar blockade and two more men got out, huge and shambling this time, and moved toward them.

Benton reached out and took Magda's hand.

"Right here," he said. "Wait. Don't move."

The four men had come together now and hemmed them in from either side. One of the little men pointed to the big car, jerking his revolver barrel at it. He relieved Benton of the automatic, quickly and efficiently.

"In there," he said. "In back."

He pushed Benton roughly toward the car, then Magda. He shoved Benton into the back seat, Magda into the front. Then he got into the back, sitting in the corner as far from Harry Benton as possible and covering him with the automatic. The driver got in beside Magda. As the car moved off, Harry Benton, turning his head, could see Stumpf and Daubigny being put into the other auto at the far end of the short alley.

The car was driving south now on secondary roads. Sitting across from the little dark man with the gun, Benton wondered if there was any way out. He could make a break when they slowed down, he thought, out the side door; but that would leave Magda alone. He made himself relax and sat there waiting to see where they were being taken.

It was not very far, perhaps half an hour's driving. When they slowed down, it was in a small town. They went halfway through, then turned up a side street. There was a large building in orange stucco, with a narrow entrance and an enclosed courtyard. Apparently it was a garage. But it was a peculiar sort of garage. The large courtyard was studded with a few cars of mixed make and year, but no one seemed to be working on them. They drove through to the back of the courtyard and halted at a closed wooden swing door with a big old-fashioned hasp and lock. Across the top of the stucco building to which the gate gave entry was a second floor, with a row of curtained windows.

The car halted in front of the door. The driver got out carefully, went to the lock and opened it with a large iron key. He put lock and key in his pocket, then he swung the door open and drove the automobile inside. Harry Benton was watching carefully now, but there were no mistakes: the driver took the ignition key with him when he unlocked the door; the guard in the back seat sat alertly, supporting the automatic on his left wrist and aiming directly at Benton's stomach.

When they were in the garage, the driver switched on a bright overhead light. Then he went to the door and closed it. There was another hasp on the inside of the door, and the driver snapped the heavy lock on it, the one he had brought in from the front. He put the key in his pocket. He drew an automatic and stood against the wall, well back from the car, aiming the gun carefully at the car door from which Benton would have to emerge. The man in the back seat pointed to the door on Benton's side.

"Out," he said.

Benton climbed slowly out. The driver herded him over to a wall, covering him carefully. Then the second man got out of the back, opened the front door on Magda's side and motioned her out.

There was a door at the end of the garage and a steep narrow stairway leading upward to the rooms on the second floor. The driver went up the stairs and opened the second door at the top. Then he stood there, aiming down the stairs. The second man pointed to Benton.

"Up," he said.

Then he indicated that Magda should go behind Benton. He followed a few feet behind, keeping the gun on them all the way. The driver at the top of the stairs backed slowly away from Benton as he walked up, keeping always the same number of feet away as though in some ritualized dance, and training the automatic on his stomach.

The room they came into was large and sparsely furnished—three or four straight-backed chairs and a plain wooden table. The only piece of furniture in the room with pretensions to comfort or grandeur was a large red baroque overstuffed arm chair.

"Sit down," the driver said. He pointed to the plain chairs.

Then the driver went to a second door in the room, leading to some inner chamber. He knocked quietly and respectfully. Harry Benton could hear a muffled voice on the other side of the door, but he could not make out the words. Then the door swung open and a man entered the large room, and sat down in the ornate red chair.

The last time Benton had seen Bruno Antonescu's face, there was a wet smear of blood near it and he was very dead. But it was the same man who stood in front of him now, with the wistful smile on the moist over-red lips and the wet black eyes peering at him. Benton sucked in his breath.

"It is not nice to see a man risen from the dead, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said. "Not very nice at all. But I will not scare you any more with ghost stories. I am Victor Antonescu. Bruno Antonescu was my younger brother.

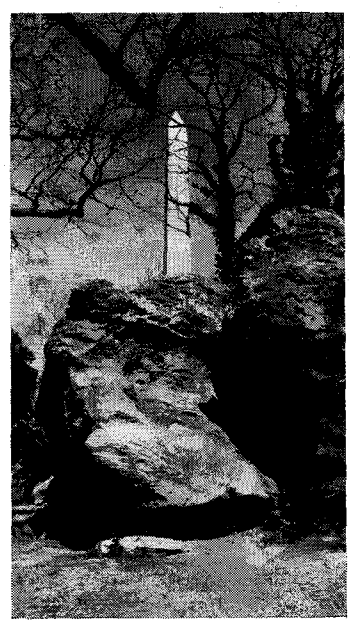
"A little thoughtless and neglectful," he went on, "as younger brothers sometimes are. A little distrustful of me. He neglected to tell me that he had acquired half a million dollars' worth of diamonds. He was selfish enough not to want to share them with me. But worst of all, he came to his death through clumsiness"—he broke off for a moment and looked sharply at the driver of the car—"through clumsiness before he had a chance to tell me where the diamonds are."

He smiled gently at Harry Benton. "And that is where you come in, Mr. Benton. I think you can tell me. No, I think you will want to tell me, very freely."

The wet black eyes rested on Benton and then swiveled up sharply as the door leading up from the garage opened. But it was the driver from the second car, with Stumpf and Daubigny behind him, and the second man herding them upward. When they had all come up, Antonescu motioned the second pair down the stairs, but he kept the two others with him.

"You have a lot of friends, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said. "It makes it a little difficult." He motioned to Stumpf and Daubigny to sit down. "Mr. Benton," he said, turning toward them, "is going to help me locate a few diamonds;

So We Commemorate



GRANDMOTHER OF OUR COUNTRY

The sharp stone spire shown here is a Washington Monument, but not the famous one at the capital. This one rises in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where Mrs. Mary Washington reared the first small boy who grew up to become President. The fifty-foot-high monument honors Mrs. Washington. The concave boulder in the foreground is equally a memorial to her, in a more personal way. It is Meditation Rock. To it Mary Washington came, womanlike, for solitude and quiet, to think, knit and pray.

When Mary Washington died on August 25, 1789, she was buried beside the rock at her request. Her son George marked the grave with a small headstone. Congress passed a resolution approving a monument to her. In thanking Congress, President Washington paid his notable tribute to his mother, "I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education which I received from my mother."

Yet many years passed and no monument was erected. The small headstone disintegrated, leaving the grave unmarked. Then in 1889 an auctioneer advertised twelve acres for sale at auction. Included in the tract was Mary Washington's grave. Citizens were horrified. The owner of the land immediately donated the grave and surrounding ground for a permanent memorial. The National Mary Washington Memorial Association, formed by clubwomen, within five years raised sufficient funds to erect the granite shaft.

The monument was dedicated May 10, 1894. The governor of Virginia declared a state holiday for the occasion, and Richmond flags flew at half staff. President Grover Cleveland and Cabinet members attended the ceremony. Inasmuch as the women's organization financed the monument, President Cleveland gallantly swept off his hat to the ladies and gave them precedence over him in the procession up to the foot of the monument. Ten young horsewomen in black riding habits, with black-plumed hats, led the way.

In the flowery classical language of the past century, Mary Washington has been hailed as "the noblest Roman matron." Her son having been termed "the Father of His Country," Mary Washington in a homelike sense could be called "The Grandmother of Her Country." The title certainly befits her. For in her later years, in the shade of Meditation Rock, she used to sit and tell stories to her grandchildren by her daughter Betty—stories, no doubt, of a boy who became President.

Pauline M. Russler

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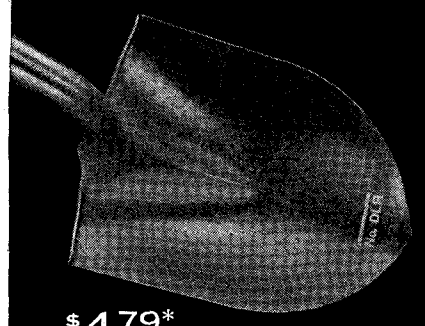

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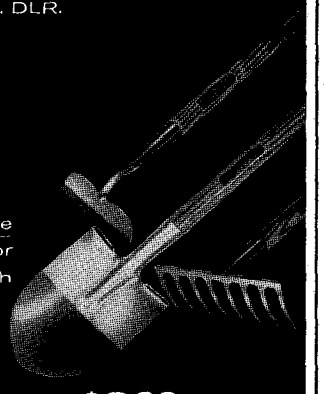

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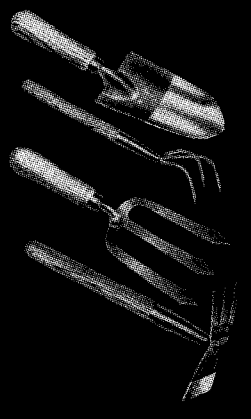

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half a million dollars' worth, to be exact. The property of my dear dead brother, and now of mine as his only heir."

"Why don't you apply to the courts?" Benton asked. "Or don't you want any questions about how your brother died and how he got into my apartment?"

He knew who had murdered Bruno Antonescu now, but it was not going to do him much good.

"You are right, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said as if reading his thought. "It is not going to be easy to prove." He turned to the driver. "Don't you agree?" he asked. "Don't you agree, Siegfried?"

"Siegfried," Harry Benton said, looking at the dark gnomelike creature. "Siegfried," he laughed.

The driver, the man fantastically misnamed Siegfried, took a step toward him, but Antonescu waved him back.

"I see you have a sense of the ridiculous, Mr. Benton," he said. "Siegfried, the blond demigod. If they had known how he would turn out they would have named him Mime. The twisted dwarf in the dark forest. They are very fond of mythology, the Germans; but it is not always suitable. Since you are merry now, Mr. Benton, I will make you laugh once more. Can you imagine the name of the other?"

He turned to the second man, cracking out the name like a command. "Baldur."

The second man jerked to attention, then stared at them through slitted eyes.

"Baldur," Antonescu said; "god of light and beauty."

The two men were staring fixedly now, but it was not at Antonescu. It was directly at Harry Benton.

"Now I have made them angry," Antonescu said wistfully. "But there is nothing they can do to me to work off their anger. Do you know, Mr. Benton, I do not think I would like to be in your place? Now," he said, rubbing his hands briskly, "now, Mr. Benton, you can begin helping me with the diamonds."

"I don't know where they are. Someone else had them. He's dead."

"Do you mean Major Feldman?" Antonescu grinned. "Yes, you are right, he is very dead indeed. But he did not have the diamonds. Where are they, Mr. Benton?" he went on like a teasing child. "Where are they?"

"I don't know."

"I am glad you are telling the truth so far. That is right, you do not know. But thanks to Baldur here, I know, Mr. Benton; but I need your help."

He reached into his breast pocket and handed an envelope to Harry Benton. There was a dark stain at one corner which might have been dried blood. Benton took the brief note from the envelope and read it. It was like a voice from the grave, all that was left of Major Feldman. He looked at Antonescu calmly.

"You're dead," he told him slowly and carefully. "As of now, this minute. You may walk around a little longer, but you're dead."

Antonescu waved his hand negligently. The man named Siegfried stepped up to Harry Benton and hit him across the cheek with the flat of the automatic he carried. Benton's head went back and then slumped forward. After a few moments, he put his hand to the burning cheekbone. He was dizzy and his left eye was watering.

Magda gave a little cry and rose from her chair to go to him, but the second man, Baldur, pushed her back in the chair roughly. Stumpf watched with impassive detachment. Pastor Daubigny half rose, but then he saw it was no use.

"I am a little pressed for time," Antonescu said courteously. "The diamonds, as you have read in the note, are now in a safe-deposit vault. You, Mr. Benton, will be required to go there and sign the withdrawal slip. My colleagues downstairs will escort you. It should not take long. And while you are away, your friends here will serve as hostages."

"I am not his friend," Stumpf said. "Do you think he would hold back for fear of what would happen to me?"

"No?" said Antonescu musingly. "You interest me. Perhaps we can talk later. But the others will do, the girl and the old man."

"I don't think you can get me there," Benton said suddenly. "If you kill me, the diamonds will stay in the vault. If you mark me up too badly, they'll ask questions when I show up."

"You have a point, Mr. Benton, but ——"

"Let them go, turn them loose; they know nothing about the diamonds. When I know they're free, I'll go with you."

"You have a point, Mr. Benton; but it is not the best idea. Why should I take the risk? There are much easier methods of making you co-operate—without touching you."

He looked at Magda speculatively. Then he walked over behind her, holding her head tightly back against the chair by the strands of her hair. Harry Benton felt the cold muzzle of the automatic in the back of his neck. He sat there silently.

"A scar," Antonescu said. "A big one, but not very bad. It can be removed. Have you ever seen untreated acid burns, Mr. Benton? Have you ever seen a nose slit with a kitchen knife? They do not repair very well."

Magda's eyes were white and terrified in her face, switching from side to side like a frightened child's. Then her eyes caught Benton's and held them, drawing him like a cry for help. Then suddenly she was calm, and she looked at Benton and smiled.

"All right," Benton said. "I'll go."

He had no illusions about what was going to happen, once Antonescu had the diamonds, but maybe it would be quick. Maybe they wouldn't hurt her very much.

Antonescu went into the other room. They heard a buzzer sound below, and in a minute the two heavy blond men came up the stairs.

"Take Mr. Benton to the bank," Antonescu said. He glanced at the note. "The Kreditanstalt in Heidelberg. He will bring us something from the vaults. I do not think you will have trouble, but stay with him every minute. You should be back in an hour or so." He turned to Benton. "I hope for the sake of your friends here that there will be no delay."

The two men, with Benton between them, went down into the garage below. After a minute, the people in the room could hear the wooden door swing open, hear the automobile motor come to life, hear the car move slowly out of the garage.

When the sound had died away, Antonescu looked at Stumpf.

"Ah, yes," he said musingly; "the one who is not a friend of Herr Benton's. Do you like it here in the Federal Republic, Herr ——?"

"Stumpf. Ulrich Stumpf."

"Herr Stumpf. And the others?"

Stumpf gave him the names.

"Tell me, Herr Stumpf, how are things on the other side?"

Stumpf looked at him sharply.

"No, Herr Stumpf, I am no mind-reader. The clothes. The clothes." He sniffed in distaste. "We do not make clothes out of stuff like that over here. All of you," Antonescu went on, "all of you from the other side. And my friend Herr Benton. He is a well-traveled man, Herr Benton. Now I wonder what he could

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have been doing in the Democratic People's Republic."

He looked at them encouragingly, but they were silent.

"Well, no matter. Perhaps I will ask Herr Benton when he returns."

He lost interest in them for the moment and began to work on his fingernails with a long file he took from his breast pocket. After a while he got up and went to the inner room, closing the door behind him.

Daubigny raised his head. "Magda," he started to say.

"Be silent, you," the guard Siegfried broke in.

They sat there silently for an hour. For fifteen minutes past the hour. At the end of that time, Antonescu re-entered the room.

"I hope for your sake," he said, "that nothing has delayed Herr Benton."

"Wait," Stumpf said. The heavy face was no longer impassive and he was beginning to sweat a little, even though the room was not very warm.

"I am a humane man," Antonescu said. "I do not like to have blood on my hands. I could have you dropped back on the other side. It would not be hard. Our friends from the Democratic Republic have a regular receiving depot."

Daubigny felt sick and weak. Beyond a casual slapping for guns, they had not been searched when they were brought in. He felt the weight of the little notebook in his inner pocket, as heavy as gold. Why had he kept it? He told himself that there had been no chance to destroy it during the flight, that Stumpf had been with him in the hotel. But it was not only that. He could have made the opportunity. It was weakness, perhaps, or indecision.

He looked at Magda. Her face was drawn and frightened, but she smiled at him as if in encouragement.

"Are you all right?" she asked, and he was suddenly hollow and sick with shame.

The sound of the garage door broke in. They heard the car pull into the garage below, heard the closing of the door. Then the footsteps came up the stairs. The two big men came up with Harry Benton between them and thrust him into a chair. One of them gave Antonescu a small package. Then at his signal, they went down again. The garage door opened once more, slammed shut again and was locked.

Antonescu tore at the string and paper around the package and lifted the cover of the cardboard box. He threw little wads of tissue on the floor. Then he lifted out the soft leather pouch that his brother had brought to Harry Benton in Frankfort. He spilled the diamonds on the table so urgently that one of them rolled on the floor and came to rest at Benton's feet.

Benton picked it up and looked at it. "Here, catch," he said, and tossed it gently to Antonescu.

The guard Baldur had stepped forward with a hand slid inside his coat touching his automatic. But Antonescu was only smiling.

"Thank you, Mr. Benton," he said. "I am beginning to take a liking to you. I am going to miss you when you are gone."

He was counting the diamonds quickly, muttering calculations to himself.

"Half a million dollars," he said.

He looked at Benton speculatively, half speaking to himself. "I wonder," he said. "It might be done. It would not be so difficult, and there would be an inducement. Mr. Benton, I wonder if you would like to do for me the same favor you were going to do for my brother. At the same terms."

"I turned him down," Benton said. It did not matter now, but somehow he wanted Magda and Daubigny to know.

"I do not think you will turn me down," Antonescu said, looking at Magda. "They will be released when the diamonds are delivered in New York. It will encourage you to do your best. Come, Mr. Benton, I will even throw in the commission."

"All right," Benton said slowly.

They'd got him now, he thought. He was really tied up with them now. There was no way out of this one. Antonescu wouldn't let go of him after this. And he wondered, almost detachedly, whether Antonescu would tidy up the witnesses after the diamonds were delivered or whether he would find Harry Benton still useful for other and worse duties.

"I'll take them," he said.

Antonescu clapped him genially on the shoulder. "Excellent. Excellent."

He went back to the table and stared at the diamonds. His fingers played with them. He was humming gently to himself, almost crooning. He let the diamonds run through his fingers in a glittering stream of white light. He began to arrange them by size. It was as if he were all alone in the room.

Finally he had them all in order. He picked up the largest one and held it to the light, squinting up at it. It was cut in lozenge shape, as big as a cough drop. Somehow it slipped from his fingers to the floor. There was a cracking, tinkling sound and it broke into several pieces.

Antonescu's jaw dropped. He grabbed another diamond almost as large and went over to one of the curtained windows. He cut sharply at the glass with an edge of the jewel, then stared down to see the mark it would make. He repeated the action three times with three others from the pile. Finally, he took a large stickpin from his tie, held the jewel in it up to the light for a moment, then cut along the glass with the stone in the stickpin at the same place where he had scratched with the unmounted diamonds.

Even from where he sat, Benton could see the deep, sharp line in the windowpane, the single solitary line. Antonescu checked himself, then he tore open the curtain and held up the diamonds one by one to the light. Suddenly he screamed like a woman and slung them across the room. The four diamonds crashed against the opposite wall and rebounded in splinters on the floor.

He rushed over to Harry Benton and began beating him around the head with his open hands. The blows were not hard, though they were as hard as Antonescu could make them. The pudgy hands flailed at him with the ineffectual slaps of a woman. But weak as they were, they hurt, and Benton covered his face with his hands, swinging his head from side to side, riding with the blows. He could hear Antonescu shrieking at him.

"Paste," he said, "glass. Cheap, worthless. I'll kill you."

The hysterical fury spent itself. Antonescu sat down heavily in the large chair. His eyes were wet with tears of rage, and he dabbed at them with the large white handkerchief. Finally, he managed to re-establish his control.

"Quickly," Antonescu said. "One minute. Where are they?"

"I don't know," Benton said desperately. "These were the ones I saw."

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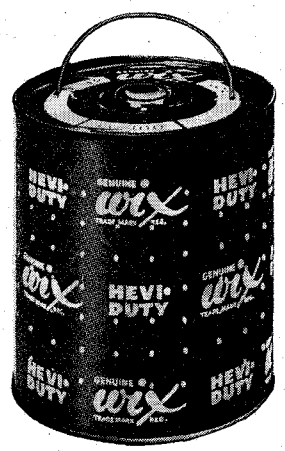

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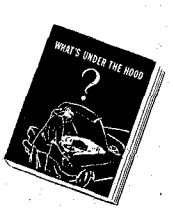

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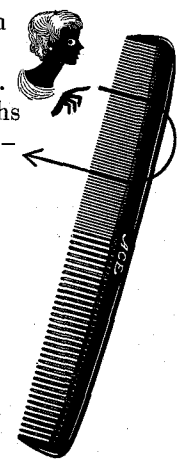

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Antonescu got to his feet and walked over to Magda. He seized her by the hair with one hand. The long nail file came out of his pocket and poised above her. Benton came out of his chair fast. The guard Baldur moved toward him, but this time Benton's arm was up to block the blow. But the second guard, Siegfried, stepped in quickly on the unprotected side and swiped him across the face with the flat of the gun. He went down heavily to the floor. The two guards hauled him to his chair and held him tightly by the arms. They were short, but they were strongly built. The hands holding him were like steel traps.

Antonescu stood over Magda. He jabbed the point of the nail file into the scar, smiling as a little cry escaped her lips.

"Where are they?"

"I don't know," Benton said. "I tell you I don't know. Maybe they were always fake. Maybe your brother was cheated. Maybe Feldman switched them on me," he went on, hating himself for the lie against his dead friend.

"If you do not tell me what I want to know in one minute, I am going to put the girl's eye out. The right one, with this nail file. It will not be pretty."

Magda was looking at Benton, calling wordlessly for help.

"God punish you," Pastor Daubigny said suddenly.

Antonescu reached out casually and cuffed him across the face with the back of his hand. He wore a heavy ruby ring, and the sharp setting of the stone gashed Daubigny's cheek.

Stumpf sat there quietly, like a man at a clinical demonstration.

Harry Benton searched his mind desperately for an answer. A story even the most transparent. Anything that would postpone the inevitable. But his mind was curiously blank. There was nothing. But there was something he could do and he tensed his muscles ready for the sudden surge that might break the guards' hold and the swift leap at Antonescu. *They may kill me*, he thought, *and then there'd be no point in torturing her. Even if they just knocked me out, they'd have to wait until I came to again.* At ten, he thought; one, two, three, four ——

"You know, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said softly, "I think you are telling me the truth."

He released his hold on Magda and came over to Harry Benton.

"My poor dead brother was no expert in diamonds, though he thought he was," he went on. "And he was very impetuous. Such purchases are made very informally and quickly. He could very well have been cheated. I heard something of the price he paid, and it was too low. Even when it is a matter of illegal diamond buying from South Africa, and a dead man in between buyer and seller."

He turned to Benton. "Yes, I think we can acquit you all, Mr. Benton. But unfortunately in this court the acquittal is only a formality, an interesting fact, but of no importance. The sentence has already been passed. The moment you came here."

"They don't know anything," Benton said.

"It is a terrible thing," Antonescu replied. His face was grave and sincere. The great black eyes were watering again. "If they knew nothing else, they would know of this place. And that is enough. It would be a great inconvenience, at the least."

He turned to the guard Siegfried.

"Cover them," he said sharply, all business now.

Siegfried released Benton's arm carefully and drew his automatic. He went to the wall and stood there holding the gun steadily. Antonescu moved over carefully out of the line of fire.

"Baldur," he said, "go down and get the others. Tell them that it is a disposal job."

Baldur released Benton's other arm and went slowly toward the stairs.

"Wait," Stumpf cried harshly and desperately; "wait."

There was an urgency in his tone that halted the man at the top of the stairs. Antonescu motioned him to stay there.

"There is something more," Stumpf said, the words tumbling from his mouth in broken confusion. "Something better. Much more than diamonds. Not half a million dollars. Ten million. Anything."

"Yes?" Antonescu said dryly. "What is this very valuable thing?"

"I do not know it all," Stumpf said eagerly. "It is some sort of a process, a formula. That is why Benton came over into the Democratic Republic—to get it for the Americans. He is some sort of an agent. But it is the old man who has it. It is in a notebook, or it is in his head. I heard them," Stumpf went on. "Benton told Daubigny his Government would pay ten million for it, would pay anything."

Antonescu looked at Harry Benton questioningly.

"The value goes down, the more people know about it," Benton said. He looked at the two guards. "This is a secret, not a pack of black-market cigarettes. The less it is known, the more it is worth." He motioned toward the guards. "Send them out if you want to do business."

Antonescu looked meditatively at the two guards for a moment before he spoke. "Give me your gun, Baldur. Then both of you go downstairs.

"Ten million dollars," Antonescu said reflectively when the two guards had left the room; "that is hyperbole, Mr. Benton. But a million or two, would they offer that if I brought you safely to them with the material they wanted?"

"Yes, provided we come with it. It would not be very smart to get rid of us first and then try to sell it. My people would not be very happy about it."

"Surely you are expendable," Antonescu mocked. "But no matter, I see your point. But there is a little matter of immunity," Antonescu went on.

"I would bring no charges for the kidnaping."

"I do not mean that, Mr. Benton. There is the matter of my brother. And—I know we can speak frankly as men of the world—there is the delicate business of Major Feldman. And the jewels."

"That would be up to the German courts," Benton said slowly. "But you have said there is no proof."

What do you want? he asked the dead face of Major Feldman silently. *You wanted the notebook. Enough to risk lives for it. You wanted to get the job done. All right, I'll do it. And then I'll kill him myself.*

"Well, Mr. Benton," Antonescu said, "I will think about your proposition."

"He does not have the notebook," Stumpf said. "It is the old man."

"The notebook is nothing," Daubigny lied desperately. "It is what it means; and that is in my head."

Antonescu rubbed his hands briskly.

"Well, then, we shall have to get your co-operation, Herr Pastor Daubigny. It should not be difficult." He looked at Daubigny almost genially. "Take a few minutes, Herr Pastor. Do not press yourself."

I have been putting it off all my life, Daubigny thought, *and now it is here. And this time it is the worst. Somewhere I must make a stand. It would have been easier long ago. And safer*, he thought. In the end the bold way would have been safer. It was neither right nor safe for a man to go against conscience. He had to stand now; he could do nothing else.

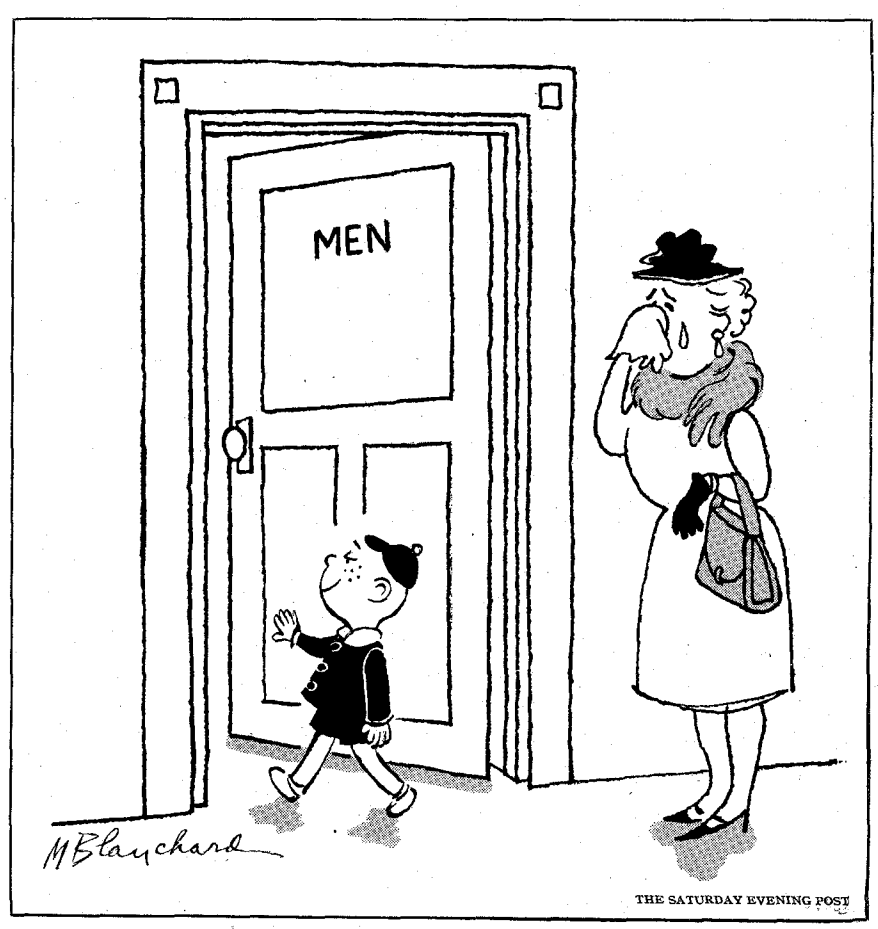
"No," he said loudly. "No, I will give you nothing and I will tell you nothing."

He had expected a dramatic scene. Like Luther at Worms, he thought wryly. But Antonescu only laughed.

"Herr Pastor, if there is a notebook, I can take it whenever I want. And if there is information in your head, I can get it out."

"I am an old man," Daubigny said slowly, "and I think I could hold out long enough to die. It would not be long. And then you would have nothing."

TO BE CONCLUDED



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The Incredible House That Hearst Built

(Continued from Page 39)

explained Randolph Hearst, one of his five sons. "He couldn't stop building."

"He was a man who never finished," added William W. Murray, manager of the vast Hearst real-estate holdings. "He just wanted to keep on building. Money in itself meant nothing to him. He was the great distributor of wealth."

These explanations seem as plausible as any. As long as he was on his enchanted hill, Hearst was an obsessed builder. Not since the days of absolute potentates has any man combined the wealth, the ego and the urge to build as did William Randolph Hearst. Probably never again will a man be able to repeat the feat. Hearst never referred to his grandiose shelter as a castle. It was "the ranch house," on which he spent in the twenty-eight years from 1919 to 1947 approximately $30,000,000.

Here he gathered the editors and executives of his publishing empire to make major policy decisions, to hire and to fire. Here he entertained on a baronial scale. Deep in motion-picture production, he gathered the young of Hollywood about him, slipped contracts under dinner plates in the great hall. It was a rare weekend when he entertained fewer than forty guests. At times there were up to 100 in the great dining hall.

When ill health forced the aging publisher to leave The Enchanted Hill in 1947 at the age of eighty-four, to spend his remaining four years in the Beverly Hills home of actress Marion Davies, his constant and devoted companion for three decades, he was still building, like a man obsessed. He expected to return but he never did. The unfinished castle is just as he stepped out of it. All of the hundred rooms—including fifty-eight bedrooms and a pantry full of canned food—exude the eerie feeling that the lord of San Simeon was here only yesterday. After his death in 1951, the Hearst Corporation maintained the castle intact, but his sons and their families visited it only occasionally.

Both the family and the corporation soon found that the great edifice was something of a white elephant on their hands. Not one of the sons had the wealth or the ambition to take over the castle, nor did all five sons together feel equal to the burden. The hardheaded directors saw no reason why the Hearst Corporation should continue to pour more money into W.R.'s dream. No Texas oil millionaire seemed rich enough, after taxes, to buy it.

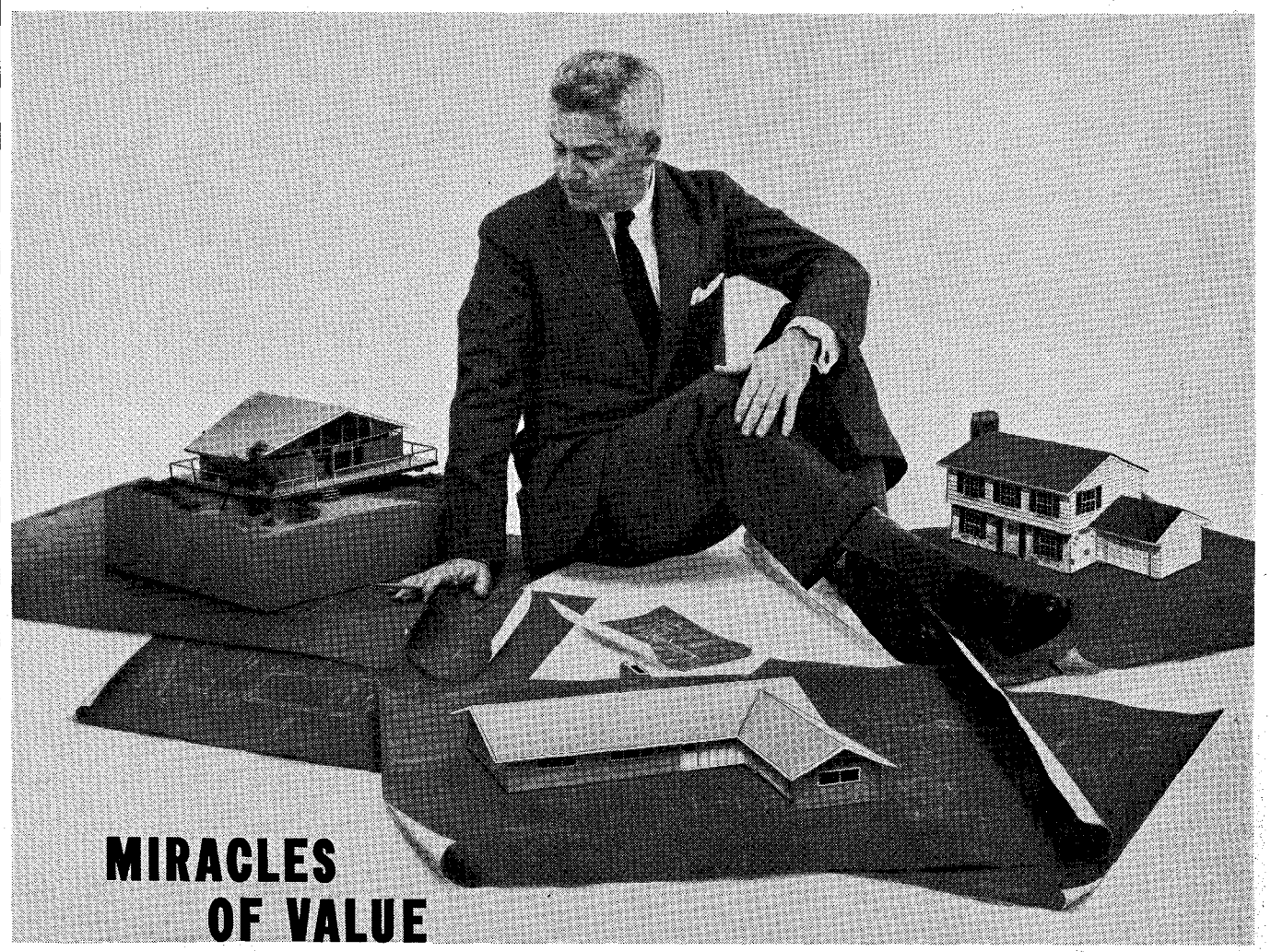
In his will, Hearst had expressed the wish that the edifice, crowded with cherished objects of art, might go to the University of California as a memorial to his mother, Phoebe Hearst, remembered as a patron saint of the university. But the regents took a dim view of this idea. They couldn't afford a castle either.

It was then, in 1954, that the Hearst sons and their wives invited the then Governor of California, Goodwin Knight, and his wife for a weekend at the castle. The plot was to find a way to give the castle to the state without arousing suspicions that the Hearsts were unloading their white elephant on the people of California. This is a predicament to be borne in mind by anybody planning to plunk $30,000,000 into a country home; it just isn't so easy nowadays to shuck off a castle.

An astute politician, Governor Knight suggested that he have his director of beaches and parks, Newton B. Drury, make a survey to determine how a not-quite-finished castle, some of whose walls and ceilings dated back to the Roman era, would fit into the state-park system along with geologic wonders, beaches, historic structures and redwood groves that antedated even the Caesars.

Drury, who is a former director of the National Parks and the man who integrated Franklin D. Roosevelt's home at Hyde Park into the national-monument chain, was both fascinated and baffled. Nowhere was there a precedent for a public park or monument like the Hearst castle. Fortunately, Drury, a resourceful public servant, is no man to be baffled very long by anything. He soon came up with the thesis that the Hearst Castle was about four kinds of public monument wrapped in one appetizing package.

In the first place, it was something of a geologic masterpiece, situated as it was on a 1500-foot knoll, surrounded on three sides by a spectacular amphitheater of mountains and on the other side by the shimmering Pacific. Its magnificent isolation alone made it unique. Second, the castle itself was replete with floors, turrets, carillons and other component parts of historic significance, gathered up by Hearst in the days when he thought nothing of buying an entire monastery in Spain or Italy to get some carved beams for a ceiling. Third, it was furnished with almost priceless tapestries, paintings, statuary, rare books and furniture, which nobody had catalogued because "You don't catalogue your home," as Hearst once explained. An inveterate collector from the age of ten, when his mother first took him



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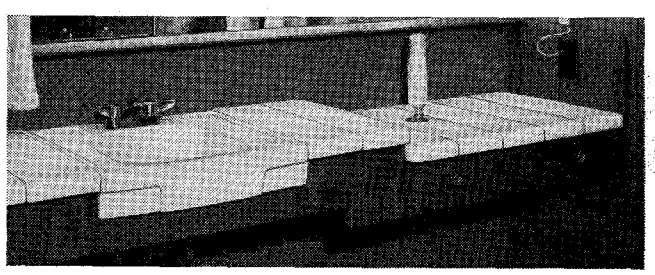

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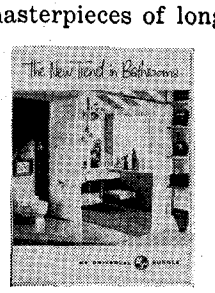

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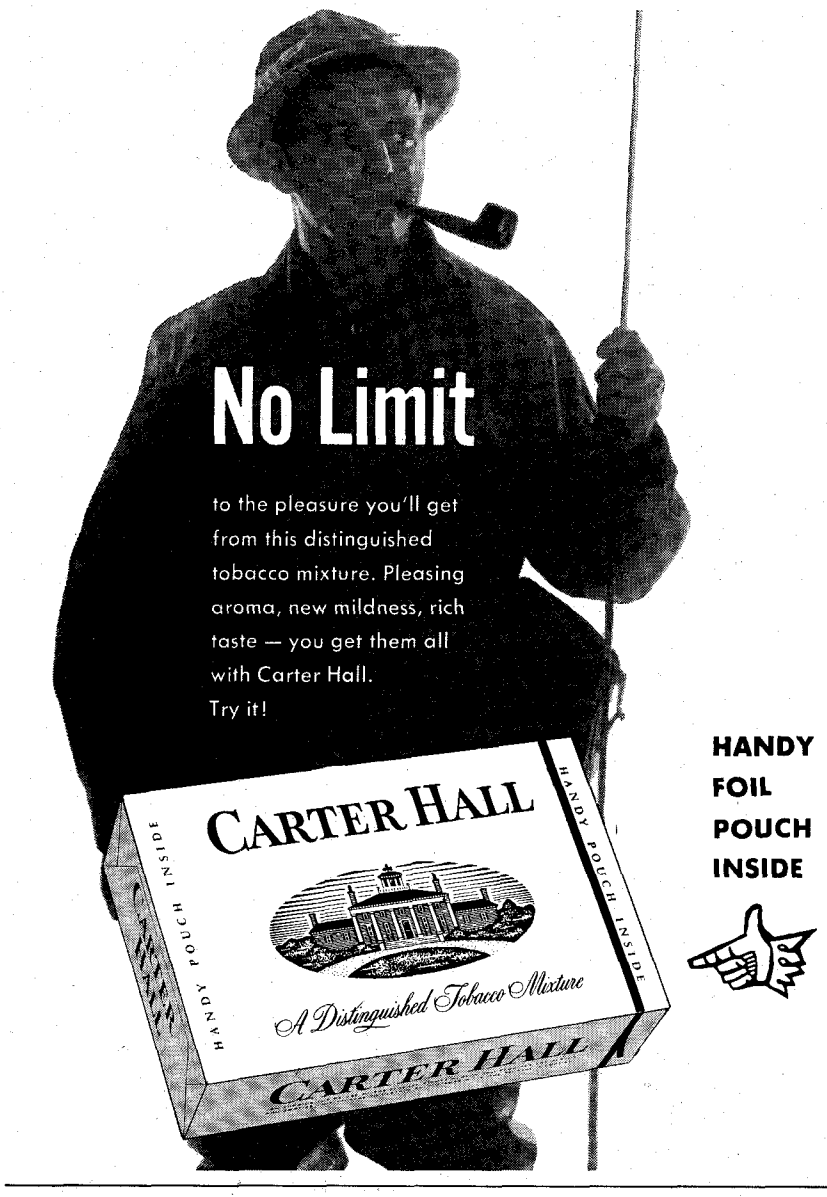
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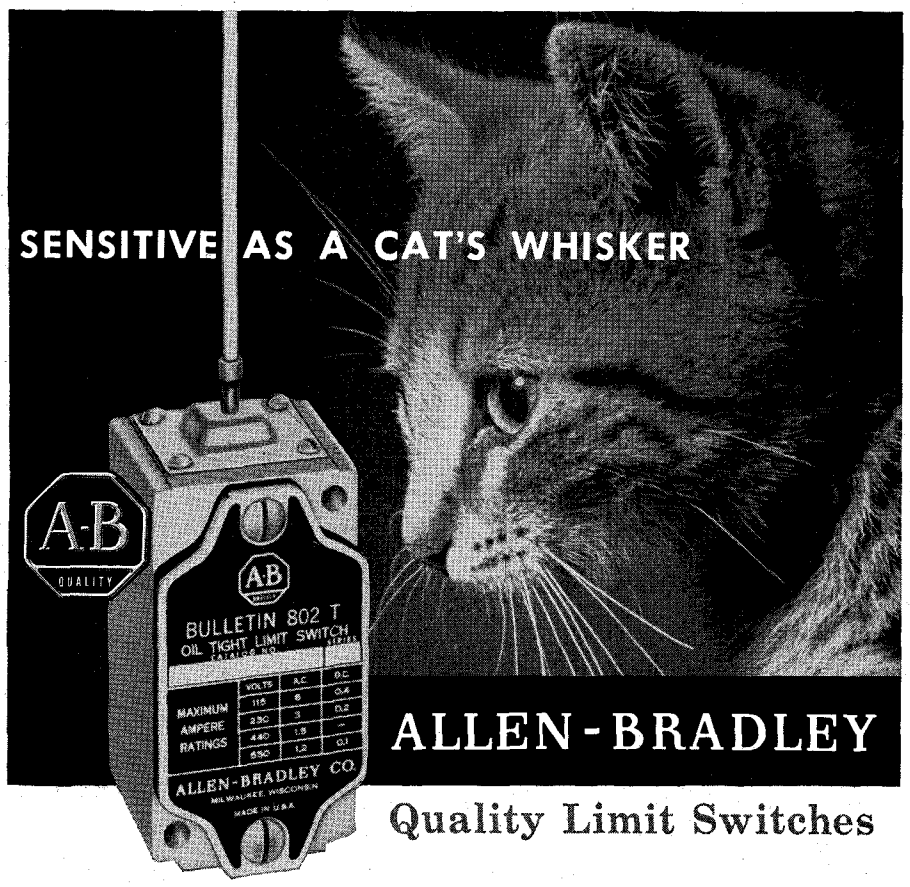

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to Europe, Hearst was reputed to have spent a million a year for fifty years, buying up art, not for display in some gallery, but because he liked to live and work surrounded by medieval art, largely religious.

But Drury's crowning justification for making San Simeon a state monument was that historically it linked today with California's fabulous bonanza days, when miners struck it rich overnight and tossed up mansions, if not castles, all over San Francisco's hills. Old George Hearst, the publisher's father and a United States Senator, was one of these bonanza kings. It was he who put together the 245,000-acre Hearst cattle empire, stretching farther than the eye could see north, east and south of San Simeon. William Randolph Hearst, reasoned Drury, was the connecting link to this era. The Hearst gold mines gave him a start, but W. R. mined more wealth from newspapers than the bonanza kings took from mines. The important thing was that he spent his money in the old bonanza manner, and here was the fruit of his spending, offered to the people of California on a platter for a public monument.

The problem was to sell this concept to the members of the State Park Commission, to the legislators who had to pass a bill accepting the gift and to the Hearsts' rivals in the publishing field. Drury and his staff, with the co-operation of the Hearst brothers, arranged a series of previews of the castle, to show privileged state officials and various influential citizens what other people were missing. This was done during three years of negotiation by lawyers for the transfer of 123 acres of The Enchanted Hill plus a thirty-acre parking site near Highway 1 to state ownership. It was such adroit selling that when the castle and the land were formally offered to the state in 1957 by the Hearst Corporation, only two legislators opposed acceptance of the gift, and no rival publisher assailed the deal. The motoring public, which had ogled the castle from afar, cheered and demanded admission immediately.

But Drury had other plans. Realizing that a lot of the items in the Hearst treasure-trove might turn up missing if a flood of sight-seers were loosed in the castle, he and his staff evolved a unique system of conducted tours. Since parking area is scarce up on The Hill, visitors park near the highway, pungle up two dollars for adults and a dollar for children, and ride in buses up the narrow, winding road to the castle. On the way they pass through herds of wild zebra, gnu, elk and mountain goats, remnants of the greatest private zoo in the country, assembled by the animal-loving baron of San Simeon.

Reaching the castle, each forty-passenger busload is split into two tour parties, each conducted by a trained guide who explains what he thinks Mr. Hearst had in mind when he laid out the tropical gardens, the guest mansions, *La Casa Grande*, the two $1,000,000 swimming pools.

From the start, Drury and the superintendent of the new park, James Whitehead, wanted to keep the castle as homey in atmosphere as possible, as if Mr. Hearst were there in spirit. So they put Norman and Ann Rotanzi, who had been living in the castle since before Mr. Hearst left in 1947, on the state payroll and told them to go on keeping the grounds and rooms shipshape, just as though they were still working for the departed doge of San Simeon.

Disliking the idea of roping off the rooms to keep the sight-seers' hands off the treasures, they hit on a brilliant inspiration. They rolled out the red carpet—in this case brown and made of rubber—stretching it across the great assembly room, through the massive refectory or dining room, the morning room and the other chambers jammed with objects of art. Part of the guide's duty was to see that the sight-seers kept their feet on the carpet. Since nearly all of the visitors are motorists, accustomed to observing the white lines on the highway, the rubber-carpet system has worked like a charm, except for a few snapshotters. These are kept in line by uniformed women guards.

These details worked out, Drury was ready to go. On June 1, 1958, after appropriate remarks at the gate by the highway, the Hearsts formally turned San Simeon over to the people, represented by Governor Knight. A ribbon was cut, and the official party clambered into buses for the first tour.

In no time at all Drury discovered that he had made a colossal miscalculation. The tour-party system was set up to handle about 500 visitors a day. Daily more than 1000 sight-seers clamored for tickets, which were sold on a first-come, first-served basis. Drury appealed for emergency funds to put on more guides and more buses. When his guides and rangers attempted to handle larger crowds, they discovered that 1000 a day was the limit. The tour parties were bumping into each other. On a few days in midsummer, when the days were long, the guides managed to escort 1200 visitors through the monument by starting tours at eight in the morning and carrying on until sundown. There were days last summer when almost as many sight-seers were turned away as were admitted.

This caused bad feeling. Many had motored 3000 miles across the country, and they wanted to see the fabulous Hearst castle. A checkup revealed that sight-seers came from every state and even foreign lands. Pressured to give special consideration to these visitors from afar, Drury stuck by his dictum, "first come, first served," for the summer. However, after September, when the rush slacked off, special parties of Scouts, school or college students or club groups were accepted on an advance-reservation basis. The disappointed summertime sight-seers crowded into motels that sprang up around the tiny hamlet of Cambria, nine miles away, and returned next morning before sunup to catch the early tours. Often they found a line-up already at the gate. Scores of shivering tourists had snoozed in their cars or rolled out sleeping bags by the gate to be sure of a place at the head of the line.

Despite these difficulties, the Hearst San Simeon State Historical Monument has been a rousing success, justifying Drury's optimistic hopes. In the first six months, more than 160,000 visitors made the tour. Most of them came down The Hill exuberant and amazed at what they had seen and repeating the stories they had heard about Hearst's idiosyncrasies and grand obsession, as unfolded by the guides. One guide, Yan Lubomerski, can give talks in five languages. Another, Bill Mayer, is able to lecture aloud and in sign language to deaf visitors simultaneously. Each guide tells his own story, following only the general outline laid down by the state-park historian.

The San Simeon story is as fantastic as the Hearst castle itself. It dates from W. R. Hearst's youth, when Sen. George Hearst and "Willie" used to rough it on the knoll above the big, square two-story ranch house built by the senator. Later W. R. and his wife and small sons camped there in the Hearst version of roughing it. Hearst always dispatched retainers ahead to haul in pack-train loads of supplies. These included three large tents with wooden floors, each divided into a sitting

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room, four bedrooms and a bath. A still larger circus tent served as dining room, kitchen and movie theater. Hearst liked to write scenarios which he and the boys and their dogs acted out and filmed, then ran off for their own amusement.

About 1919, when his mother died and William Randolph Hearst became sole owner of the ranching empire, he called in Miss Julia Morgan, of Berkeley, a distinguished architect and graduate of the Beaux-Arts in Paris, for help in upgrading the rough camp life on The Hill. Versatile Miss Morgan was the answer to his prayers. She began by designing cottages to replace the bedroom tents. But by the time the plans were completed, Hearst was unloading in the several warehouses he built in the diminutive port of San Simeon—which he owned outright—the first of many shipments of art treasures from Europe. He wanted to live and work with paintings, tapestries and statues all around him, he told Miss Morgan. He wanted to sleep in the royal beds he had acquired.

So it was that even before their foundations were laid, the cottages burgeoned into guest mansions with rooms large enough to house some of this art temporarily. These guesthouses are today among the wonders of San Simeon. Their main entrances are on the top floor and the "upstairs" rooms are down the hillside. They are known as *La Casa del Mar*—the House of the Sea—facing the ocean, *La Casa del Monte*, with a view of the mountains, and *La Casa del Sol*, facing the sunrise. Any of them would be a fitting lodge for a king—but not for W. R. Hearst.

For his own shelter, he had Miss Morgan start work on *La Casa Grande*, the main castle, to replace the big circus tent. This grew into the eerie ivory edifice that has bothered motorists on the highway far below. It soon became an unlimited construction project, because as fast as Hearst's agents in Europe picked up another famous tapestry or a carved ceiling or a set of carillons, he wanted a new wing or a larger wall to house the new treasure.

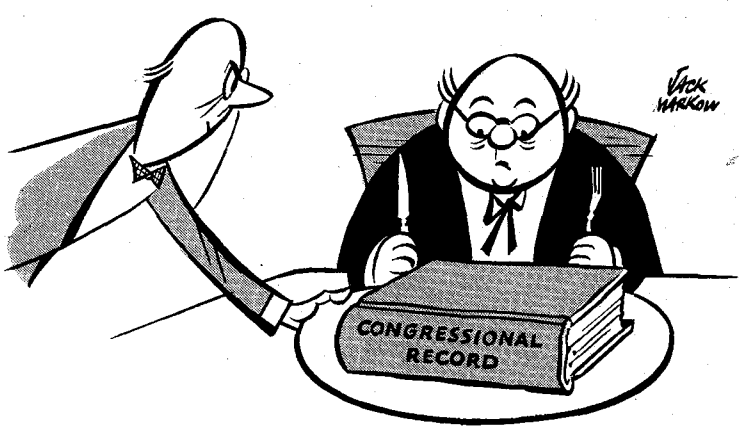
Miss Morgan was always equal to the challenge. She put up a small wooden field office, known as The Shack. A temporary affair, it still stands in the shadow of the concrete wing her eccentric client never returned to finish. In The Shack, she and Hearst worked for hours on end revising plans. Not even Hearst's aide, Col. Joe Willicombe—so busy carrying out orders that he never removed his hat—dared to interrupt these sessions.

Luckily, Hearst regarded money principally as something to be swapped for artistic living, so Julia Morgan was one architect who did not worry about costs. Once, when the castle was taking shape, she and her client were inspecting the lofty belfry. The view of the Santa Lucia Range and the sparkling Pacific was breath-taking, and Hearst remarked, "I would like my living quarters right here."

"But this is the roof, Mr. Hearst," replied Miss Morgan.

"Then add another story and raise the roof higher," he said. "This will be known as The Celestial Suite."

And so it is. But when the two stately Renaissance carillon towers took shape above The Celestial Suite, Hearst did not like their proportions as viewed from the



The Perfect Squelch

John J. Williams, Republican senator from Delaware, found himself engaged in debate with a prominent Democratic senator from the Midwest farm belt. The Midwesterner objected that Williams was injecting "politics" into discussion of a bipartisan farm program and that he didn't know what he was talking about. He termed the Delaware senator's statements "absurd and ridiculous."

Williams then arose and held up a copy of the Congressional Record.

"What I did was to read a speech previously made in this Senate," Williams said. "If the senator wants to claim that that speech was dumb and displayed a lack of understanding, I want him to understand that he is speaking disparagingly of his own speech made last October."

Richard C. Palmer

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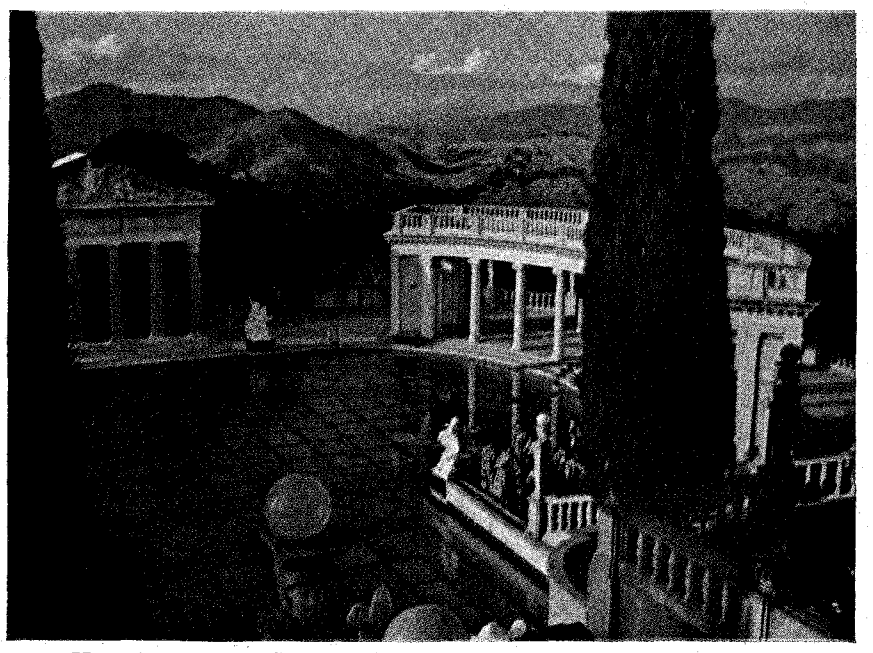
semitropical Italian garden which had been moved in—full grown and with oranges ripening on the trees—and the towers were accordingly torn down and rebuilt.

Hearst was a man with firm ideas of what he wanted, and one of the things he evidently wanted in *La Casa Grande* was plenty of elbowroom. The massive doorway to the castle, for instance, easily accommodates a group of carved stone figures depicting the Duke of Burgundy going hunting. The enormous assembly hall, into which the wrought-iron grilled doors open, provides wall space for four huge tapestries picturing the victories of Roman Consul Scipio over Cathage's great general, Hannibal. The hall's great sixteenth-century fireplace came from a castle in France. Around the splendid room are hand-carved Italian church-choir stalls that Hearst preferred to chairs. It was into this baronial room that the host of San Simeon appeared each evening like an apparition at 7:30, stepping out from behind a sliding panel. He achieved this effect by means of a miniature elevator which carried him down from The Celestial Suite high above the assembly hall. Architects marvel at Miss Morgan's genius in fitting Hearst's acquisitions from so many lands into a harmonious and pleasing whole.

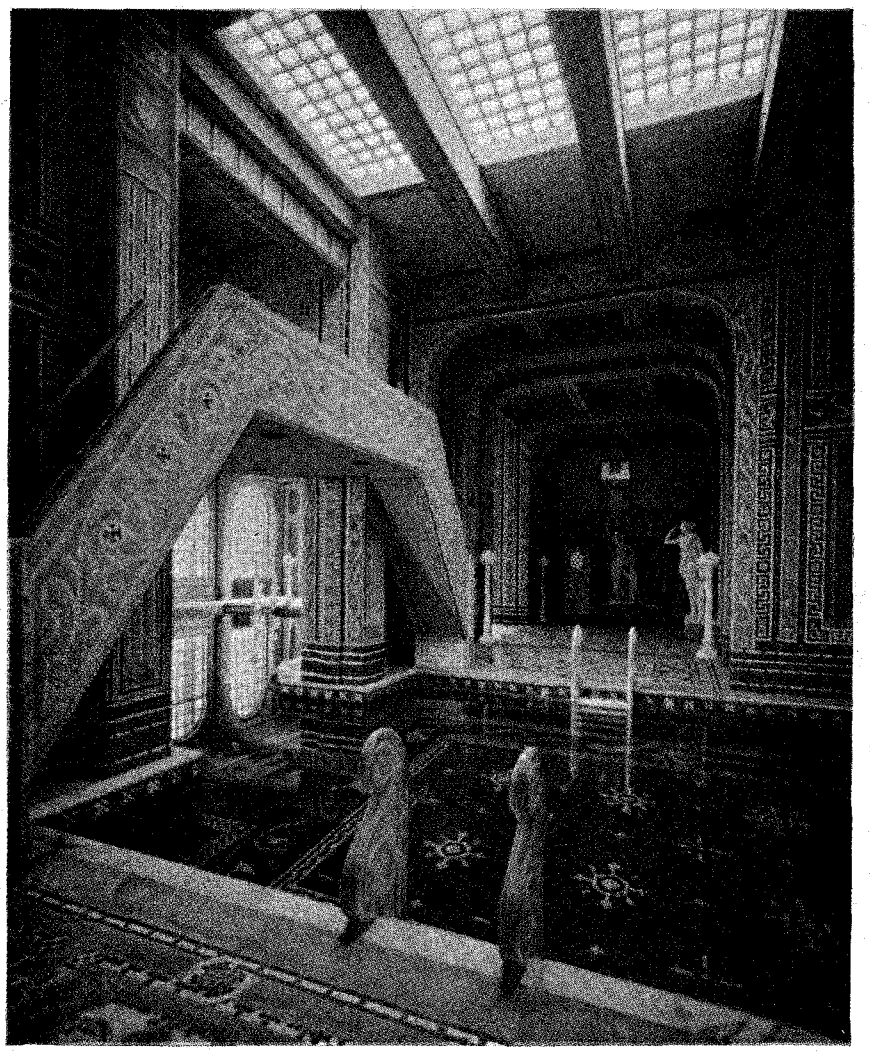
The refectory, also known as The Great Hall, was his special pride. Hearst built this on a baronial scale, too, to make space for a carved ceiling which he acquired by buying an entire Italian monastery and moving it piece by piece to California. In the ceiling panels were figures of saints, one of whom was holding a toy castle in his hands. The workmen dubbed this figure Saint Simeon, and Hearst promptly proclaimed him the castle's patron.

Below the saintly ceiling hung the bright-hued silken banners of twenty old Sienese families. Two huge and rare Gothic tapestries hung on the side walls, above ancient choir stalls from a cathedral in Spain. Hearst spent a small fortune bidding for the long refectory tables around which he and his guests gathered for meals. On the tables stood costly, carved, silver candlesticks—along with catchup bottles, jam jars and paper napkins, which reminded him of the early roughing-it days when the circus tent served as the dining hall.

The Morning Room, into which the rising sun streamed, the two huge libraries upstairs, the fifty-eight bedrooms, many of them sizable apartments—all were in keeping with the lavish tastes of San Simeon's feudal duke. The room from which Hearst ran his empire was The Gothic Study, with vaulted ceiling, on the third floor. This and The Celestial Suite were his hide-outs from his guests. The theater, at which a different movie was shown each night, had seats so large and plush that it was a cinch to follow Mr. Hearst's suggestion, "If you don't like the picture, you can go to sleep."



Hearst's guests at San Simeon preferred the outdoor Neptune Pool (above), so he assigned the indoor pool (below) to his servants. Children's pool, shown here, flows into a larger pool through the archway.



Outdoors, the construction by the army of workmen he kept busy for years was on a similar extravagant scale. The Neptune Pool, an azure gem gleaming in the sunlight, was designed to provide a setting and reflections for the columns and arch of a graceful Greco-Roman temple that one of his agents picked up in Italy. When the marble-and-tile pool, holding 250,000 gallons of heated water, was finished, he was not satisfied with it. So it was torn apart and rebuilt to his satisfaction.

To complete another pool—an elaborate indoor salt-water tank, lined with lapis-lazuli mosaics—he imported artisans from Italy and kept them at San Simeon for three years. When this million-dollar pool was finished, Hearst found that, although his guests used the two tennis courts on its roof, they preferred to swim in the outdoor pool. He accordingly assigned the indoor pool to the help.

Though he was such a tree lover that he bought firewood rather than allow tree cutting on the ranch to supply the hundred fireplaces in the castle, no tree on The Enchanted Hill could feel that it had put its roots down permanently. Several acorns had carelessly sprouted 200 to 400 years back and grown into great oaks just where Hearst wanted paths or wings of the castle. He had enormous concrete flowerpots poured around them to contain their roots, then watched as the army of workmen shoved them a few feet this way or that. Moving one of these venerable trees ran into a $40,000 project. He also brought in cypresses as tall as the oaks, and palms that towered above them. And now and then astonished guests awoke in the morning to find that overnight his gardeners had moved in thousands of blooming lilies or hundreds of rosebushes in full blossom.

Life on The Enchanted Hill often took on the aura of existence in a dream world. For a newcomer, even finding the way back to his or her bedroom in the labyrinthine wings of the castle was sometimes a bit of a nightmare. However, San Simeon's parties were anything but the wild affairs that outsiders used to—and, in some cases, still do—suspect.

The rules of the castle were strict. No liquor in the bedrooms, for example. Although Hearst never drank or smoked, he served cocktails before dinner and wines with the meal. But getting caught nipping in a bedroom could mean "down The Hill," with no more invitations to San Simeon. Hearst liked to walk, ride horseback, play tennis, swim and picnic. He considered these fresh-air activities good for the young people he liked to gather about him on weekends. For those who preferred easy walking and meditation to the more strenuous exercises, he laid out a level path in a milelong pergola, covered with espaliered trees and vines.

The lavish but regimented hospitality of the remote, fairy-tale castle lured visitors from many walks of life—by invitation, of course. Guests included politicians and business tycoons, with a sprinkling of editors and publishers, one President—Calvin Coolidge and his wife, for whom Hearst ordered formal dress at dinner, the only time Tuxedos were seen in the castle—and George Bernard Shaw, who delightedly departed bearing an autographed photograph of the chatelaine of the castle, Marion Davies. The frequent roundups of Hollywood personalities were talent shows as well as clambakes; they were Miss Davies' device for exposing young players in need of contracts to producers in need of new film faces. Hollywood is full of stars who trace their rise to an adroitly arranged chance acquaintance made at San Simeon.

After his dream castle began to take shape, Hearst and his wife, Millicent, lived separate lives. She stayed in the Hearst mansions in New York and Long Island; he lived at the ranch, as did Miss Davies, whose memory is sometimes painful for the guides. By general agreement between the Hearst family and the state-park people, Miss Davies' name is not mentioned on the tours. This has its complications. Ever so often, some inquisitive sight-seer asks, "Who was that movie actress that lived up here?"

Such questions tax the ingenuity of the guides, who generally feign either deafness or ignorance at this point, because most of the visitors have read how, at the bottom of the depression, when Hearst's spending spree outran the income from his empire and when creditors were in a position to foreclose on the San Simeon homestead itself, Marion Davies dug up a cool million at one critical point to save the situation. When the tide turned and Hearst again had millions to lavish on his castle, he never forgot this act of devotion. Miss Davies was his confidante and companion to the hour of his death.

From this it will be evident that the pilgrim who gets to San Simeon early enough to catch a bus gets at least his two dollars' worth. He is right there ringside to one of the great romances of modern times. He sees a castle the like of which men have dreamed about ever since emperors, khans and kings were invented. He glimpses a collection of art from the ages, arranged in such a manner that at least one man enjoyed living with it. In an hour and twenty minutes, he tours lush gardens, temples, pools—opulence probably duplicated nowhere else on earth. This may explain why many of the pilgrims complete the tour only to line up anew and invest their savings in more tickets—and take the tour right over again.

In the first six months of the monument's operation, the 160,000 tour tickets sold brought the State of California a revenue of $250,000.

In 1959, the estimate is that 250,000 visitors will tour San Simeon. This means a $400,000 revenue, enough to make the Hearst San Simeon Monument a self-supporting unit in the state-park system. The house that W. R. built may have been a white elephant to the younger Hearsts, but it isn't for the people of California.

THE END

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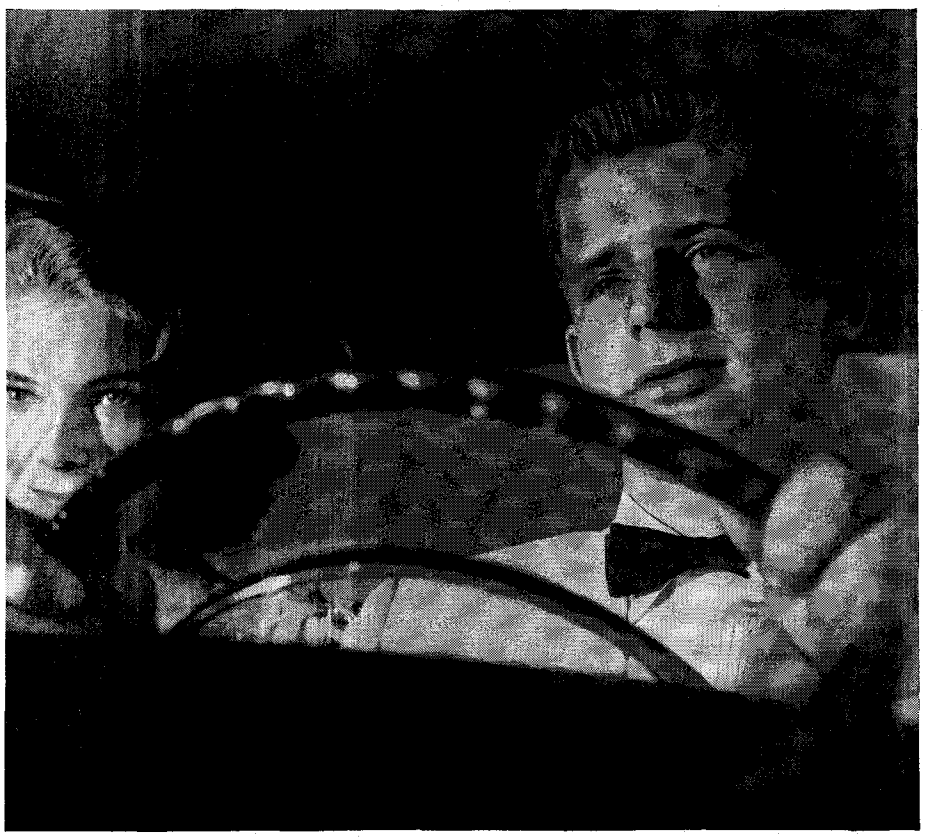

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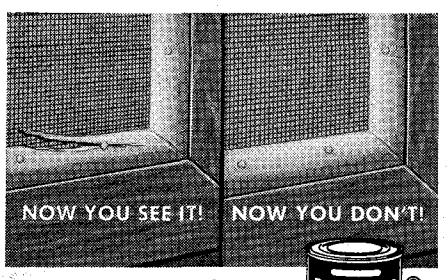

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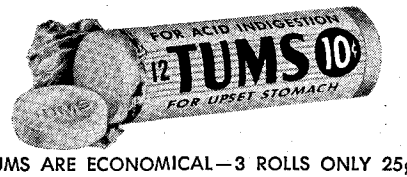

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What Do Intelligence Tests Really Prove?

(Continued from Page 25)

extent of his educational progress as sternly as Calvinism once governed our hopes of salvation."

More and more, the schools are using aptitude tests of one sort or another to make the crucial decisions that will shape your child's future. In the lower grades, the tests will help decide whether a boy should be moved to a slow group if he is having trouble—or whether he should be put on a fast track if he is doing well. In junior high they may be used to pick the children who take a foreign language or some other extra course. At the start of high school they will help determine whether your child carries four subjects or five, when he starts languages—if he is allowed to take them at all—how much math and science he gets. And many parents don't realize it, but four years or more before he gets his high-school diploma, the die is cast on college entrance. If he doesn't start out with a course that will meet the requirements of the college he wants to attend, he may have no chance to make up the deficit later.

Sometimes you will be told about these decisions and the part that testing plays in them. Sometimes you won't. A lot depends on the policy of your particular school system.

You'll be hearing a lot more in the future, though. Scholastic-aptitude tests—and their first cousins, vocational-ability tests—got a tremendous boost just last year, when Congress passed the National Defense Education Act. In each of the next three years the Federal Government will spend $15,000,000, with the states providing an equal amount after the first year—they get one year's free ride—to support programs for testing secondary-school students "to identify those with outstanding aptitudes." The idea is to spot the bright boys who should go on to college, but may come from families who never would think of it. It will also encourage statewide programs to push testing back down into the high schools and elementary schools to identify talent early and make the most of it.

Another Federal program also will get under way this year. This is a four-year study with a price tag of $1,500,000, administered by the American Institute for Research, a nonprofit corporation connected with the University of Pittsburgh. Researchers will give a battery of twenty-six personality, biographical, and aptitude tests to 500,000 students drawn from 1400 high schools. The object is to provide a "cross-section picture of the nation's high-school population, including aptitudes and abilities and what the schools are doing to develop them." But at least some state education officials suspect that it is the start of a permanent Federal testing program designed to show up weaknesses in the state systems.

Even without this injection of Federal money, intelligence testing has become standard procedure in any school that considers itself up to date. Most parents will be surprised, if they check up, to find out just how many times their schools take a reading of this sort on their pupils—and how many different ways they use the information it produces.

Susan and Jim Parker, who live in a Chicago suburb, found this out last fall, when their son, Bob, brought home his first high-school report card. For pure tragedy it topped anything that Shakespeare ever did, and in a lot fewer words—an F, three D's, and a C. It sent Susan and Jim scrambling to the school guidance officer. Bob was carrying five subjects, and the first thing his alarmed parents suggested was that he should drop one of them so that he could concentrate on the others.

"Look," said the dean. "This doesn't make sense. We've had aptitude-test scores on your boy three times—at third grade, sixth grade and eighth grade. They all show the same thing. He's in the top ten per cent of the class in ability. He can carry five subjects, and he'll need them to get into the kind of college he wants. The trouble is he picked this time to discover that there is such a thing as girls in the world. If he'll stay off the telephone evenings and do his homework, he'll be all right."

Bob is now locking himself in his room weekday evenings—after a phone call that is strictly limited to fifteen minutes. His grades are pulling up nicely.

Three or four tests at various times before the ninth grade is a fairly typical practice for schools that use testing systematically. In the lowest grades, the tests are simple by adult standards, and they lean heavily on pictures, because not all children of that age are ready to think in words, as an adult does. A typical question will show five pictures in a row—say, a dog, a horse, an elephant, a cow and a house. The child is supposed to indicate which one does not belong with the others. You will say the house, of course, and you will be right. But in saying it, you have demonstrated a grasp of the basic principle of classification, which is one of the elements of logical thought. Some children never get the hang of that principle. And those who don't are headed for trouble academically, because all human knowledge is organized and classified into tidy little compartments—literature, biology, mathematics, physics. The third-grader who doesn't feel that somehow the picture of a house doesn't belong on the same line with pictures of animals is going to have a hard time when he is asked to understand how a mathematician like Newton could look at the universe one way, and a poet like Dante could look at it another.

By the sixth grade, the kids get some tougher nuts to crack. At this level, they come against something like the Otis Tests of Mental Ability—Intermediate Form. Arthur S. Otis was one of the pioneers in testing. His great achievement was to take the tests of mental ability—originally developed in the early 1900's by Alfred Binet, a Frenchman, and Lewis M. Terman, an American—and adapt them to a form that could be given to large groups at a single sitting. What he did was cook up a long list of questions and try them on a cross section of the population at various age levels. After a lot of research, he settled for a figure that he called 100, or normal, for each age level. For each correct answer over 100, he gave extra points, and the final score he considered a measure of intelligence. If you hear anyone refer to a student's "intelligence quotient," or "I.Q.," the chances are he is referring to the Otis score.

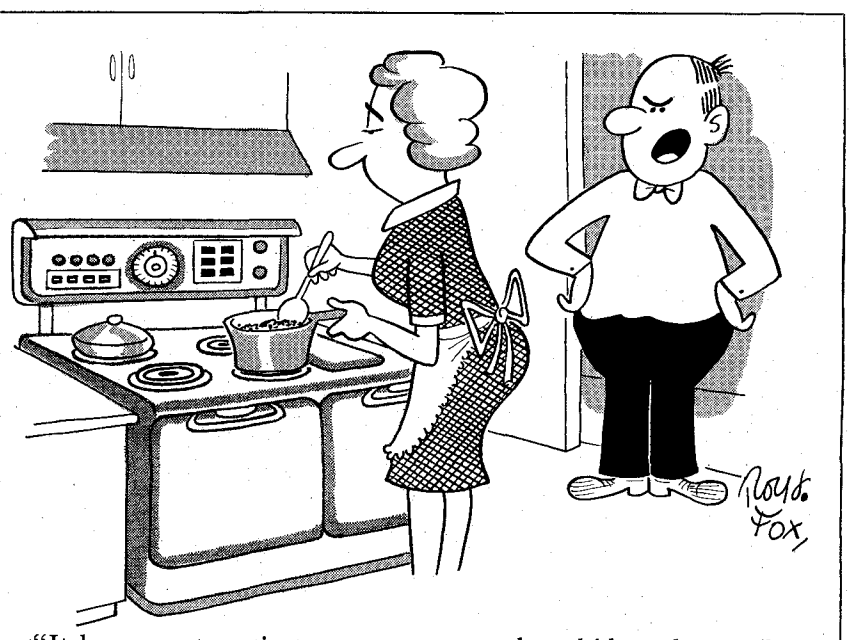
The figure 120 on the Otis is the crucial one for the boy or girl who wants to go to college. Above that, the high-school guidance officers take it for granted that they are dealing with college material.

Otis, you should note, puts a premium on reading ability. The questions are written, and so are some of the instructions. It also puts a premium on speed. The time allowed for each section of the test is limited. Because of this, Otis has a tendency to penalize both the bright child who has a reading block and the child who goes to pieces when he is hustled.

The same things are true of the tests that students take in later years. At eighth grade, they are likely to get another version of Otis. And in high school they probably will come up against the School and College Ability Test—S.C.A.T.—which is replacing the older but still widely used American Council on Education Psychological Examination (ACE), another variation of the intelligence test.

The student who wants to go on to college will probably have to take the College Boards—the ones that Joe Wallace tripped over. At present, about half the country's degree-granting colleges use some sort of tests—usually the Scholastic Aptitude Test—as guides to admission. Dr. Frank Bowles, president of the College Entrance Examination Board, predicts that within ten years all colleges will require entrance tests. This year, the board is introducing a new exam—the Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test—to give a student an idea of how he will do on the S.A.T. High-school students will take it in their junior year and use the results in making college plans.

The boy who needs a scholarship will take the National Merit Examinations or



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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something similar. And if, for one reason or another, a boy's parents decide to pull him out of public high school and send him to a prep school, they will find that the leading preps have their own aptitude exam—the Secondary Schools Admission Test, which is a sort of junior-grade College Board test.

All these tests—Otis, S.A.T., and the various tests given at lower levels—are group tests; that is, they are given to large numbers of children at a time. Many of them are machine graded. The child marks his answers with a black pencil, and his answer paper is fed into an electronic grading machine. The idea that a bunch of electronic circuits, not much more complicated than a pop-up toaster, is going to tell your boy where he goes to college and what he does with his life may be a little hard to swallow. It's true, of course, that few, if any, schools use intelligence-test results as their only guide in making decisions. The classroom record counts, too; so do the recommendations of teachers.

But the flood of applications at the top colleges is forcing admissions officers to "go by the numbers" more than most of them like and more than any of them will admit in public. Though no college will say that it has an arbitrary cutoff line below which it will refuse to consider candidates, the painful business of weeding out produces about the same result.

In a typical Ivy League college last year there were 1700 applications for admission to the freshman class. Of these, 800 were fully qualified in every respect—high-school record, aptitude-test scores, extracurricular activities. Yet only 250 could be taken. In a case like that a high S.A.T. score may not get a boy into the school, but a low one will certainly shut him out.

Below the college level—in high school and elementary school—the question of how to use tests and how much to depend on them gets even trickier. But for lack of anything better, more and more schools are leaning on some version of the aptitude test to help them make up their minds at critical points in a student's career.

Take languages, for instance. A year ago, one of the Washington suburbs decided to let a limited number of its top seventh-graders start French. This represented a real opportunity to the ones who were pointing for college because meeting the language requirement has become one of the toughest problems in high-school scheduling. The top colleges like the applicants to have at least three years of a language. Fitting this into a high-school program can be almost impossible unless the child gets a head start by beginning languages in junior high.

When the classes were announced, twelve-year-old Nancy was dismayed to find that she wasn't included in the special French—even though she had one of the best records in her class. So were Nancy's parents, who lost no time in getting to the principal to ask why not. The principal was evasive, but a friendly teacher tipped them off to what had happened. There had been far more applicants than the school was ready to handle; the principal simply decided that he wouldn't let anyone take French who scored below a certain level on the aptitude tests; Nancy missed the cutoff by two points.

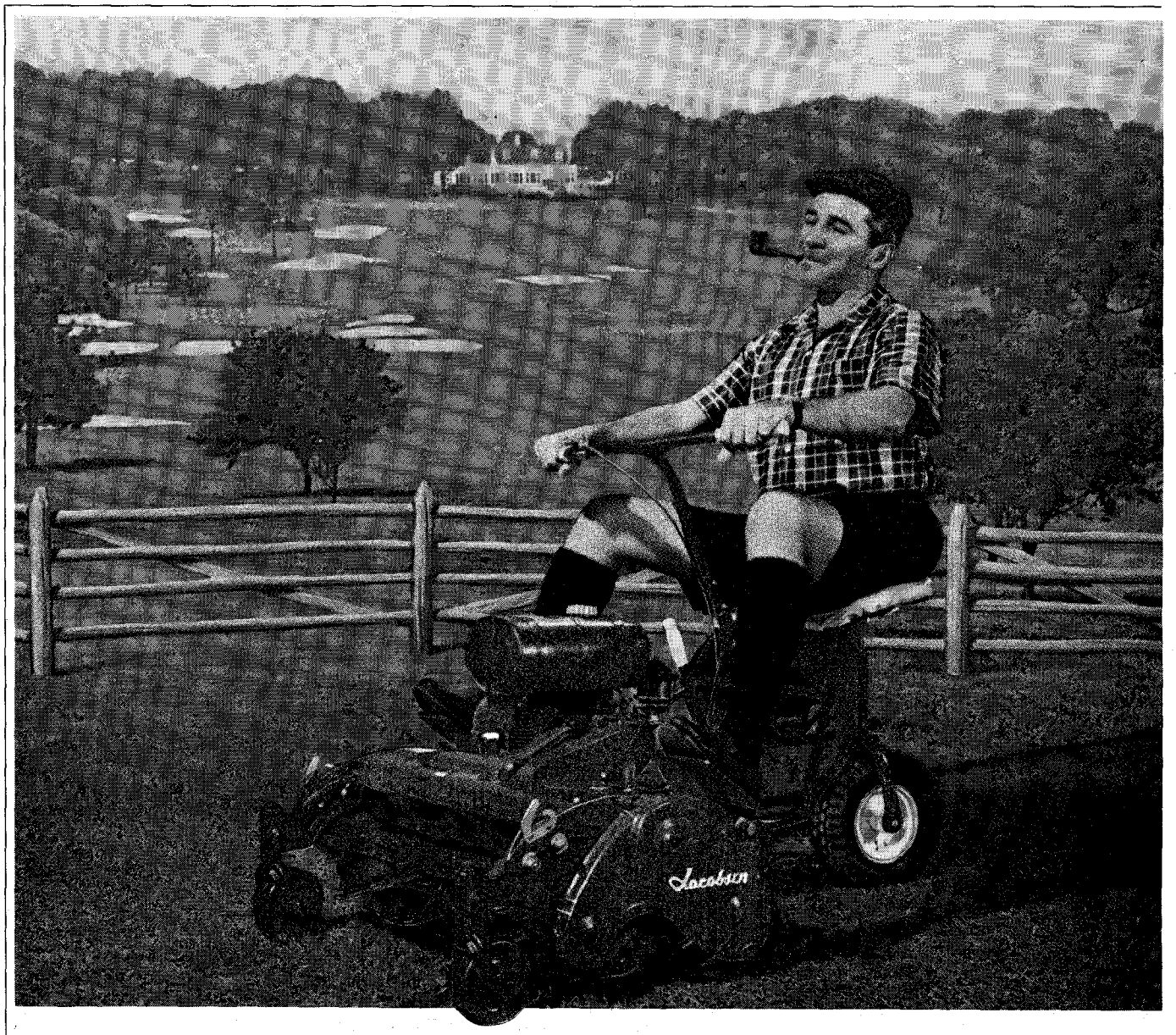
Most educators will tell you that this is the wrong way to use tests—that no one score should be given that much significance. But they will also tell you that when they have hard choices to make, tests often are the only basis they can use.

Even when there's no question of taking special subjects, the tests may be steering your child's course through school. More and more high schools, and even elementary schools, are using aptitude tests to sort out their students into different groups that move at different speeds in the same subjects. This "homogeneous grouping" is the hot thing in education today. It is one of the main recommendations offered by Dr. James B. Conant, former president of Harvard, who has just finished the first phase of a careful study of the American high school, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation. It is also almost the only point on which Conant would agree with Adm. Hyman Rickover, who has launched a violent attack on United States schools for failing to challenge the bright students.

Professional educators have some qualms about homogeneous grouping, but most of them see it as the only answer to the great problem of getting the bright student to work to the limit of his abilities without breaking the hearts of those who learn more slowly.

Ability grouping solves this problem by putting the slow and the fast into different classes and letting them travel at different rates. If the separation is done skillfully, everything works out tidily—especially if a separate decision is made for each subject.

But here is where one of the great dangers of a testing program comes in. Suppose that in the process of separation you make some mistakes. Suppose that, one way or another, a basically bright child gets thrown into a slow group. Then you are likely to get what one educator has angrily called "the new form of infant damnation." For with each year that goes by, the slow group will fall farther and



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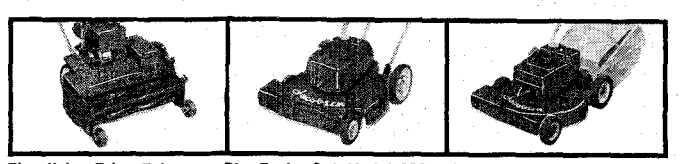

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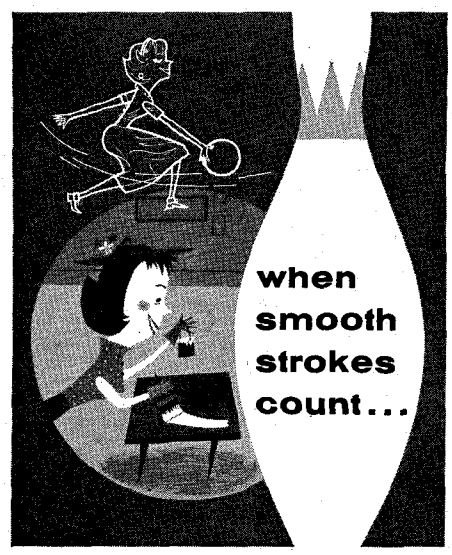

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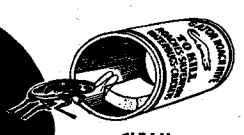

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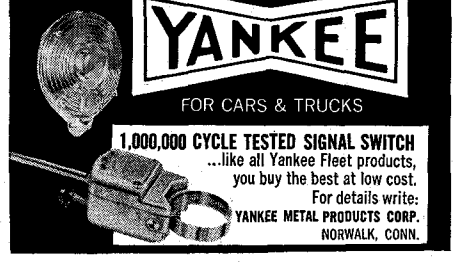

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farther behind the fast one, and it will be harder and harder for a child to move from one to the other. Indeed, a bright child whose potential isn't developed becomes in time a slow child, indistinguishable in every way from the child who never had the potential in the first place.

This raises a crucial question: When you talk about potential and academic aptitude, just what do you mean and what are you trying to measure?

The old-timers in the field of intelligence testing thought that they were laying a yardstick alongside something that was born into a child, some quality that was fixed and unchanging throughout his life. Call it intelligence, or talent, or aptitude, or what you will, there is something there, they insist, and the object of the test is to get a reading on it.

But the younger men in the trade are more cautious. Many will admit that they don't know for sure that they are measuring anything at all, and most of them will say that if they are measuring something it is not something that never changes.

Actually, the aptitude test is a prediction, a bit of statistical fortunetelling. Henry S. Dyer, vice president of the Educational Testing Service, which makes up the College Entrance Board exams, puts it this way, "A test samples what a student has learned to do in the past and uses that sample to predict how he will perform in the future."

There's a danger here—the danger that writing a good test will become an end in itself, that the school system will reward the quiz-wise test taker rather than the real scholar. Some college admissions officers say that they mistrust any aptitude test given after the tenth grade because too many students catch on to the tricks of testing and make themselves look better than they really are.

And there's the danger of penalizing the child who really is capable, but for some reason writes a bad test. A year or so ago one New York couple got a call after hours from their little girl's fifth-grade teacher. He wasn't supposed to tell them, but she had done very badly in her aptitude tests—so badly that perhaps she would be moved to a slower class the following year. This didn't make sense either to the teacher or the parents. They knew their child as a bright little button who read widely and showed an active mind at home and at school. The parents backed up their distrust of the test by having a private clinic run the girl through a different battery. The report came back that she was far above average in all categories. With this evidence and with the teacher to back them up, they persuaded the school to keep her with the advanced class. She is doing nicely there, but just last spring she took another group aptitude test and came out with another low score. Why? Nobody knows, but apparently the group test rattles her and she blows up. On an individual test she does fine.

Another New York couple was told after sixth-grade testing that their twelve-year-old boy had so little ability in arithmetic that it might be a good idea to have some private tutoring. They were firmly established on a six-dollars-per-half-hour regime when the school ran him through another set of tests and ticketed him for an advanced section of arithmetic the following year. The principal explained that the scoring of the first test had put too much stress on computational errors and not enough on understanding of the processes involved. The tutoring stopped, and the boy went into the fast section—where he is doing better in math than ever before—but the parents are wondering what would have happened if there hadn't been the second set of tests.

From a parent's standpoint, there are two things that are particularly maddening about the way most schools use aptitude tests.

The first thing is that no teacher or administrator will tell you the exact score that your child made. The idea that "I.Q. measures smartness" is so widespread that no principal dares let out the score for parents to brag about or be ashamed of. Usually the most he will tell you is that your boy ranked in the top quarter or perhaps the top 10 per cent. If he ever lets Mrs. Jones know that her Johnny racked up a score of 115 against 110 for Mrs. Smith's Willy, he has set things up for the kind of neighborhood fight that makes a Kentucky-mountain feud look like a Quaker meeting.

The other thing is that a school will sometimes attach a lot of weight to low test scores even though its own teachers have given a child good grades for years. This is likely to leave parents feeling they have been flimflammed, and unless they have boned up on educational theory, the standard explanation isn't likely to make them feel any better.

Take the case of Bud Davis. Bud went through elementary school and junior high racking up a steady string of B's. When he started high school, his father discovered that the guidance officer had set him up with only four courses, which meant that he would not meet the language requirements of the colleges his father had in mind. There was a hurried conference, and the dean explained that Bud's tests showed that he was an "overachiever." While Bud's father was still spluttering at the idea that there was anything bad about overachieving, the dean added soothingly that this meant Bud had been making up for relatively low ability by organizing well and working hard. As long as he wasn't pushed too hard, he could be expected to get along beautifully, but if he came up against a real academic challenge he wouldn't have a reserve of ability to draw on.

There are such things as overachievers, but the idea is a bitter pill for an ambitious father or mother to choke down, especially if they suspect that the fault lies not in Bud but in the tests.

This brings into focus the new problem that parents have to face in these days when the aptitude tests and the electronic grading machines are taking over some of the biggest decisions that shape your child's life. Suppose you are told that your child made a poor showing. How should you feel about it? What should you do about it?

The first thing to do is ask yourself some questions: Does it make sense? Does it fit with things that you already know about your child? Does it explain things that have puzzled you? Does it fit with the whole personality pattern?

If the answers are yes, then you have learned something important. It may be something unpleasant, but you are better off for knowing it. You will avoid heartbreak and bitterness for yourself and your child by accepting it and acting on it.

There is at least one couple in an eastern suburb who thinks that testing was the most important thing that happened to their daughter in twelve years of elementary and high school. College graduates themselves, they couldn't understand why Dorothy kept bringing home poor grades. They started putting on the pressure, and when it didn't work they tried punishment. Home life became one long battle, usually ending with tears and recriminations. Then, early in her high-school career, they got the results of an aptitude test. It showed that Dorothy was far below average in verbal ability and somewhat below in mathematical ability. This explained a lot of things. The parents decided they had to face the fact that their daughter was not college material. They eased up on the pressure; the atmosphere at home brightened, and Dorothy actually was able to pull her grades up a notch. Later, vocational tests showed that she rated high on finger dexterity. The counselor suggested she train to be a dental technician. That is just what she is doing now, and she likes it.

But suppose your answers are "no." The test showing doesn't fit with anything that you know about your child. Then you have some questions to ask the school: What's going to be done about it? Are you putting the child in a slower class? Recommending fewer courses? Setting up an easier schedule? Lowering your sights for college placement?

If you don't like the answers, maybe it's time you had a talk with the principal to explore the school's philosophy of education and its approach to testing. Before you start, there are several things to remember. One is that you know your child pretty well. You have lived with him for years. In a manner of speaking, you are the expert on him. Your opinions about him may be colored by affection and sympathy, but they are part of the evidence that should be taken into account.

Another is that no single test is a good basis for making an important decision. Things can go wrong. The child can have a bad day. Or the odds can just break against him on this particular test. It's only when you have the same finding confirmed by a series of tests that you have something sure enough to support a big decision. Used properly, testing is an integrated part of the school's guidance program, not a one-shot affair.

Finally, a difference of a few points one way or another on an aptitude test doesn't mean anything. The fact that your boy slipped a notch from one test to the next isn't significant in the statistical sense. And if he falls a point or two below some arbitrary line, that means nothing at all.

If you find your school principal willing to grant these points and go on from there, then you are probably dealing with a reasonable man who knows his trade. Talk the problem out with him and think over what he says.

If you are still not satisfied when you come away, maybe you will want to have an individual intelligence test given the child at a private clinic. Individual tests are much more accurate than group tests, and they allow for such things as reading blocks, which will pull down the score on the ordinary written test. They take from an hour to half a day and cost you anywhere from fifteen dollars to fifty dollars.

As a last resort, you may want to take your case to your local school board and ask for a review of the whole policy on testing and using tests.

In a good school system, the tests don't make the decisions. They simply provide information that the school uses along with other information to make decisions. As long as everyone concerned remembers that, aptitude tests will do far more good than harm. But if anyone forgets it, then the school isn't being run by people any more. It's being run by the electronic circuits in the little black box. THE END

Answers to
Scholastic Aptitude Test Questions
on Pages 24 and 25

1. B	2. C	3. A	4. B
5. A	6. C	7. B	8. C
9. E	10. D	11. D	12. C

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Oregon's Golden Boy (Continued from Page 33)

group in the Republican Party which, seven years ago, managed the defeat of Robert A. Taft, after his years of striving, and the victory of novice Dwight D. Eisenhower. Both were admirers of Wendell Willkie, who won a presidential nomination against the will of the party bosses and as a result of a revolt of the rank and file in a national convention. They will be thinking about Willkie a lot in the months to come; both have said their earlier conservative political attitudes were modified by Willkie's doctrines.

In Hatfield's case this seems reasonable enough. Although born in the small town of Dallas, Oregon, he was a feudin', fightin' Republican by inheritance; his mother came from the hills of Eastern Tennessee where, because of Civil War bitternesses, a Bible-reading population tended to look a little more kindly on Pontius Pilate than a professing Democrat. Mark was first politically active in the presidential campaign of 1932, when he carried Hoover literature from one place to another on his coaster wagon. Since Mark was then ten, his enthusiasm may have been more representative of his mother's political zeal than his own. But the party branding happened early and burned deep. His admiration for Herbert Hoover increased rather than lessened in the process of growing up—and his subsequent work as a graduate student at Stanford University was importantly influenced by the Hoover legend and the Hoover career.

Rockefeller and Hatfield, sharply contrasted as are their bank accounts and early environments, were both brought up in homes where there was strict parental supervision—and an inculcated code of personal obligation to the family and social obligation to others. People who knew the governors in childhood have come up with independent recollections which indicate there was a time when both could have been considered by approving elders as—in a phrase from the forgotten Rollo books—"serious little men." That's about as far as the comparison goes. Nelson Rockefeller's grandfather was probably the richest man in the world, and Mark Hatfield's grandfather was a blacksmith. So was his father.

Charles Dolen Hatfield retired a couple of years ago after thirty-five years with the Southern Pacific railroad. He came to Oregon from Indiana with his father, who was an accomplished wagonwright as well as blacksmith. Many early pioneers were indifferent to family background; C.D. simply doesn't know whether still-earlier Hatfields participated in a celebrated West Virginia feud. He does know that when his son wins an election someone is certain to remark, "Oregon hasn't got enough McCoys." Today, at seventy-one, the elder Hatfield is a man of physical well-being who can touch his fingers to the floor without bending his knees, a devout football fan—"Mark as a boy just wasn't interested"—who dreams up his own pass patterns and plays. He is also a man of tenderness and kindness and gentle speech. During his active life, his work hours were spent with section hands, gandy dancers and back-country loggers, but he taught Sunday-school classes throughout those years and is still a Sunday-school song leader.

Times were hard when Mark was a little boy. Families coalesced—the considerable number of Odoms and the fewer Hatfields—and made a communal living as best they could. In Oregon it was an era of layoffs and intermittent employment; the governor's mother recalls a period when only two adults in the family tribal confederacy were working regularly and keeping rations in circulation. When Mark was five, his mother went off to Oregon State College at Corvallis, and the boy and his father lived with Grandmother Odom. When she was graduated four years later—her husband put her through college—Mrs. Hatfield taught two years in Dallas and then moved the family to Salem, Oregon's capital, where she taught for thirteen years in a junior high school. Not long ago I interviewed the elder Hatfields at their pleasant but modest home on Waldo Avenue, where the governor continued to live until he married.

I drove there without warning on a Saturday afternoon and found both in work clothes, transplanting garden flowers. Blacksmith Hatfield had his hand-lettered sign on the front lawn: SAWS FILED AND SHARPENED HERE. Mrs. Hatfield quit teaching some time ago to go to work for the state income-tax department. "In my civil-service job," she told me, "I am not supposed to talk politics, but when somebody criticizes Mark, I get just as mad as I did in Tennessee when a Democrat came up to our house to argue with my father."

That evening I came back for a dress conversation. Mrs. Hatfield's given name is Dovie. When I asked her about it, the governor's mother laughed. "When my mother was a girl of seventeen, she attended a traveling show where there was a blond midget of doll-like appearance who utterly charmed her. The midget's stage name was Dovie. My mother promised herself that if she married and had a daughter, she would name her Dovie. And she named my sister Birdie." In the Waldo Avenue house I saw the piano Mark once played—he also tootled the clarinet in the Salem High School band—saw the vials of sand he filled from the beaches of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, examined the typical memorabilia preserved by parents of an idolized only child. When I left, carrying a piece of Mrs. Hatfield's gingerbread, I was convinced that—after those first depression years—the governor had had a protected, strongly guided, somewhat lonely childhood. It is often driving parental ambition, rather than a spontaneous sense of destiny, that pushes smart but obedient boys into careers.

Today's Democrats in Oregon still wonder just what happened to them in the last campaign. Some of them speak harshly of Hatfield, but few refer to him—as did a Republican lumberman from Sweet Home—as "that damned Boy Scout." Instead they regard him as the most persistent, the most untiring, the most effective campaigner they have

... ...

Early Clearing of Fog

By Daniel Smythe

On beachheads of the hills
The mist begins to run;
And like the dawn, it spills
Through furrows of the sun.

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And lost in shoals of night,
Now comes, a rocket sweep
To burst into the light.

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encountered. Harry J. Hogan, attorney from The Dalles and Democratic state campaign manager, put the following on record in a postelection letter:

We Democrats won in 1954 with Dick Neuberger. We won in 1956 with Wayne Morse. We were stopped dead in our tracks by President Eisenhower in 1956 and again in 1958 by Mark Hatfield. These elections demonstrate our ability in slam-bang campaigns to defeat classically reactionary Republican candidates. We have not, however, successfully solved the problem of changing our pace so as to defeat Republican candidates who are personally attractive and who, superficially at least, "me-too" our programs. We have four years before we get a chance at Hatfield again. Meanwhile, we must learn to counter the peculiar fighting style at which he has proved himself adept.

For a future public official, Salem was a built-in training ground. The population today is about 50,000, but in Hatfield's boyhood it was considerably smaller. It is fifty-odd miles south of industrial Portland in the lush, sweet Willamette Valley, and the state government has always been its principal industry—with Willamette University, a Methodist-connected institution of about 1000 students, in second place. Oregon dedicated a fine new capitol in 1938, and Mark learned his way around at once. He helped work his way through school serving as a guide there weekends and summers and doing other odd jobs in rush times for the late Earl Snell, then secretary of state. Mark and his Young Republicans later put a lot of grateful energy into Snell's successful race for governor.

Oregon politics in those earlier days had seasonal limits—like deer hunting and trout fishing. Hatfield got his first conception of politics as a full-time operation when, as a member of the school band, he took part in the dedication of a new Salem post office. On hand to give the principal address was Postmaster General James A. Farley. After his speech—in a driving rain—the redoubtable Jim shook every available damp hand in the audience and then personally thanked the members of the band. But that was not all. After Farley returned to Washington, each of them received a graceful, personal letter of appreciation.

A fifteen-year-old Republican clarinetist got a big thrill from this surprising courtesy from a man of national importance, and he treasured the letter. That, Hatfield decided, was the way the real professionals did their jobs. Mark had his first personal triumph when he was elected student-body president in junior high school; he defeated Shirley McKay, daughter of Douglas McKay, then mayor of Salem, eventually governor, and Secretary of the Interior in Eisenhower's first term. He had his first—and last—ballot-box defeat when he ran for student-body president at Willamette University. He majored in political science there, excelled in debate, racked up good grades. He completed his course in three years and was called to the Navy in 1943.

Hatfield went at once to Plattsburgh, New York, for amphibious-attack training and later embarked for the Pacific on the U.S.S. Whiteside, an attack cargo ship. The governor now speaks of his military interlude as a process of growing up—both physically and mentally. When he went aboard the Whiteside, he was six feet tall, weighed a skinny 128 pounds—he now weighs 165—and there were no work pants to fit him. So much "taking-in" was necessary, he remembers, that his two hip pockets ended up side by side. In addition to his duties as landing-craft officer, his skipper assigned him the chaplain's job. He led Sunday services, presided over burials at sea and, when in port, often acted as defense counsel at courts-martial.

At grim Iwo Jima and bloody Okinawa, Hatfield commanded ten landing craft which ferried troops ashore and brought back the wounded. At Iwo Jima he made fourteen trips from the offshore fleet to the beaches and was in action for five days and four nights, saw the flag go up on Mount Suribachi. Casualties were tragically heavy at Iwo Jima and Okinawa, but he went unscathed through both campaigns.

After the Japanese surrender the U.S.S. Whiteside took part in a naval-transport maneuver which has never had much publicity—the removal of Chiang Kai-shek's troops from Indochina to Chinwangtao in Northern China. The world was supposedly at peace, but American landing craft again hit the beaches under fire—from the Chinese Communists who were ultimately to drive Chiang to Formosa. On liberty time Hatfield was able to see Tientsin, adventure up the Whangpoo and visit Peking.

"Let's face it," the governor said not long ago. "I went into the Navy a small-town boy and a convinced isolationist. That was before I saw the want and waste in the world, before I saw men and women in Asian streets literally dying of hunger. I knew I could never be an isolationist again, and it was a painful awakening."

Mark had been at sea for eighteen months when he returned to this country. He received a rugged Navy assignment—duty with the Shore Patrol in San Francisco. There were often 50,000 to 75,000 sailors in town in those days, and they gave Mark and his associates plenty of rough and tumble.

Hatfield left the Navy as a lieutenant junior grade and entered law school at Willamette. He resumed his Young Republican activities, crossed the street from the campus often to talk politics with Governor Snell at the Capitol, but found himself impatient with the disciplines of legal education. What he wanted to do, he decided, was to teach political science as a preface to public service. At the end of the school year in 1947 he abandoned the law and enrolled as a graduate student at Stanford.

Hatfield's two years at Stanford were broadening. He studied public administration, political theory, the history of political parties, government organization and international relations. He chose as the subject of his master's thesis the labor policies of Herbert Hoover, and the completed job brought encomiums from the former President. As a write-in candidate Mark was elected to represent the 2000 graduate students on the university council and, to help pay his way, he took a job as counselor to Stanford's freshmen.

The day after the national election in 1948, boisterous freshmen festooned Mark's room in Encima Hall with crape. Like many other Republicans, Hatfield had believed that Tom Dewey would win in a walk, and he had been articulate about it. Mark grinned, but he took the defeat hard. He believed that his party, as a result of overconfidence, had kicked away the chances of victory. He made certain rules for his own political future: (1) Never take an election for granted. (2) Present your case to the people instead of the politicians. (3) Remember that no audience that will listen is too small.

It was at about this time that another political neophyte began to help him plan his future. Travis Cross was a Stanford undergraduate, a newspaperman of some experience and a native of Salem. There in Encima Hall the two young men—Hatfield was twenty-six and Cross twenty-three—formed a career partnership which has never been dissolved. And there, boldly and confidently, they charted the steps by which Mark was to progress from modest beginnings to the Oregon statehouse. Cross is now Governor Hatfield's press secretary.

Another good friend was consulted when Hatfield decided to postpone further graduate study. Dr. G. Herbert Smith, president of Willamette, promptly stretched his budget to appoint Mark to a $2700-a-year instructorship in the university's political-science department. Mark began his classroom work in the fall of 1949 and soon started a radio discussion series, The Political Pulse. When some of his radio auditors suggested he put his ideas into practice, Hatfield announced himself as a candidate for the legislature. His actual filing for office had a touch of unpremeditated Joe College comedy about it.

When Hatfield walked across State Street, he found himself accompanied by a ragged German band from the Phi Delta Theta fraternity house which sounded off with what was meant to be The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Hatfield knew this was a good-natured rib on a faculty member—and a Beta Theta Pi—whose Republican ambitions were no secret. He was at first embarrassed and then pleased. Later the band accompanied him on his tours around the county and really fetched the customers.

There was nothing of Joe College then, or later, about his campaigning. He hit every dusty road and dusty hamlet; he sought advice from weekly newspaper editors and from laboring men; he was unwearying. In the Republican primary there were twelve candidates for four legislative posts; Hatfield topped the ticket in the primary and in the general election. Things have gone on that way ever since. Hatfield served two terms in the lower house of the legislature and one in the state senate. These, of course, were part-time jobs; he continued his work at Willamette, where he became, at the tender age of twenty-eight, dean of students. His role as the professor in politics was a dramatic one, and he was frequently offered speaking engagements. He took them all.

"Had a rather unusual day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

It was in February of 1951 that Hatfield, in two addresses, urged Americans to draft Dwight Eisenhower for the presidency. He did more than that. In July of the same year he began circulating petitions to place Eisenhower's name on Oregon's presidential-preference ballot, thus becoming the first Republican to make a serious effort to enter Ike in a primary. The next year he served as executive secretary of Oregon Citizens for Eisenhower, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention—where he celebrated his thirtieth birthday—and a member of the platform committee. Eisenhower carried Oregon handsomely, but it is interesting that Hatfield, running for re-election to the legislature, got more votes in his own Marion County than Eisenhower did.

Yet many of the "old pros" in Hatfield's party unaccountably continued to regard him as a well-dressed, well-spoken, pipe-smoking—he doesn't smoke any more—amateur. During legislative sessions he was not invited to the hotel-room meetings where strategy was hammered out. He was not a backslapper, and, because of college duties, he had no time after sessions to stand around swapping bucolic stories. What the party wheel horses did not realize was that Hatfield, beginning with the circulation of the Eisenhower petitions, was attracting to himself a group of dedicated, selfless followers who believed implicitly in his future.

The governor told me recently that in 1954 he went through a period of self-examination and self-doubt. As a dean of students he was called upon to resolve the problems of the young when he had not resolved his own. One problem was religion. Mark had grown up in a devout household; he now wondered whether he really attended church out of conviction—or because he had been reared that way. Conforming, he decided, was not enough. For him at least, religion could not be a part-time thing; there had to be total commitment. Hatfield said that his thinking was influenced, to a degree, by leaders of the interdenominational movement who came to the Willamette campus to address student groups. It seemed to him, as it seemed to them, that a great deal of heart and spirituality had been lost to formalism in Americans' religious life.

Mark continued his active interest in Salem's First Baptist Church—he served as moderator for three terms—but he also affiliated with such groups as Youth for Christ, Campus Crusade, World Vision; he became a member of the board of the Western Baptist Theological Seminary, which is located in Portland. In one year alone he spoke before seventeen different religious denominations, either as a lay preacher in the pulpit or before conventions. (*Continued on Page 106*)

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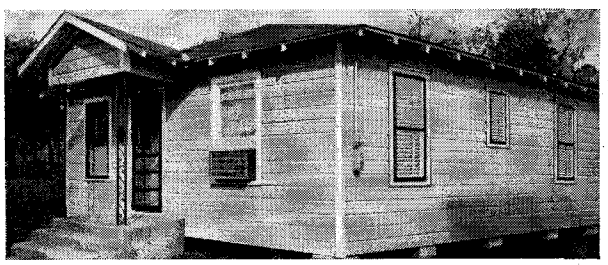
Houston woman pays $12.97 per month for a General Electric Thinline to cool a 5-room house

Left, below: A nurse's aid, Mrs. Helen Square works nights, must sleep through Houston's sopping-hot daytime. A General Electric Thinline Air Conditioner solved her problem. As these case histories prove, no air conditioning job is too tough for General Electric Thinlines.



HOUSTON, TEXAS

THE JOB: Must sleep through muggy daytime heat *. . . nurse's aid Helen Square works nights at the hospital, was "feeling tired and listless, and the doctor recommended air conditioning."*

THE ANSWER: A 1 hp General Electric *Thinline* with 10,000 BTU's* in Mrs. Square's bedroom window cools the 558-square-foot frame house, makes her sleeping sound and restful, provides a cool retreat for her three children. The Squares' house is unshaded through heat that soars to 100°. But they enjoy relief while paying for their *Thinline*—$12.97 a month. "Good sleep is worth the money," says Mrs. Square.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

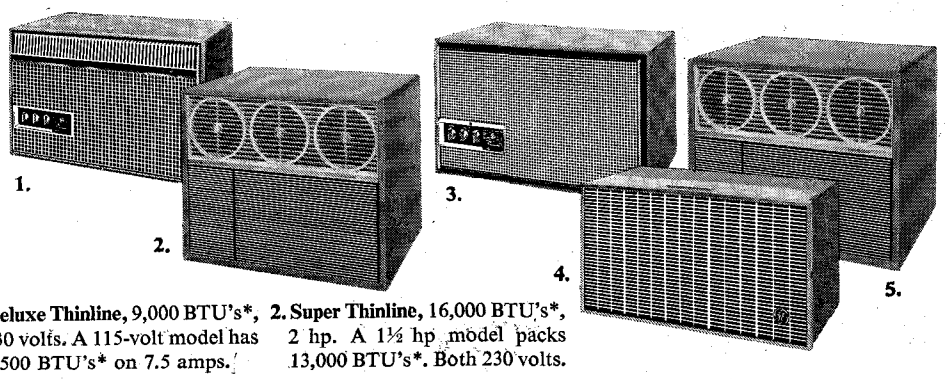
THE JOB: Cooling a 2,680-square-foot home without complications *faced the John E. Wardens, who didn't want to go through having walls ripped out for ductwork, but wanted cooling right away.*

THE ANSWER: Five 1 hp General Electric *Thinlines* each 9,000 BTU's*—one in the den, one in the kitchen, one in the dining room and two in bedrooms cool the whole house. A sixth handles a 20' x 21' bedroom over the garage. All are installed through the wall. They fit flush inside, project three inches outside, allowing the Wardens individual climates throughout the house.

ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA

THE JOB: Cooling the den without altering leaded windows. *Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Petersen wanted an air conditioner that would go through the wall, fit flush inside and not bulge too far outside.*

SOLUTION: The Spanish exterior is unmarred, the leaded windows remain intact, as the Petersens' 9,400 BTU* General Electric *Thinline* hides unobtrusively in the wall. It cools the 16′ x 18′ den handily, conquering the Los Angeles heat and smog which aggravate Mrs. Petersen's bronchial condition. The General Electric *Thinline* Air Conditioner cost $224.59. Installation and wiring came to $87.



1. Deluxe Thinline, 9,000 BTU's*, 230 volts. A 115-volt model has 6,500 BTU's* on 7.5 amps.

2. Super Thinline, 16,000 BTU's*, 2 hp. A 1½ hp model packs 13,000 BTU's*. Both 230 volts.

3. CustomThinline, 8,500 BTU's*, 115 volts, 12 amps. 26″ wide, 15⅝″ high, 16⅞″ deep.

4. Thinette, 6,000 BTU's*, 7.5 amps, 115 volts. 13″ x 13″ x 25″. You-do-it installation.

5. All-Weather Thinline, 10,000 BTU's* of cooling; 10,000 BTU's* of heating.

Easy to afford, General Electric *Thinlines* are your biggest bargain in comfort. Comfortable terms available through General Electric Credit Corporation or through other reputable financing institutions. Ask your General Electric dealer which *Thinline* is right for you. General Electric Co., Room Air Conditioner Department, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

**Capacities tested and rated in compliance with National Electrical Manufacturers' Assn. Standards CN 1-1958.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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(*Continued from Page 104*) One convention was the national meeting of the fundamentalist Assemblies of God, in Cleveland. On another occasion he and R. G. Le Tourneau, Texas industrialist, conducted the interdenominational Easter sunrise services in Pasadena's Rose Bowl.

Politically speaking, the partnership of Hatfield and Travis Cross hit the big time in 1956 when Mark first sought state-wide office. Hatfield believed that four years or more as secretary of state would give him administrative experience and a practical understanding of the problems of state government. He won in the primary easily, resigned from Willamette's faculty and then defeated Monroe Sweetland, former Democratic national committeeman, in the general election. Here was the crazy-quilt pattern: Oregon voters chose Eisenhower for President, Democrats Wayne Morse and Bob Holmes for United States senator and governor. It was plain the once-dominant Republicans were in trouble. Hatfield received this telegram from Herbert Hoover:

"Being an itinerant citizen of Oregon [the former President lived in Salem as a boy], I read the election returns with complete dismay until I arrived at your election. You are the only future hope for us."

There is ample evidence that Hatfield had no intention of running for governor in 1958; he felt that more administrative experience would be useful and that he was young enough to wait. Sig Unander, himself only forty-four, had been reelected as state treasurer and was considered by many leaders to be the logical candidate. But now evidence of Hatfield's popularity began rolling in; a nonpartisan poll of voters showed him an overwhelming favorite. So did a poll of the Republican members of the legislature. There was still another factor which led him to take a new reckoning on his political timetable.

One of the state's most experienced political strategists came privately to see Mark. He said his own inquiries had persuaded him Unander could not beat Governor Holmes and that only Hatfield could prevent a Democratic sweep which might keep Oregon Republicans out of power for years to come. Hatfield filed in the primary and received more votes than Unander and Warren Gill, another candidate, combined. Then he went on to wrestle down the governor.

Campaigners for Holmes knew they were in difficulties almost at once. Mark's acquaintanceship around the state had become prodigious; in his first year as secretary of state he not only ran a busy office but also made 118 full-length addresses, appeared at head tables at luncheons and dinners 252 times, declined 400 speaking engagements. He had become an adept, incisive campaigner and a master of the electric smile and the quick handshake. His impeccable dress and good looks charmed the women. A complaint frequently heard at labor temples was, "Holmes gets my vote, but I can't keep my old lady in line." His appeal to independents, new voters and "nonpoliticals" was too evident to be denied.

Actually, Hatfield and Holmes were not far apart on most issues. Hatfield had made very clear his divorcement from the conservative wing of his party. His voting record in the legislature had been "liberal"; he had voted against an antipicketing law, he opposed all "right-to-work" legislation, he had sponsored—without success—a bill providing for state-constitution revision. From most of his political literature, it was impossible to determine whether he was running as a Republican, a Democrat or a Greenbacker. Democrats charged that his "metooism" was strictly opportunistic; unhappy conservative Republicans came up with ample campaign contributions because, in the wistful words of one, "He's all we've got."

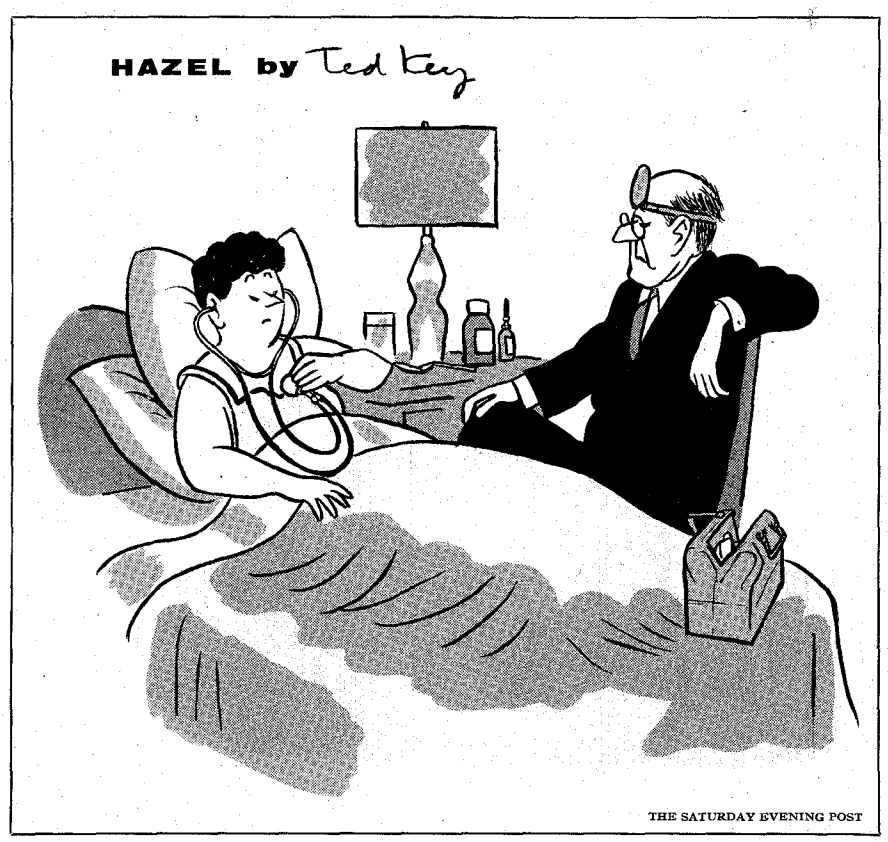
Just before the election race began, Mark married twenty-nine-year-old Antoinette Kuzmanich, counselor for women at Portland State College. It was a dramatic, storybook match: The son of a blacksmith married the daughter of an immigrant. Antoinette was—and is—a dark-haired beauty with dark, alive, Oriental eyes. Her family, like Mark's, had known early adversity. Her father, Vincent, came to this country from what is now Yugoslavia. He worked as a deep-sea fisherman, as a Portland longshoreman, then operated family-type taverns until he had a competence.

Hatfield and his wife met six years ago at a Willamette military ball. A graduate of the University of Oregon, she was teaching English and counseling at Parrish Junior High in Salem. The two had mutual friends and saw each other frequently. During summer vacation in 1954, Dean Hatfield, under the auspices of the Student International Travel Association, led fifteen college and graduate students on a two-month political-science tour of Europe. Antoinette was one of the paying customers as was, she particularly remembers, a pretty psychotherapist from New York. Mark beaued the two ladies on alternate Saturday nights and played fair by taking them together on a moonlight gondola ride in Venice.

When Antoinette took her master's degree in education at Stanford, they did not see each other for two years, but occasionally corresponded. Courtship began in earnest after that. They were married in Portland's Hinson Memorial Baptist Church—Mark's best man, eighteen years his senior, was President Smith of Willamette—on a warm July evening. There was an overflow crowd and a good many gate crashers; some of the interest was undoubtedly occasioned by the knowledge that Antoinette, before her betrothal a Roman Catholic, had left her church.

Religious issues had no discernible effect on the results of the election, but it would be untrue to say that Hatfield's churchly activities were popular with his opponents. A tiny tempest was created when Governor Holmes, who attends the Episcopal Church, but is not a member, remarked before a Presbyterian men's club that he believed that religious beliefs should not be used to further personal ambition. The governor mentioned no names, but a press release from his headquarters gave the impression his remarks had been directed at Hatfield. Holmes disavowed the release. Editors seeking Hatfield for comment were amused to discover him eventually in Des Moines, Iowa, where he was in the process of making a speech to the International Sunday School Convention.

However tepid its beginnings, the campaign had its final burst of melodrama. Sen. Wayne Morse was responsible. A onetime Republican, a brilliant former dean of the University of Oregon law school, always a powerful vote getter, the current Morse is an enigma to friends and former friends. He quarreled bitterly with Neuberger, his colleague in the Senate, and his intemperate correspondence was made public. Five days before election Morse exhumed from old headlines and court files a tragedy in which Hatfield had been a participant.



It was a story most Oregon politicians knew, and it was a sad one. When Mark was seventeen, he was driving the family car near Salem at dusk. He had just attended band practice and was on his way to pick up his parents at a church picnic. A little girl darted across a country road, Mark's car struck her, and she died in the hospital. There were no criminal charges, but the girl's family brought civil suit for $5000 against the Hatfields' insurance company. Mark testified that the child was concealed by a mailbox and high clumps of grass at the roadside, and that he did not see her until the moment of impact. The trial court awarded damages, and the award was approved by the Oregon Supreme Court. Morse's viewpoint was that the trial court had refused to accept Hatfield's story. "A man who lies to a jury," he said in a speech at Klamath Falls, "cannot be trusted with public office."

One of the first to answer Morse was former Chief Justice J. O. Bailey, who had listened to the appeal. Conflicting testimony, he said, was a commonplace in trials of automobile-accident cases, and there was no question of perjury or "lying to a jury"; in split-second glimpses at an accident site, witnesses honestly saw things in different ways. Hatfield had foreseen that the agony of his boyhood might sometime be revived. With only a few changes to bring it up to date, he issued a statement which he had long before prepared:

> The entire case is a matter of public record, and the Supreme Court Reports in every law library in the state have the final chapter of the tragedy. To have brought it up at this particular time will bring on a recurrence of great grief to all who were involved in the horrible accident of eighteen years ago. Those who conspire to profit thereby have my compassion.

Senator Morse's attack backfired. The reaction of former Gov. Charles Sprague, onetime alternate to the United Nations, distinguished editor of the Oregon Statesman in Salem, was typical of the reactions of many. Sprague, though a Republican, thought Holmes had been a pretty good governor and that Hatfield was inexperienced; he had announced that the Statesman would watch the election from the bleachers. After the Morse blast, the Statesman endorsed Hatfield. Wrote Sprague, "We are out of the bleachers now."

Governor Hatfield has taken office in Oregon's 100th birthday year; a Centennial Exposition and Trade Fair will open in Portland in June. Obviously he has cares and crises ahead of him, but he is convinced that, even working with a possibly hostile legislature, a worth-while governmental program can be effected.

Oregon's problems are many, and taxation is not the least of them. The state has the highest income-tax rate in the nation, and yet every recent legislature has balked at enacting a sales tax. The state urgently needs more revenue, but at present does not know where to turn to get it. The state constitution by general agreement is obsolete and ambiguous; in his inaugural address Hatfield again urged a constitutional convention. Public power versus private power has been a subject for bitter wrangling in the Pacific Northwest for years; the governor hopes that moderates will be able to work out compromises.

From a national standpoint the governor is an interesting figure. As a politician his shrewdness and energy are difficult to overestimate. He is also bold. Even before he took office he did not hesitate, at a meeting of western Republicans in Hawaii, to criticize the way his own party had conducted last fall's campaigns; he included the White House in his criticism. He is not unaware that Nelson Rockefeller and Richard Nixon may be pitted against each other for the presidential nomination in 1960—and that the governor of New York and the governor of Oregon might make appealing running mates. His friend, evangelist Billy Graham, said some months ago, "I predict that if Mark Hatfield stays humble before the Lord, he will hold positions of national responsibility."

But when I breakfasted with Mark and Antoinette recently, the Hatfields were thinking about the more immediate future. They have purchased a square, yellow eighty-seven-year-old house on a large open area in Salem known with nostalgia as Bush's Pasture, and they intend to remodel; until that job is done, they will continue to live in a pleasant, small apartment near the Capitol. Antoinette was looking forward, over the scrambled eggs, to an event of singular importance to her. "When June tenth comes around," she said, "I'm wondering whether Mark will be cutting the ribbon at the Centennial Exposition or holding my hand in the hospital labor room."

THE END

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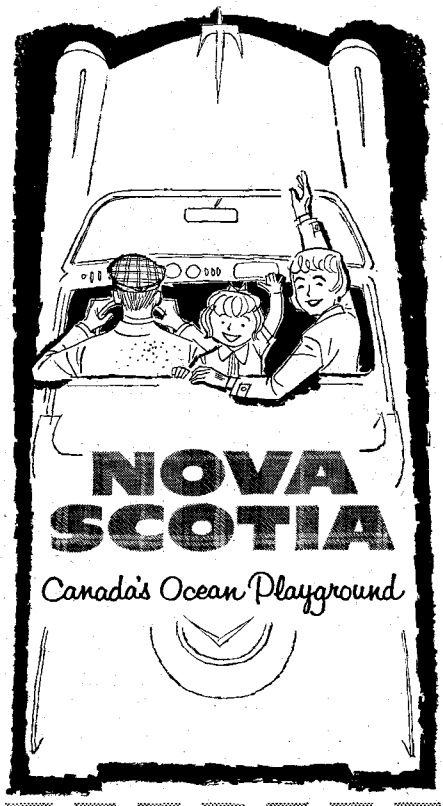

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Keeping Posted

Education of an Adult

Several years ago **John Cobbs,** associate managing editor of Business Week, made a couple of routine classroom visits to the Chappaqua, New York, public school attended by his two sons. Presently he was put on a school committee, later on another, and then they elected him to the school board. When the board began studying aptitude and intelligence tests, Cobbs started learning how these systems worked in other schools, and suddenly he, a student of business, was astonished to find himself writing an article on education—see page 24. The writer had a hard time getting to his typewriter at home, because his younger son was using it to write a seventh-grade report on how to build a blast furnace in the basement; and his older son, who is studying creative writing in high school, is producing a series of short stories in which Sensitive Boy Challenges a World He Never Made. According to his dad, the world is now ahead by three falls out of five.

Tales of the Authors

Teamwork by Peter Lisagor and Edward Weintal.

Jacland Marmur sent John Branum to sea on paper.

These are the two men who tell you on page 19 how United States consuls help keep traveling Americans out of trouble. **Edward Weintal,** diplomatic correspondent for Newsweek Magazine, was born in Poland, educated at Oxford, speaks six languages, and is a bachelor "with no change of status in prospect." His country house in Maryland once overlooked a sloping Potomac beach, but Hurricane Hazel (remember her?) left it on the edge of a bluff. **Peter Lisagor,** Washington bureau chief for the Chicago Daily News and father of a young son and daughter, has made many a foray abroad. He is "impressed by the importance, in terms of good will as well as actual duties, of our pick-and-shovel boys in their far-flung stations."

Jacland Marmur, of page 30, specialist in seafaring tales, contributes a follow-up anecdote which for personal reasons couldn't be used with his last Post story, TROUBLE ON THE CHINA SEA (Dec. 27, 1958). Last year Marmur was ill in a hospital for a long time and he struck up a friendship with a fellow patient, John Branum, who had always wanted to go to sea, but who wound up as a successful San Francisco insurance broker. When Marmur left the hospital he decided "to fulfill my frustrated friend's noble ambition"; so he wrote him into the China Sea story as Cmdr. John Branum, skipper of a United States destroyer. The commander was delighted (with one reservation) when the Post came out. Branum, who had endured a siege of many months in the hospital, but who now was back at work again, wrote Marmur, "It was swell of you to send me to sea. But then the story manages to get me conked on the head by a shell splinter and I wind up right back in the hospital. You're a fine pal!"

High-Ranking Photographer

Oklahoma's Governor Edmondson signs a document that honors Gus Pasquarella.

Gus Pasquarella, contributor of The Face of America photograph on page 28, was in Oklahoma City recently taking pictures of Gov. J. Howard Edmondson, who will be the subject of a Post article next week by Milton MacKaye. (MacKaye describes another young governor, Mark Hatfield of Oregon, on page 32). One day Governor Edmondson summoned Pasquarella to his office and signed an engraved document making him an honorary colonel on the governor's staff. Gus was delighted to win his colonelcy; it had taken him years, much of the time flying airplanes, to make lieutenant commander in the Navy. But the photographer's meteoric career had not yet reached its apex. After returning to Philadelphia, he received a certificate from Lt. Gov. George Nigh making him honorary lieutenant governor of Oklahoma.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Our Gamble With Destiny"

Has America the power and courage to withstand Soviet threats? Stewart Alsop describes the supreme test we may have to face.

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